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of Hawthornden.

Publish'd June 1st 1799 by Jeffery Pall Mall.

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THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

OF

HAWTHORNDEN.

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori,
Cælo Muſa beat. - - - - - -

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A

SHORT ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

THE AUTHOR.

*** The following account of DRUMMOND has lately appeared, in a work privately printed, intitled, "Curſory Remarks on ſome of the Ancient Engliſh Poets, particularly MILTON;" and is here inſerted by permiſſion of the Author.

AMONG all the writers, at the beginning of the laſt century, who flouriſhed after the death of Shakeſpeare, there is not one whom a general reader of the Engliſh poetry of that age will regard with ſo much, and ſo deſerved attention, as WILLIAM DRUMMOND. He was born at Hawthornden in Scotland, in 1585; and was the ſon of Sir John Drummond, who, for ten or twelve years, was

uſher, and afterwards knight of the black-rod, to James VI.

His family became firſt diſtinguiſhed by the marriage of Robert III. whoſe queen was ſiſter to William Drummond of Carnock, their anceſtor, as appears by the patents of that king, and James I.; the one calling him "our brother," the other, "our uncle."

Drummond was educated at Edinburgh, where he took the degree of A. M. In 1606 he was ſent by his father to ſtudy civil law, at Bourges in France; but, having no taſte for the profeſſion of a lawyer, he returned to Hawthornden, and there applied himſelf with great aſſiduity to claſſical learning and poetry.

Having propoſed to marry a lady, to whom retirement and her own accompliſhments had entirely attached him, and who died after the day of marriage was appointed, he again quitted his native country, and reſided eight years on the Continent, chiefly at Rome and Paris.

In 1620 he married Margaret Logan, a granddaughter of Sir Robert Logan, by whom he had ſeveral children; the eldeſt of whom, William, was knighted by Charles II.

He ſpent very little time in England, though he correſponded frequently with Drayton and Ben Jonſon; the latter of whom had ſo great reſpect for his abilities, and ſo ardent a deſire to ſee him, that, at the age of forty-five, he walked to Hawthornden to viſit him.

Having

Having been grafted, as it were, on the royal family of Scotland, and upheld by them, he was a ſteady royaliſt in the troubles of Charles I. but does not appear ever to have armed for him. As he had always been a laborious ſtudent, and had applied himſelf equally to hiſtory and politics as to claſſical learning, his ſervices were better rendered by occaſional publications, in which he ſeveral times diſtinguiſhed himſelf.

His attachment to that king and his cauſe was ſo ſtrong, that, when he heard of the ſentence being executed on him, he was overwhelmed with grief, and lifted his head no more.

He died in 1649.

In a ſurvey of Drummond's poetry, two conſiderations muſt be had, viz.—the nation of which he was, and the time when he wrote. Yet will theſe be found not offered to extenuate faults, but to increaſe admiration. His thoughts are often, nay generally, bold and highly poetical; he follows nature; and his verſes are delicately harmonious.

On the death of Henry prince of Wales, in 1612, Drummond wrote an elegy intitled, "Tears on the Death of *Moeliades*;" a name which that prince had uſed in all his challenges of martial ſport, as the anagram of "*Miles a Deo.*" In this poem are lines, according to Denham's terms, as ſtrong, as deep, as gentle, and as full, as any of his or Waller's. The poet laments the fate of the prince, that he died not in ſome glorious cauſe of war. "Againſt the Turk,"

he ſays, " thou hadſt ended thy life and the Chriſtian " war together :

Or, as brave Bourbon, thou hadſt made old Rome,
Queen of the world, thy triumph and thy tomb.

Of the lamentation of the river Forth,

And, as ſhe ruſh'd her Cyclades among,
She ſeem'd to plain that heav'n had done her wrong.

Further,

Tagus did court his love with golden ſtreams,
Rhine with her towns, fair Seine with all ſhe claims ;
But ah, poor lovers ! death did them betray,
And, unſuſpected, made their hopes his prey.

And concludes,

The virgins to thy tomb will garlands bear
Of flow'rs, and with each flow'r let fall a tear.
Moeliades ſweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaſpes' pearly ſhore.

Perhaps there are no lines in Pope, of which the eaſy flow may be more juſtly admired than of thoſe in his third paſtoral :

Not bubbling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
Not balmy ſleep to lab'rers faint with pain;
Not ſhow'rs to larks, or ſunſhine to the bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy ſight to me.

When king James, firſt after his acceſſion to the Engliſh throne, returned to Scotland in 1617, his arrival was celebrated by every effort of poetical con-

gratulation. Upon this occaſion Drummond compoſed a panegyric, intitled The Wandering Muſes, or The River of Forth Feaſting, in which are found four lines apparently imitated by Pope in the above paſſage, and which do not, in point of harmony, fall much ſhort of that imitation. He ſays,

> To virgins, flow'rs; to ſunburnt earth, the rain;
> To mariners, fair winds amidſt the main;
> Cool ſhades to pilgrims whom hot glances burn,
> Are not ſo pleaſing as thy bleſt return.

Of theſe two poems of Drummond, it is obſervable, that the firſt was written in 1612, the laſt in 1617: The earlieſt piece of Waller is that to the King on his navy, in 1625. The piece in which Sir John Denham's greateſt force lies, Cooper's Hill, was not written till 1640. The harmony of Drummond, therefore, at a time when thoſe, who are uſually called the firſt introducers of a ſmooth and poliſhed verſification, had not yet begun to write, is an honour to him that ſhould never be forgotten. Nor is his excellence half enough praiſed or acknowledged.

Drummond and Petrarca had this in common, that each lamented, firſt the cruelty, and then the loſs of his miſtreſs: ſo that their Sonnets are alike naturally divided into two parts; thoſe before, and thoſe after, their ſeveral miſtreſſes deaths. It may juſtly be doubted that, among all the ſonneteers in the Engliſh language, any one is to be preferred to Drummond. He has ſhewn, in ſome of theſe compoſitions, nearly the ſpirit of Petrarça himſelf.

The

The ſeventh ſonnet, of the firſt part, has much reſemblance to Sir Henry Wotton's elegant little poem, on the Queen of Bohemia, *Ye meaner beauties*, &c. Among Drummond's *Flowers of Sion*, the poem which begins, *Amidſt the azure clear—Of Jordan's ſacred ſtreams*, eminently diſtinguiſhes him, whether he be conſidered as a philoſopher, or a poet.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

POEMS.

THE FIRST PART.

SONNET.

IN my firſt prime, when childiſh humours fed
My wanton wit, ere I did know the bliſs
Lies in a loving eye, or amorous kiſs,
Or with what ſighs a lover warms his bed;
By the ſweet Theſpian ſiſters' error led,
I had more mind to read, than lov'd to write,
And ſo to praiſe a perfect red and white;
But (God wot) knew not what was in my head.
Love ſmil'd to ſee me take ſo great delight,
To turn thoſe antiques of the age of gold,
And that I might more myſteries behold,
He ſet ſo fair a volume to my ſight,
That I Ephemerides laid aſide,
Glad on this bluſhing book my death to read.

SONNET.

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In time's great periods ſhall return to nought;
That faireſt ſtates have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muſes' heavenly lays,
With toil of ſprite, which are ſo dearly bought,
As idle ſounds, of few, or none are ſought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain praiſe.
I know frail beauty's like the purple flow'r,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where ſenſe and will bring under reaſon's power:
Know what I liſt, this all cannot me move,
But that, alas, I both muſt write and love.

SONNET.

YE who ſo curiouſly do paint your thoughts,
Enlight'ning ev'ry line in ſuch a guiſe,
That they ſeem rather to have fall'n from ſkies,
Than of a human hand by mortal draughts:
In one part Sorrow ſo tormented lies,
As if his life at ev'ry ſigh would part;
Love here blindfolded ſtands with bow and dart,
There Hope looks pale, Deſpair with flaming eyes:
Of

Of my rude pencil look not for ſuch art,
My wit I find too little to deviſe
So high conceptions to expreſs my ſmart;
And ſome ſay love is feign'd that's too too wiſe.
These troubled words and lines confus'd you find
Are like unto their model, my ſick mind.

SONNET.

AH me, and I am now the man whoſe muſe
In happier times was wont to laugh at Love,
And thoſe who ſuffer'd that blind boy's abuſe,
The noble gifts were given them from above.
What metamorphoſe ſtrange is this I prove?
Myſelf now ſcarce I find myſelf to be,
And think no fable Circe's tyranny,
And all the tales are told of changed Jove:
Virtue hath taught with her philoſophy
My mind unto a better courſe to move:
Reaſon may chide her full, and oft reprove
Affection's power; but what is that to me,
Who ever think, and never think on aught
But that bright cherubin which thralls my thought?

SONNET.

HOW that vaſt heaven intitled Firſt is roll'd,
If any glancing towers beyond it be,
And people living in eternity,
Or Eſſence pure that doth this All uphold:
What motion have thoſe fixed ſparks of gold,

The wand'ring carbuncles which ſhine from high,
By ſprites, or bodies croſs-ways in the ſky,
If they be turn'd, and mortal things behold:
How ſun poſts heaven about, how night's pale queen
With borrow'd beams looks on this hanging round;
What cauſe fair Iris hath, and monſters ſeen
In air's large fields of light, and ſeas profound,
Did hold my wand'ring thoughts; when thy ſweet eye
Bade me leave all, and only think on thee.

SONNET.

FAIR is my yoke, though grievous be my pains,
Sweet are my wounds, although they deeply ſmart,
My bit is gold, though ſhorten'd be the reins,
My bondage brave, though I may not depart;
Although I burn, the fire which doth impart
Thoſe flames, ſo ſweet reviving force contains,
That like Arabia's bird my waſted heart,
Made quick by death, more lively ſtill remains.
I joy, though oft my waking eyes ſpend tears,
I never want delight, even when I groan,
Beſt 'companied when moſt I am alone,
A heaven of hopes I have midſt hells of fears:
Thus every way contentment ſtrange I find,
But moſt in her rare beauty, my rare mind.

SONNET.

SONNET.

VAUNT not, fair heavens, of your two glorious lights,
Which though moſt bright, yet ſee not when they ſhine,
And ſhining, cannot ſhow their beams divine
Both in one place, but part by days and nights.
Earth vaunt not of thoſe treaſures ye enſhrine,
Held only dear, becauſe hid from our ſights,
Your pure and burniſh'd gold, your diamonds fine,
Snow-paſſing ivory that the eye delights,
Nor ſeas, of thoſe dear wares are in you found
Vaunt not, rich pearl, red coral, which do ſtir
A fond deſire in fools to plunge your ground;
Theſe all more fair are to be had in her:
Pearl, ivory, coral, diamond, ſuns, gold,
Teeth, neck, lips, heart, eyes, hair are to behold.

SONNET.

WHEN Nature now had wonderfully wrought
All Auriſtella's parts, except her eyes,
To make thoſe twins two lamps in beauty's ſkies,
She counſel of her ſtarry ſenate ſought.
Mars and Apollo firſt did her adviſe,
To wrap in colour black thoſe comets bright,
That Love him ſo might ſoberly diſguiſe,
And unperceived wound at every ſight.

Chaſte Phœbe ſpake for pureſt azure dyes;
But Jove and Venus green about the light,
To frame thought beſt, as bringing moſt delight,
That to pin'd hearts hope might for aye ariſe:
Nature, all ſaid, a paradiſe of green
There plac'd, to make all love which have them ſeen.

SONNET.

NOW while the Night her ſable veil hath ſpread,
And ſilently her reſty coach doth roll,
Rouzing with her from Thetis' azure bed,
Thoſe ſtarry nymphs which dance about the pole;
While Cynthia, in pureſt cypreſs clad,
The Latmian ſhepherd in a trance deſcries,
And looking pale from height of all the ſkies,
She dyes her beauties in a bluſhing red;
While ſleep, in triumph, cloſed hath all eyes,
And birds and beaſts a ſilence ſweet do keep,
And Proteus' monſtrous people in the deep,
The winds and waves, huſh'd up, to reſt entice;
I wake, I turn, I weep oppreſs'd with pain,
Perplex'd in the meanders of my brain.

SONNET.

SLEEP, Silence' child, ſweet father of ſoft reſt,
Prince whoſe approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent hoſt to ſhepherds and to kings,

Sole

Sole comforter of minds which are oppreſs'd;
Lo, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie ſlumb'ring, with forgetfulneſs poſſeſs'd,
And yet o'er me to ſpread thy drowſy wings
Thou ſpar'ſt, alas! who cannot be thy gueſt.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light, which thou art wont to ſhew,
With feigned ſolace eaſe a true felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiſs the image of my death.

SONNET.

FAIR Moon, who with thy cold and ſilver ſhine
Mak'ſt ſweet the horror of the dreadful night,
Delighting the weak eye with ſmiles divine,
Which Phœbus dazzles with his too much light;
Bright queen of the firſt heaven, if in thy ſhrine
By turning oft, and Heaven's eternal might,
Thou haſt not yet that once ſweet fire of thine,
Endemion, forgot, and lovers' plight;
If cauſe like thine may pity breed in thee,
And pity ſomewhat elſe to it obtain,
Since thou haſt power of dreams as well as he
That holds the golden rod and moral chain;
Now while ſhe ſleeps, in doleful guiſe her ſhow
Theſe tears, and the black map of all my woe.

SONNET.

LAMP of heaven's cryſtal hall that brings the hours,
Eye-dazzler, who makes the ugly night
At thy approach fly to her ſlumb'ry bowers,
And fills the world with wonder and delight;
Life of all lives, death-giver by thy flight
To the ſouth pole from theſe fix ſigns of ours,
Goldſmith of all the ſtars, with ſilver bright
Who moon enamels, Apelles of the flowers:
Ah from thoſe wat'ry plains thy golden head
Raiſe up, and bring the ſo long ling'ring morn;
A grave, nay hell, I find become this bed,
This bed ſo grievouſly where I am torn:
But wo is me though thou now brought the day,
Day ſhall but ſerve more ſorrows to diſplay.

SONG.

IT was the time when to our northern pole
The brighteſt lamp of heaven begins to roll,
When Earth more wanton in new robes appeareth,
And ſcorning ſkies her flowers in rainbows beareth,

On

On which the air moiſt diamonds doth bequeath,
Which quake to feel the kiſſing Zephyrs breath;
When birds from ſhady groves their love forth warble,
And ſea-like heaven looks like ſmootheſt marble,
When I in ſimple courſe, free from all cares
Far from the muddy world's enſlaving ſnares,
By Ora's flow'ry banks alone did wander;
Ora, that ſports her like to old Meander,
A flood more worthy fame and laſting praiſe
Than that ſo high which Phaeton's fall did raiſe;
By whoſe pure moving glaſs the milk-white lilies
Do dreſs their treſſes and the daffodilies;
Where Ora with a wood is crown'd about,
And (ſeems) forgets the way how to come out,
A place there is, where a delicious fountain
Springs from the ſwelling breaſt of a proud mountain,
Whoſe falling ſtreams the quiet caverns wound,
And make the echoes ſhrill reſound that ſound.
The laurel there the ſhining channel graces,
The palm her love with long ſtretch'd arms embraces,
The poplar ſpreads her branches to the ſky,
And hides from ſight that azure canopy.
The ſtreams the trees, the trees their leaves ſtill nouriſh,
That place grave Winter finds not without flouriſh.
If living eyes Elyſian fields could ſee,
This little Arden might Elyſium be.
Oft did Diana there herſelf repoſe,
And Mars the Acidalian queen encloſe.

The

The nymphs oft here their baſkets bring with flow'rs,
And anadems weave for their paramours;
The ſatyrs in thoſe ſhades are heard to languiſh,
And make the ſhepherds partners of their anguiſh,
The ſhepherds who in barks of tender trees
Do grave their loves, diſdains, and jealouſies;
Which Phillis, when thereby her flocks ſhe feedeth,
With pity now, anon with laughter readeth.
Near to this place when Sun in midſt of day
In higheſt top of heaven his coach did ſtay,
And (as adviſing) on his career glanced
As all along, that morn he had advanced,
His panting ſteeds along thoſe fields of light,
Moſt princely looking from that glorious height:
When moſt the graſhoppers are heard in meadows,
And loftieſt pines or ſmall, or have no ſhadows:
It was my hap, O woful hap! to bide
Where thickeſt ſhades me from all rays did hide,
In a fair arbour, 'twas ſome ſylvan's chamber,
Whoſe ceiling ſpread was with the locks of amber
Of new bloom'd ſycamores, floor wrought with flow'rs,
More ſweet and rich than thoſe in princes' bow'rs.
Here Adon bluſh'd, and Clitia all amazed
Look'd pale, with him who in the fountain gazed;
The amaranthus ſmil'd, and that ſweet boy
Which ſometime was the god of Delos' joy:
The brave carnation, ſpeckled pink here ſhin'd,
The violet her fainting head declin'd

Beneath

Beneath a ſleepy chaſbow, all of gold
The marigold her leaves did here unfold.
Now while that, raviſh'd with delight and wonder,
Half in a trance I lay thoſe arches under,
The ſeaſon, ſilence, place, began t' entice,
Eyes' drowſy lids to bring night on their ſkies,
Which ſoftly having ſtolen themſelves together
(Like evening clouds) me plac'd I wot not whither.
As cowards leave the fort which they ſhould keep,
My ſenſes one by one gave place to Sleep,
Who follow'd with a troop of golden ſlumbers,
Thruſt from my quiet brain all baſe encumbers,
And thrice me touching with his rod of gold,
A heaven of viſions in my temples roll'd,
To countervail thoſe pleaſures were bereft me,
Thus in his ſilent priſon clos'd he left me.
Methought through all the neighbour woods a noiſe
Of choriſters, more ſweet than lute or voice,
(For thoſe harmonious ſounds to Jove are given
By the ſwift touches of the nine-ſtring'd heaven,
Such airs, and nothing elſe) did wound mine ear,
No ſoul but would become all ear to hear:
And whilſt I liſt'ning lay, O lovely wonder!
I ſaw a pleaſant myrtle cleave aſunder;
A myrtle great with birth, from whoſe rent womb
Three naked nymphs more white than ſnow forth come.

For

For nymphs they ſeem'd ; about their heavenly faces
In waves of gold floated their curling treſſes ;
About their arms, their arms more white than milk,
They bluſhing armlets wore of crimſon ſilk.
The goddeſſes were ſuch that by Scamander
Appeared to the Phrygian Alexander :
Aglaia and her ſiſters ſuch perchance
Be when about ſome ſacred ſpring they dance.
But ſcarce the grove their naked beauties graced,
And on the verdure had each other traced,
When to the flood they ran, the flood in robes
Of curling cryſtal their breaſts' ivory globes
Did all about encircle, yet took pleaſure
To ſhew white ſnows throughout her liquid azure.
Look how Prometheus' man, when heavenly fire
Firſt gave him breath, day's Brandon did admire,
And wonder'd at this world's amph'theatre :
So gaz'd I on thoſe new gueſts of the water.
All three were fair, yet one excell'd as far
The reſt as Phœbus doth the Cyprian ſtar,
Or diamonds, ſmall gems, or gems do other,
Or pearls that ſhining ſhell is call'd their mother.
Her hair, more bright than are the morning's beams,
Hung in a golden ſhower above the ſtreams,
And dangling ſought her forehead for to cover,
Which ſeen did ſtraight a ſky of milk diſcover,
With two fair brows, Love's bows, which never bend
But that a golden arrow forth they ſend ;

Beneath

Beneath the which two burning planets glancing
Flaſh'd flames of love, for Love there ſtill is dancing.
Her either cheek reſembled bluſhing morn,
Or roſes gules in field of lilies borne;
'Twixt which an ivory wall ſo fair is raiſed,
That it is but abaſed when it's praiſed.
Her lips like rows of coral ſoft did ſwell,
And th' one like th' other only doth excel:
The Tyrian fiſh looks pale, pale look the roſes,
The rubies pale, when mouth ſweet cherry cloſes.
Her chin like ſilver Phœbe did appear
Dark in the midſt to make the reſt more clear:
Her neck ſeem'd fram'd by curious Phidias maſter,
Moſt ſmooth, moſt white, a piece of alabaſter.
Two foaming billows flow'd upon her breaſt,
Which did their tops with coral red increſt:
There all about as brooks them ſport at leiſure,
With circling branches veins did ſwell in azure:
Within thoſe crooks are only found thoſe iſles
Which fortunate the dreaming old world ſtiles.
The reſt the ſtreams did hide, but as a lily
Sunk in a cryſtal's fair tranſparent belly.
I who yet human weakneſs did not know,
(For yet I had not felt that archer's bow,
Nor could I think that from the coldeſt water
The winged youngling burning flames could ſcatter)
On every part my vagabonding ſight
Did caſt, and drown mine eyes in ſweet delight.
O wondrous

O wondrous thing (ſaid I) that beauty 's nam'd !
Now I perceive I heretofore have dream'd,
And never found in all my flying days
Joy unto this, which only merits praiſe.
My pleaſures have been pains, my comforts croſſes,
My treaſure poverty, my gains but loſſes.
O precious ſight ! which none doth elſe deſcry
Except the burning ſun, and quivering I.
And yet, O dear-bought ſight ! O would for ever
I might enjoy you, or had joy'd you never !
O happy flood ! if ſo ye might abide,
Yet ever glory of this moment's pride,
Adjure your rillets all for to behold her,
And in their cryſtal arms to come and fold her :
And ſince ye may not long this bliſs embrace,
Draw thouſand portraits of her on your face,
Portraits which in my heart be more apparent,
If like to yours my breaſt but were tranſparent.
O that I were, while ſhe doth in you play,
A dolphin to tranſport her to the ſea !
To none of all thoſe gods I would her render,
From Thule to Inde though I ſhould with her wander.
Oh ! what is this ? the more I fix mine eye,
Mine eye the more new wonders doth eſpy,
The more I ſpy, the more in uncouth faſhion
My ſoul is raviſh'd in a pleaſant paſſion.
But look not eyes—As more I would have ſaid,
A ſound of rattling wheels me all diſmay'd,

And

And with the ſound forth from the trembling buſhes,
With ſtorm-like courſe a ſumptuous chariot ruſhes,
A chariot all of gold, the wheels were gold,
The nails, and axle gold on which it roll'd:
The upmoſt part a ſcarlet veil did cover,
More rich than Danae's lap ſpread with her lover.
In midſt of it in a triumphant chair,
A lady ſate miraculouſly fair,
Whoſe penſive countenance, and looks of honour,
Do more allure the mind that thinketh on her,
Than the moſt wanton face, and amorous eyes,
That Amathus or flow'ry Paphos ſees;
A crew of virgins made a ring about her,
The diamond ſhe, they ſeem the gold without her.
Such Thetis is, when to the billows roar
With mermaids nice ſhe danceth on the ſhore:
So in a ſable night, the ſun's bright ſiſter
Among the leſſer twinkling lights doth gliſter.
Fair yokes of ermilines, whoſe colours paſs
The whiteſt ſnows on aged Grampius' face,
More ſwift than Venus' birds this chariot guided
To the aſtoniſh'd bank, where as it bided:
But long it did not bide, when poor thoſe ſtreams
(Ah me!) it made, tranſporting thoſe rich gems,
And by that burthen lighter, ſwiftly drived
Till (as methought) it at a tow'r arrived:
Upon a rock of cryſtal ſhining clear
With diamonds wrought this caſtle did appear,
Whoſe riſing ſpires of gold ſo high them reared,
That, Atlas-like, it ſeem'd the heaven they beared.

Amidſt which heights on arches did ariſe
(Arches which gilt flames brandiſh to the ſkies)
Of ſparkling topazes, proud, gorgeous, ample,
(Like to a little heaven) a ſacred temple.
The walls no windows have, nay all the wall
Is but one window, night there doth not fall
More when the ſun to weſtern worlds declineth,
Than in our zenith when at noon he ſhineth.
Two flaming hills the paſſage ſtrait defend
Which to this radiant building doth aſcend,
Upon whoſe arching tops on a pilaſter
A port ſtands open, rais'd in love's diſaſter;
For none that narrow bridge and gate can paſs,
Who have their faces ſeen in Venus' glaſs.
If thoſe within but to come forth do venture,
That ſtately place again they never enter.
The precinct's ſtrengthen'd with a ditch of fears,
In which doth ſwell a lake of inky years
Of madding lovers, who abide their moaning,
And thicken e'en the air with piteous groaning.
This hold to brave the ſkies the Deſt'nies fram'd,
And then the fort of chaſtity is nam'd.
The queen of the third heaven once, to appal it,
The god of Thrace here brought, who could not thrall it;
For which he vow'd ne'er arms more to put on,
And on Riphean hills was heard to groan.
Here Pſyche's lover hurls his darts at randon,
Which all for nought him ſerve, as doth his brandon.

What

What grievous agony did invade my mind,
When in that place my hope I ſaw confin'd,
Where with high tow'ring thoughts I only reach'd her!
Which did burn up their wings when they approach'd her.
Methought I ſat me by a cypreſs ſhade,
And night and day the hyacinth there read;
And that bewailing nightingales did borrow
Plaints of my plaint, and ſorrows of my ſorrow.
My food was wormwood, mine own tears my drink,
My reſt, on death and ſad miſhaps to think.
And for ſuch thoughts to have my heart enlarged,
And eaſe mine eyes with briny tribute charged,
Over a brook I laid my pining face:
But then the brook, as griev'd at my diſgrace,
A face me ſhew'd ſo pin'd, ſad, overclouded,
That at the ſight afraid mine eyes them ſhrouded.
This is thy guerdon, Love, this is the game,
In end which to thy ſervants doth remain.
More would I ſay; when fear made ſleep to leave me,
And of thoſe fatal ſhadows did bereave me;
But ah, alas! inſtead to dream of love,
And woes, I now them in effect did prove:
For what into my troubled brain was painted,
Awak'd I found that time and place preſented.

SONNET.

AH burning thoughts, now let me take ſome reſt,
And your tumultuous broils awhile appeaſe:
Is't not enough, ſtars, fortune, love moleſt
Me all at once, but ye muſt too diſpleaſe?
Let hope (though falſe) yet lodge within my breaſt,
My high attempt (though dangerous) yet praiſe:
What though I trace not right heaven's ſteepy ways,
It doth ſuffice my fall ſhall make me bleſt.
I do not doat on days, I fear not death,
So that my life be good, I wiſh't not long;
Let me renown'd live from the worldly throng,
And when Heaven liſts, recal this borrow'd breath.
Men but like viſions are, time all doth claim,
He lives who dies to win a laſting name.

SONNET.

THAT learned Grecian who did ſo excel
In knowledge paſſing ſenſe, that he is nam'd
Of all the after world Divine, doth tell
That all the time when firſt our ſouls are fram'd,
Ere in theſe manſions blind they come to dwell,
They live bright rays of that Eternal Light,
And others ſee, know, love, in heaven's great height,
Not toil'd with aught 'gainſt reaſon to rebel.

It

It is moſt true, for ſtraight at the firſt ſight
My mind me told that in ſome other place
It elſewhere ſaw th' idea of that face,
And lov'd a love of heavenly pure delight.
What wonder now I feel ſo fair a flame,
Since I her lov'd ere on this earth ſhe came?

SONNET.

NOR Arne, nor Mincius, nor ſtately Tiber,
Sebethus, nor the flood into whoſe ſtreams
He fell who burnt the world with borrow'd beams,
Gold-rolling Tagus, Munda, famous Iber,
Sorgue, Rhone, Loire, Garron, nor proud-banked Seine,
Peneus, Phaſis, Xanthus, humble Ladon,
Nor ſhe whoſe nymphs excel her loved Adon,
Fair Tameſis, nor Iſter large, nor Rhine,
Euphrates, Tigris, Indus, Hermus, Gange,
Pearly Hydaſpes, ſerpent-like Meander,
The flood which robbed Hero of Leander,
Nile that ſo far his hidden head doth range,
Have ever had ſo rare a cauſe of praiſe,
As Ora where this northern phœnix ſtays.

SONNET.

TO bear my plaints, fair river cryſtalline,
Thou in a ſilent ſlumber ſeem'ſt to ſtay;
Delicious flowers, lily and columbine,
Ye bow your heads when I my woes diſplay;
Foreſts, in you the myrtle, palm and bay,
Have had compaſſion, lift'ning to my groans;
The winds with ſighs have ſolemniz'd my moans
'Mong leaves, which whiſper'd what they could not ſay;
The caves, the rocks, the hills, the ſylvans' thrones,
(As if even pity did in them appear)
Have at my ſorrow rent their ruthleſs ſtones:
Each thing I find hath ſenſe except my dear,
Who doth not think I love, or will not know
My grief, perchance delighting in my woe.

SONNET.

SWEET brook, in whoſe clear cryſtal I my eyes
Have oft ſeen great in labour of their tears;
Enamell'd bank, whoſe ſhining gravel bears
Theſe ſad characters of my miſeries;
High woods, whoſe mountain-tops menace the ſpheres,
Wild citizens, Amphions of the trees,
You gloomy groves at hotteſt noons which freeze,
Elyſian ſhades which Phœbus never clears;

Vaſt

Vaſt ſolitary mountains, pleaſant plains,
Embroider'd meads that ocean-ways you reach;
Hills, dales, ſprings, all whom my ſad cry conſtrains
To take part of my plaints, and learn woe's ſpeech,
Will that remorſeleſs fair e'er pity ſhow?
Of grace now anſwer if ye aught know: No.

SONNET.

WITH flaming horns the bull now brings the year,
Melt do the mountains, rolling floods of ſnow,
The ſilver rivers in ſmooth channels flow,
The late bare woods green anadems do wear;
The nightingale, forgetting winter's woe,
Calls up the lazy morn her notes to hear;
Spread are thoſe flow'rs which names of princes bear,
Some red, ſome azure, white, and golden grow.
Here lows a heifer, there bewailing ſtrays
A harmleſs lamb, not far a ſtag rebounds;
The ſhepherds ſing to grazing flocks ſweet lays,
And all about the echoing air reſounds.
Hills, dales, woods, floods, ev'ry thing doth change,
But ſhe in rigour, I in love am ſtrange.

SONNET.

THAT I ſo ſlenderly ſet forth my mind,
Writing I know not what in ragged rhymes,
O'ercharg'd with braſs in theſe ſo golden times,
When others tow'r ſo high, I'm left behind:
I crave not Phœbus leave his ſacred cell,
To bind my brows with freſh Aonian bays;
But leav't to thoſe who tuning ſweeteſt lays
By Tempe ſit, or Aganippe's well;
Nor yet to Venus' tree do I aſpire,
Since ſhe for whom I might affect that praiſe,
My beſt attempts with cruel words gainſays,
And I ſeek not that others me admire.
Of weeping myrrh the crown is which I crave,
With a ſad cypreſs to adorn my grave.

MADRIGAL.

WHEN as ſhe ſmiles I find
More light before mine eyes,
Than when the ſun from Inde
Brings to our world a flow'ry paradiſe:
But when ſhe gently weeps,
And pours forth pearly ſhowers,
On cheeks fair bluſhing flowers,
A ſweet melancholy my ſenſes keeps;

Both

Both feed ſo my diſeaſe,
So much both do me pleaſe,
That oft I doubt, which more my heart doth burn,
Love to behold her ſmile, or pity mourn.

SONNET.

MY tears may well Numidian lions tame,
And pity breed into the hardeſt heart
That ever Pyrrha did to maid impart,
When ſhe them firſt of bluſhing rocks did frame.
Ah, eyes which only ſerve to 'wail my ſmart,
How long will you my inward woes proclaim?
May 't not ſuffice you bear a weeping part
All night, at day but you muſt do the ſame?
Ceaſe, idle ſighs, to ſpend your ſtorms in vain,
And theſe ſweet ſilent thickets to moleſt,
Contain you in the priſon of my breaſt,
You do not eaſe but aggravate my pain;
Or if burſt forth you muſt, that tempeſt move
In ſight of her whom I ſo dearly love.

SONNET.

YOU reſtleſs ſeas appeaſe your roaring waves,
And you who raiſe huge mountains in that plain,
Air's trumpeters, your hideous ſounds contain,
And liſten to the plaints my grief doth cauſe.

Eternal

Eternal lights! though adamantine laws
Of deſtinies to move ſtill you ordain,
Turn hither all your eyes, your axles pauſe,
And wonder at the torments I ſuſtain,
Sad earth, if thou, made dull by my diſgrace,
Be not as ſenſeleſs, aſk thoſe powers above
Why they ſo croſt a wretch brought on thy face,
Fram'd for miſhap, the anchorite of love;
And bid them (that no more Ætnas may burn)
To Erimanth' or Rhodope me turn.

SONNET.

IF croſt with all miſhaps be my poor life,
If one ſhort day I never ſpent in mirth,
If my ſp'rit with itſelf holds laſting ſtrife,
If ſorrows death is but new ſorrows birth;
If this vain world be but a mournful ſtage,
Where ſlave-born man plays to the laughing ſtars,
If youth be toſs'd with love, with weakneſs age,
If knowledge ſerves to hold our thoughts in wars,
If time can cloſe the hundred mouths of Fame,
And make what's long ſince paſt, like that's to be,
If virtue only be an idle name,
If being born I was but born to die;
Why ſeek I to prolong theſe loathſome days?
The faireſt roſe in ſhorteſt time decays.

SONNET.

ALL other beauties howſoe'er they ſhine
In hairs more bright than is the golden ore,
Or cheeks more fair than faireſt eglantine,
Or hands like hers that comes the ſun before:
Match'd with that heavenly hue, and ſhape divine,
With thoſe dear ſtars which my weak thoughts adore,
Look but as ſhadows, or if they be more,
It is in this, that they are like to thine.
Who ſees thoſe eyes, their force that doth not prove;
Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
And finds not Venus' ſon entrench'd therein,
Or hath not ſenſe, or knows not what is love.
To ſee thee had Narciſſus had the grace,
He would have died with wond'ring on thy face.

SEXTAIN.

THE heaven doth not contain ſo many ſtars,
Nor levell'd lie ſo many leaves in woods,
When Autumn and cold Boreas ſound their wars;
So many waves have not the ocean floods,
As my torn mind hath torments all the night,
And heart ſpends ſighs, when Phœbus brings the light.

Why

Why was I made a partner of the light,
Who croſt in birth, by bad aſpect of ſtars,
Have never ſince had happy day or night?
Why was not I a liver in the woods,
Or citizen of Thetis' cryſtal floods,
But fram'd a man for Love and Fortune's wars?

I look each day when death ſhould end the wars,
Uncivil wars 'twixt ſenſe and reaſon's light;
My pains I count to mountains, meads and floods,
And of my ſorrow partners make the ſtars;
All deſolate I haunt the fearful woods,
When I ſhould give myſelf to reſt at night.

With watchful eyes I ne'er behold the night,
Mother of peace, (but ah to me of wars)
And Cynthia queen-like ſhining through the woods,
But ſtraight thoſe lamps come in my thought whoſe light
My judgment dazzled, paſſing brighteſt ſtars,
And then my eyes in-iſle themſelves with floods.

Turn to the ſprings again firſt ſhall the floods,
Clear ſhall the ſun the ſad and gloomy night,
To dance about the pole ceaſe ſhall the ſtars,
The elements renew their ancient wars
Shall firſt, and be depriv'd of place and light,
Ere I find reſt in city, fields, or woods.

End

End theſe my days ye inmates of the woods,
Take this my life ye deep and raging floods;
Sun never riſe to clear me with thy light,
Horror and darkneſs keep a laſting night,
Conſume me, care, with thy inteſtine wars,
And ſtay your influence o'er me ye bright ſtars.

In vain the ſtars, th' inhabitants o'th' woods,
Care, horror, wars I call, and raging floods,
For all have ſworn no night ſhall dim my ſight.

SONNET.

O SACRED bluſh empurpling cheeks, pure ſkies
With crimſon wings which ſpread thee like the morn;
O baſhful look ſent from thoſe ſhining eyes,
Which though ſlid down on earth doth heaven adorn;
O tongue, in which moſt luſcious nectar lies,
That can at once both bleſs and make forlorn;
Dear coral lip which beauty beautifies,
That trembling ſtood before her words were borne;
And you her words; words? no, but golden chains
Which did inſlave my ears, enſnare my ſoul,
Wiſe image of her mind, mind that contains
A power all power of ſenſes to controul:
So ſweetly you from love diſſuade do me,
That I love more, if more my love can be.

SONNET.

SONNET.

SOUND hoarſe, ſad lute, true witneſs of my woe,
And ſtrive no more to eaſe ſelf-choſen pain
With ſoul-enchanting ſounds, your accents ſtrain
Unto thoſe tears inceſſantly which flow.
Sad treble weep, and you dull baſſes ſhew
Your maſter's ſorrow in a doleful ſtrain;
Let never joyful hand upon you go,
Nor concert keep but when you do complain.
Fly Phœbus' rays, abhor the irkſome light;
Woods' ſolitary ſhades for thee are beſt,
Or the black horrors of the blackeſt night,
When all the world ſave thou and I do reſt:
Then ſound, ſad lute, and bear a mourning part,
Thou hell canſt move, though not a woman's heart.

SONNET.

IN vain I haunt the cold and ſilver ſprings,
To quench the fever burning in my veins,
In vain (love's pilgrim) mountains, dales and plains
I over-run, vain help long abſence brings.
In vain, my friends, your counſel me conſtrains
To fly, and place my thoughts on other things;
Ah, like the bird that fir'd hath her wings,
The more I move the greater are my pains.

Deſire

Deſire, (alas) deſire, a Zeuxis new,
From th' orient borrowing gold, from weſtern ſkies
Heavenly cinnabar ſets before my eyes
In every place, her hair, ſweet look, and hue:
That fly, run, reſt I, all doth prove but vain,
My life lies in thoſe eyes which have me ſlain.

SONNET.

SLIDE ſoft, fair Forth, and make a cryſtal plain,
Cut your white locks, and on your foamy face
Let not a wrinkle be, when you embrace
The boat that earth's perfections doth contain.
Winds wonder, and through wond'ring hold your pace;
Or if that ye your hearts cannot reſtrain
From ſending ſighs, feeling a lover's caſe,
Sigh, and in her fair hair yourſelves enchain.
Or take theſe ſighs which abſence makes ariſe
From my oppreſſed breaſt, and fill the ſails,
Or ſome ſweet breath new brought from paradiſe:
The floods do ſmile, love o'er the winds prevails,
And yet huge waves ariſe; the cauſe is this,
The ocean ſtrives with Forth the boat to kiſs.

SONNET.

TRUST not, ſweet ſoul, thoſe curled waves of gold
With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
Nor temples ſpread with flakes of virgin ſnow,
Nor ſnow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd;

Truſt not thoſe ſhining lights which wrought my woe,
When firſt I did their azure rays behold,
Nor voice, whoſe ſounds more ſtrange effects do ſhow
Than of the Thracian harper have been told:
Look to this dying lily, fading roſe,
Dark hyacinth, of late whoſe bluſhing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and graſs rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes;
The cruel tyrant that did kill thoſe flow'rs
Shall once, ah me! not ſpare that ſpring of yours.

SONNET.

IN Mind's pure glaſs when I myſelf behold,
And lively ſee how my beſt days are ſpent,
What clouds of care above my head are roll'd,
What coming ill, which I cannot prevent;
My courſe begun I wearied do repent,
And would embrace what reaſon oft hath told,
But ſcarce thus think I, when love hath controll'd
All the beſt reaſons reaſon could invent.
Though ſure I know my labour's end is grief,
The more I ſtrive that I the more ſhall pine,
That only death ſhall be my laſt relief:
Yet when I think upon that face divine,
Like one with arrow ſhot, in laughter's place,
Maugre my heart, I joy in my diſgrace.

SONNET.

DEAR choriſter, who from thoſe ſhadows ſends,
Ere that the bluſhing morn dare ſhew her light,
Such ſad lamenting ſtrains, that night attends
(Become all ear), ſtars ſtay to hear thy plight;
If one whoſe grief even reach of thought tranſcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taſte delight,
May thee importune who like caſe pretends,
And ſeems to joy in woe, in woe's deſpite;
Tell me (ſo may thou fortune milder try,
And long long ſing!) for what thou thus complains,
Since winter's gone, and ſun in dappled ſky
Enamour'd ſmiles on woods and flow'ry plains?
The bird, as if my queſtions did her move,
With trembling wings ſigh'd forth, I love, I love.

SONNET.

O CRUEL beauty, ſweetneſs inhumane,
That night and day contends with my deſire,
And ſeeks my hope to kill, not quench my fire,
By death, not balm to eaſe my pleaſant pain!
Though ye my thoughts tread down which would aſpire,
And bound my bliſs, do not, alas! diſdain
That I your matchleſs worth and grace admire,
And for their cauſe theſe torments ſharp ſuſtain.

Let great Empedocles vaunt of his death
Found in the midſt of thoſe Sicilian flames,
And Phaeton that Heaven him reft of breath,
And Dædal's ſon who nam'd the Samian ſtreams:
Their haps I not envy; my praiſe ſhall be,
That the moſt fair that lives mov'd me to die.

SONNET.

THE Hyperborean hills, Ceraunus' ſnow,
Or Arimaſpus (cruel) firſt thee bred;
The Caſpian tigers with their milk thee fed,
And Fauns did human blood on thee beſtow.
Fierce Orithyas' lover in thy bed
Thee lull'd aſleep, where he enrag'd doth blow;
Thou didſt not drink the floods which here do flow,
But tears, or thoſe by icy Tanais' head.
Sith thou diſdains my love, neglects my grief,
Laughs at my groans, and ſtill affects my death:
Of thee nor Heaven I'll ſeek no more relief,
Nor longer entertain this loathſome breath;
But yield unto my ſtars, that thou may'ſt prove
What loſs thou hadſt in loſing ſuch a love.

SONG.

PHŒBUS, ariſe,
And paint the ſable ſkies
With azure, white, and red:
Rouſe Memnon's mother from her Tython's bed,
That

That ſhe thy career may with roſes ſpread,
The nightingales thy coming each where ſing,
Make an eternal ſpring.
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead.
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou waſt wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chaſe hence the ugly night,
Which ſerves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wiſhed day,
Of all my life ſo dark,
(If cruel ſtars have not my ruin ſworn,
And Fates my hopes betray)
Which (purely white) deſerves
An everlaſting diamond ſhould it mark.
This is the morn ſhould bring unto this grove
My love, to hear, and recompenſe my love.
Fair king, who all preſerves,
But ſhew thy bluſhing beams,
And thou two ſweeter eyes
Shalt ſee than thoſe which by Peneus' ſtreams
Did once thy heart ſurpriſe:
Nay, ſuns which ſhine as clear
As thou when two thou didſt to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyſelf in faireſt guiſe.
If that ye winds would hear
A voice ſurpaſſing far Amphion's lyre,

Your furious chiding ſtay,
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her treſſes play,
Kiſſing ſometimes thoſe purple ports of death.
The winds all ſilent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Enſaffroning ſea and air,
Makes vaniſh every ſtar:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to ſhun his flaming wheels.
The fields with flow'rs are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold ſpangle their blue:
Here is the pleaſant place,
And nothing wanting is, ſave ſhe, alas!

SONNET.

WHO hath not ſeen into her ſaffron bed
The morning's goddeſs mildly her repoſe,
Or her of whoſe pure blood firſt ſprang the roſe
Lull'd in a ſlumber by a myrtle ſhade?
Who hath not ſeen that ſleeping white and red
Makes Phœbe look ſo pale, which ſhe did cloſe
In that Ionian hill, to eaſe her woes,
Which only lives by her dear kiſſes fed?
Come but and ſee my lady ſweetly ſleep,
The ſighing rubies of thoſe heavenly lips,
The Cupids which breaſts golden apples keep,
Thoſe eyes which ſhine in midſt of their eclipſe:
And he them all ſhall ſee, perhaps and prove
She waking but perſuades, now forceth love.

SONNET.

SONNET.

SEE Cytherea's birds, that milk-white pair
On yonder leafy myrtle-tree which groan,
And waken with their kiſſes in the air
Th'enamour'd zephyrs murmuring one by one;
If thou but ſenſe hadſt like Pygmalion's ſtone,
Or hadſt not ſeen Meduſa's ſnaky hair,
Love's leſſons thou might'ſt learn; and learn, ſweet fair,
To ſummer's heat ere that thy ſpring be grown.
And if thoſe kiſſing lovers ſeem but cold,
Look how that elm this ivy doth embrace,
And binds and claſps with many a wanton fold,
And, courting ſleep, o'erſhadows all the place;
Nay, ſeems to ſay, Dear tree, we ſhall not part,
In ſign whereof, lo, in each leaf a heart!

SONNET.

THE ſun is fair when he with crimſon crown,
And flaming rubies, leaves his eaſtern bed;
Fair is Thaumantias in her cryſtal gown,
When clouds engemm'd ſhew azure, green, and red.
To weſtern worlds when wearied day goes down,
And from heaven's windows each ſtar ſhews her head,
Earth's ſilent daughter, Night, is fair though brown;
Fair is the moon, though in love's livery clad.

The ſpring is fair when it doth paint April,
Fair are the meads, the woods, the floods are fair;
Fair looketh Ceres with her yellow hair,
And apple's-queen when roſe-cheek'd ſhe doth ſmile.
That heaven, and earth, and ſeas are fair, is true,
Yet true, that all not pleaſe ſo much as you.

MADRIGAL.

LIKE the Idalian queen
Her hair about her eyne,
And neck, on breaſts ripe apples to be ſeen,
At firſt glance of the morn
In Cyprus' gardens gathering thoſe fair flowers
Which of her blood were borne,
I ſaw, but fainting ſaw my paramours.
The Graces naked danc'd about the place,
The winds and trees amaz'd
With ſilence on her gaz'd,
The flowers did ſmile like thoſe upon her face;
And as their aſpin ſtalks thoſe fingers bind,
That ſhe might read my caſe,
I wiſh'd to be a hyacinth in her hand.

SONNET.

THEN is ſhe gone? O fool and coward I!
O good occaſion loſt, ne'er to be found!
What fatal chains have my dull ſenſes bound,
When beſt they might, that did not fortune try?

Here

Here is the fainting graſs where ſhe did lie,
With roſes here ſhe ſtellified the ground;
She fix'd her eyes on this yet ſmiling pond,
Nor time, nor place ſeem'd aught for to deny.
Too long, too long, Reſpect I do embrace
Your counſel full of threats and ſharp diſdain.
Diſdain in her ſweet heart can have no place,
And though come there, muſt ſtraight retire again:
Henceforth, Reſpect, farewel! I've heard it told,
Who lives in love can never be too bold.

SONNET.

WHAT cruel ſtar into this world me brought?
What gloomy day did dawn to give me light?
What unkind hand to nurſe me (orphan) ſought,
And would not leave me in eternal night?
What thing ſo dear as I hath eſſence bought?
The elements dry, humid, heavy, light,
The ſmalleſt living things which Nature wrought
Be freed of woe if they have ſmall delight.
Ah only I abandon'd to deſpair,
Nail'd to my torments in pale Horror's ſhade,
Like wand'ring clouds ſee all my comforts fled,
And ill on ill with hours my life impair:
The Heavens and Fortune, which were wont to turn,
Stay in one manſion fix'd to cauſe me mourn.

SONNET.

DEAR eye, which deign'ſt on this ſad monument,
The ſable ſcroll of my miſhaps to view,
Though it with mourning Muſes' tears be ſpent,
And darkly drawn, which is not feign'd, but true;
If thou not dazzled with a heavenly hue,
And comely feature, didſt not yet lament,
But happy lives unto thyſelf content,
O let not Love thee to his laws ſubdue;
Look on the woeful ſhipwreck of my youth,
And let my ruins thee for beacon ſerve,
To ſhun this rock Capharean of untruth,
And ſerve no God which doth his churchmen ſtarve:
His kingdom's but of plaints, his guerdon tears;
What he gives more is jealouſies and fears.

MADRIGAL.

TO the delightful green
Of you, fair radiant eine,
Let each black yield beneath the ſtarry arch.
Eyes burniſh'd heavens of love,
Sinople lamps of Jove,
Save all thoſe hearts which with your flames you parch
Two burning ſuns you prove;
All other eyes, compar'd with you, dear lights,
Are hells, or if not hells, yet dumpiſh nights.

The

The heavens (if we their glaſs
The ſea believe) are green, not perfect blue;
They all make fair whatever fair yet was,
And they are fair becauſe they look like you.

SONNET.

NYMPHS, ſiſter nymphs which haunt this cryſtal brook,
And happy in theſe floating bowers abide,
Where trembling roofs of trees from ſun you hide,
Which make Idæan woods in every crook;
Whether ye garlands for your locks provide,
Or pearly letters ſeek in ſandy book,
Or count your loves when Thetis was a bride,
Lift up your golden heads and on me look.
Read in mine eyes my agonizing cares,
And what ye read, recount to her again:
Fair nymphs, ſay all theſe ſtreams are but my tears;
And, if ſhe aſk you how they ſweet remain,
Tell, that the bitt'reſt tears which eyes can pour,
When ſhed for her, can be no longer ſour.

SONNET.

SHE whoſe fair flowers no autumn makes decay,
Whoſe hue cœleſtial, earthly hues doth ſtain,
Into a pleaſant odoriferous plain
Did walk alone to brave the pride of May.

And

And whilſt through flow'ry lifts ſhe made her way,
That proudly ſmil'd her ſight to entertain,
Lo, unawares where Love did hid remain
She ſpied, and ſought to make of him her prey:
For which of golden locks a faireſt hair
To bind the boy ſhe took, but he afraid
At her approach ſprang ſwiftly in the air,
And, mounting far from reach, look'd back and ſaid,
Why ſhouldſt thou (ſweet) me ſeek in chains to bind,
Sith in thy eyes I daily am confin'd?

MADRIGAL.

SWEET Roſe, whence is this hue
Which doth all hues excel?
Whence this moſt fragrant ſmell?
And whence this form and gracing grace in you?
In fair Pæſtana's fields perhaps you grew,
Or Hybla's hills you bred,
Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
Or Tmolus, or where boar young Adon ſlew;
Or hath the queen of love you dyed of new
In that dear blood, which makes you look ſo red?
No, none of thoſe, but cauſe more high you bliſs'd,
My lady's breaſt you bore, her lips you kiſs'd.

MADRIGAL.

ON this cold world of ours,
Flow'r of the ſeaſons, ſeaſon of the flow'rs,
Sun of the ſun, ſweet Spring,
Such hot and burning days why doſt thou bring?
Is it becauſe thoſe high eternal pow'rs
Flaſh down that fire this world environing?
Or that now Phœbus keeps his ſiſter's ſphere?
Or doth ſome Phaeton
Enflame the ſea and air?
Or rather, is't not uſher of the year,
Or that laſt day among the flow'rs alone
Unmaſk'd thou ſaw'ſt my fair?
And whilſt thou on her gaz'd ſhe did thee burn,
And to thy brother Summer doth thee turn.

SONNET.

DEAR wood, and you ſweet ſolitary place,
Where I eſtranged from the vulgar live,
Contented more with what your ſhades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace:
What ſnaky eye, grown jealous of my pace,
Now from your ſilent horrors would me drive,
When ſun advancing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?

What

What ſweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be from bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's hoarſe diſcords,
Sweet flow'ry place, I firſt did learn of thee.
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear reſorts
I would not change with princes' ſtatelieſt courts.

SONNET.

AH! who can ſee thoſe fruits of paradiſe,
Cœleſtial cherries which ſo ſweetly ſwell,
That ſweetneſs' ſelf confin'd there ſeems to dwell,
And all thoſe ſweeteſt parts about deſpiſe?
Ah! who can ſee, and feel no flame ſurpriſe
His harden'd heart? For me, alas, too well
I know their force, and how they do excel:
Now through deſire I burn, and now I freeze;
I die (dear life) unleſs to me be given
As many kiſſes as the ſpring hath flow'rs,
Or there be ſilver drops in Iris' ſhow'rs,
Or ſtars there be in all-embracing heaven;
And if diſpleas'd ye of the match complain,
Ye ſhall have leave to take them back again.

SONNET.

IS'T not enough (ah me!) me thus to ſee
Like ſome heaven-baniſh'd ghoſt ſtill wailing go,
A ſhadow which your rays do only ſhew;
To vex me more, unleſs ye bid me die,

What

What could ye worſe allot unto your foe?
But die will I, ſo ye will not deny
That grace to me which mortal foes ev'n try,
To chooſe what ſort of death ſhall end my woe.
Once did I find, that whiles you did me kiſs,
Ye gave my panting ſoul ſo ſweet a touch,
That half I ſwoon'd in midſt of all my bliſs;
I do but crave my death's wound may be ſuch:
For though by grief I die not and annoy,
Is't not enough to die through too much joy?

MADRIGAL.

UNHAPPY light,
Do not approach to bring the woeful day,
When I muſt bid for aye
Farewel to her, and live in endleſs plight.
Fair moon with gentle beams,
The ſight who never mars,
Clear long-heaven's ſable vault, and you bright ſtars,
Your golden locks long view in earth's pure ſtreams;
Let Phœbus never riſe
To dim your watchful eyes.
Prolong, alas, prolong my ſhort delight;
And if ye can, make an eternal night.

SONNET.

SONNET.

WITH grief in heart, and tears in ſwelling eyes,
When I to her had given a ſad farewel,
Cloſe ſealed with a kiſs, and dew which fell
On my elſe moiſten'd face from beauty's ſkies;
So ſtrange amazement did my mind ſurpriſe,
That at each pace I fainting turn'd again,
Like one whom a torpedo ſtupefies,
Not feeling honour's bit, nor reaſon's rein:
But when fierce ſtars to part me did conſtrain,
With back-caſt looks, I both envy'd and bleſs'd
The happy walls and place did her contain,
Until my eyes that flying object miſs'd:
So wailing parted Ganymede the fair,
When eagle's talons bore him through the air.

SEXTAIN.

SITH gone is my delight and only pleaſure,
The laſt of all my hopes, the cheerful ſun
That clear'd my life's dark ſphere, nature's ſweet treaſure,
More dear to me than all beneath the moon;
What reſteth now, but that upon this mountain
I weep, till Heaven transform me to a fountain?

Freſh,

Freſh, fair, delicious, cryſtal, pearly fountain,
On whoſe ſmooth face to look ſhe oft took pleaſure,
Tell me (ſo may thy ſtreams long cheer this mountain,
So ſerpent ne'er thee ſtain, nor ſcorch thee ſun,
So may with wat'ry beams thee kiſs the moon!)
Doſt thou not mourn to want ſo fair a treaſure

While ſhe here gaz'd on thee, rich Tagus' treaſure
Thou neededſt not envy, nor yet the fountain,
In which that hunter ſaw the naked moon;
Abſence hath robb'd thee of thy wealth and pleaſure,
And I remain, like marigold, of ſun
Depriv'd, that dies by ſhadow of ſome mountain.

Nymphs of the foreſts, nymphs who on this mountain
Are wont to dance, ſhewing your beauty's treaſure
To goat-feet ſylvans, and the wond'ring ſun,
When as you gather flow'rs about this fountain,
Bid her farewel who placed here her pleaſure,
And ſing her praiſes to the ſtars and moon.

Among the leſſer lights as is the moon,
Bluſhing through muffling clouds on Latmos' mountain;
Or when ſhe views her ſilver locks for pleaſure
In Thetis' ſtreams, proud of ſo gay a treaſure:
Such was my fair, when ſhe ſate by this fountain
With other nymphs, to ſhun the amorous ſun.

As is our earth in abſence of the ſun,
Or when of ſun deprived is the moon;
As is without a verdant ſhade a fountain,
Or, wanting graſs, a mead, a vale, a mountain;
Such is my ſtate, bereft of my dear treaſure,
To know whoſe only worth, was all my pleaſure.

Ne'er think of pleaſure, heart; eyes, ſhun the ſun;
Tears be your treaſure, which the wand'ring moon
Shall ſee you ſhed by mountain, vale and fountain.

SONNET.

WINDOW ſome time which ſerved for a ſphere
To that dear planet of my heart, whoſe light
Made often bluſh the glorious queen of night,
While ſhe in thee more beauteous did appear;
What mourning weeds, alas, doſt thou now wear?
How loathſome to my eyes is thy ſad ſight!
How poorly look'ſt thou, with what heavy cheer,
Since ſets that ſun which made thee ſhine ſo bright?
Unhappy now thee cloſe; for, as of late
To wond'ring eyes thou wert a paradiſe,
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A gulph thou art, whence clouds of ſighs ariſe:
But unto none ſo noiſome as to me,
Who hourly ſees my murder'd joys in thee.

SONNET.

HOW many times night's ſilent queen her face
Hath hid, how oft with ſtars in ſilver maſk,
In heaven's great hall, ſhe hath begun her taſk,
And cheer'd the waking eye in lower place;
How oft the ſun hath made, by heaven's ſwift race,
The happy lover to forſake the breaſt
Of his dear lady, wiſhing in the weſt
His golden coach to run had larger ſpace;
I ever count and tell, ſince I, alas!
Did bid farewel to my heart's deareſt gueſt;
The miles I number, and in mind I chaſe,
The floods and mountains hold me from my reſt.
But wo is me, long count and count may I,
Ere I ſee her whoſe abſence makes me die.

SONNET.

OF death ſome tell, ſome of the cruel pain
Which that bad craftſman in his work did try,
When (a new monſter) flames once did conſtrain
A human corpſe to yield a bellowing cry.
Some tell of thoſe in burning beds who lie,
Becauſe they durſt in the Phlegrean plain
The mighty Ruler of the ſkies defy,
And ſiege thoſe cryſtal tow'rs which all contain.

Another counts of Phlegethon's hot floods,
The ſouls which drink Ixion's endleſs ſmart,
And his who feeds a vulture with his heart.
One tells of ſpectres in enchanted woods:
Of all thoſe pains th' extremeſt who would prove,
Let him be abſent and but burn in love.

SONNET.

HAIR, precious hair, which Midas' hand did ſtrain,
Part of the wreath of gold that crowns thoſe brows
Which winter's whiteſt white in whiteneſs ſtain,
And lily by Eridan's bank that grows:
Hair (fatal preſent!) which firſt caus'd my woes,
When looſe ye hang like Danae's golden rain,
Sweet nets which ſweetly do all hearts enchain,
Strings, deadly ſtrings, with which Love bends his bows:
How are ye hither come? Tell me, O hair!
Dear armelet, for what thus were ye given?
I know, a badge of bondage I you wear,
Yet, hair, for you O that I were a heaven!
Like Berenice's locks, that ye might ſhine
(But brighter far) about this arm of mine.

SONNET.

ARE theſe the flow'ry banks? Is this the mead
Where ſhe was wont to paſs the pleaſant hours?
Was't here her eyes exhal'd mine eyes' ſalt ſhow'rs,
And on her lap did lay my wearied head?
Is this the goodly elm did us o'erſpread,
Whoſe tender rind, cut forth in curious flow'rs
By that white hand, contains thoſe flames of ours?
Is this the murmuring ſpring us muſick made?
Deflouriſh'd mead, where is your heavenly hue?
And bank, that Arras did you late adorn?
How look'ſt thou elm all wither'd and forlorn!
Only, ſweet Spring, nought alter'd ſeems in you.
But while here chang'd each other thing appears,
To ſalt your ſtreams take of mine eyes theſe tears.

SONNET.

ALEXIS, here ſhe ſtay'd, among theſe pines,
Sweet hermitreſs, ſhe did all alone repair;
Here did ſhe ſpread the treaſure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines:
Here ſate ſhe by theſe muſked eglantines;
The happy flow'rs ſeem yet the print to bear;
Her voice did ſweeten here thy ſugar'd lines,
To which winds, trees, beaſts, birds, did lend an ear.

She here me firſt perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erſpread her face;
Here did ſhe ſigh, here firſt my hopes were born,
Here firſt I got a pledge of promis'd grace:
But ah! what ſerves 't t' have been made happy ſo,
Sith paſſed pleaſures double but new woe?

SONNET.

PLACE me where angry Titan burns the Moor,
And thirſty Africk fiery monſters brings,
Or where the new-born phœnix ſpreads her wings,
And troops of wond'ring birds her flight adore:
Place me by Gange or Inde's enamell'd ſhore,
Where ſmiling heavens on earth cauſe double ſprings;
Place me where Neptune's choir of ſyrens ſings,
Or where made hoarſe through cold he leaves to roar:
Place me where Fortune doth her darlings crown,
A wonder or a ſpark in Envy's eye;
Or you outrageous Fates upon me frown,
Till Pity wailing ſee diſaſter'd me;
Affection's print my mind ſo deep doth prove,
I may forget myſelf—but not my love.

MADRIGAL.

THE ivory, coral, gold,
Of breaſt, of lip, of hair,
So lively Sleep doth ſhew to inward ſight,
That 'wake I think I hold

No

No ſhadow, but my fair:
Myſelf ſo to deceive
With long-ſhut eyes I ſhun the irkſome light.
Such pleaſure here I have
Delighting in falſe gleams,
If Death Sleep's brother be,
And ſouls bereft of ſenſe have ſo ſweet dreams,
How could I wiſh thus ſtill to dream and die!

SONNET.

FAME, who with golden wings abroad doth rang
Where Phœbus leaves the night or brings the day;
Fame, in one place who reſtleſs doſt not ſtay
Till thou haſt flow'd from Atlas unto Gange:
Fame, enemy to Time, that ſtill doth change,
And in his changing courſe would make decay
What here below he findeth in his way,
Even making virtue to herſelf look ſtrange:
Daughter of heaven! now all thy trumpets ſound,
Raiſe up thy head unto the higheſt ſky,
With wonder blaze the gifts in her are found;
And when ſhe from this mortal globe ſhall fly,
In thy wide mouth keep long, keep long her name;
So thou by her, ſhe by thee live ſhall Fame.

POEMS.

THE SECOND PART.

SONNET.

OF mortal glory O ſoon darken'd ray!
O winged joys of man, more ſwift than wind!
O fond deſires, which in our fancies ſtray!
O trait'rous hopes, which do our judgments blind!
Lo, in a flaſh that light is gone away,
Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind,
And with that ſun, from whence it came, combin'd,
Now makes more radiant heaven's eternal day.
Let Beauty now bedew her cheeks with tears,
Let widow'd Muſick only roar and groan,
Poor Virtue get thee wings and mount the ſpheres,
For dwelling place on earth for thee is none:
Death hath thy temple raz'd, Love's empire foil'd,
The world of honour, worth, and ſweetneſs ſpoil'd.

SONNET.

THOSE eyes, thoſe ſparkling ſapphires of delight,
Which thouſand thouſand hearts did ſet on fire,
Of which that eye of heaven which brings the light
Oft jealous, ſtaid amaz'd them to admire:
That living ſnow, thoſe crimſon roſes bright,
Thoſe pearls, thoſe rubies which enflam'd deſire,
Thoſe locks of gold, that purple fair of Tyre,
Are wrapt (ah me!) up in eternal night.
What haſt thou more to vaunt of, wretched world,
Sith ſhe who cauſed all thy bliſs is gone?
Thy ever-burning lamps, rounds ever whorl'd,
Cannot unto thee model ſuch a one:
Or if they would ſuch beauty bring on earth,
They ſhould be forc'd again to give her birth.

SONNET.

O FATE, conjur'd to pour your worſt on me!
O rigorous rigour which doth all confound!
With cruel hands ye have cut down the tree,
And fruit with leaves have ſcatter'd on the ground.
A little ſpace of earth my love doth bound;
That beauty which did raiſe it to the ſky,
Turn'd in diſdained duſt, now low doth lie,
Deaf to my plaints, and ſenſeleſs of my wound.
Ah!

Ah! did I live for this? Ah! did I love?
And was't for this (fierce powers) ſhe did excel,
That ere ſhe well the ſweets of life did prove,
She ſhould (too dear a gueſt) with darkneſs dwell?
Weak influence of Heaven! what fair is wrought,
Falls in the prime, and paſſeth like a thought.

SONNET.

O WOFUL life! Life? No, but living death,
Frail boat of cryſtal in a rocky ſea,
A gem expos'd to fortune's ſtormy breath,
Which kept with pain, with terror doth decay:
The falſe delights, true woes thou doſt bequeath
My all-appalled mind ſo do affray,
That I thoſe envy who are laid in earth,
And pity thoſe who run thy dreadful way.
When did mine eyes behold one cheerful morn?
When had my toſſed ſoul one night of reſt?
When did not angry ſtars my deſigns ſcorn?
O! now I find what is for mortals beſt:
Even, ſince our voyage ſhameful is, and ſhort,
Soon to ſtrike ſail, and periſh in the port.

SONNET.

DISSOLVE, my eyes, your globes in briny ſtreams,
And with a cloud of ſorrow dim your ſight,
The ſun's bright ſun is ſet, of late whoſe beams
Gave luſtre to your day, day to your night.

My

My voice, now cleave the earth with anathems,
Roar forth a challenge in the world's deſpite,
Till that diſguiſed grief is her delight,
That life a ſlumber is of fearful dreams;
And woful mind abhor to think of joy;
My ſenſes all from comforts all you hide,
Accept no object but of black annoy,
Tears, plaints, ſighs, mourning weeds, graves gaping wide:
I have nought left to wiſh; my hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a marble laid.

SONNET.

SWEET ſoul, which in the April of thy years,
For to enrich the heaven mad'ſt poor this round,
And now, with flaming rays of glory crown'd,
Moſt bleſt abides above the ſphere of ſpheres;
If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
From looking to this globe that all up-bears,
If ruth and pity there-above be found,
O deign to lend a look unto theſe tears:
Do not diſdain (dear ghoſt) this ſacrifice;
And though I raiſe not pillars to thy praiſe,
My off'rings take, let this for me ſuffice,
My heart a living pyramid I'll raiſe:
And whilſt kings' tombs with laurels flouriſh green,
Thine ſhall with myrtles and theſe flow'rs be ſeen.

SONNET.

SONNET.

SWEET Spring, thou com'ſt with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their ſhow'rs.
Sweet Spring, thou com'ſt—but, ah! my pleaſant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again;
The ſad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my ſweets to ſours.
Thou art the ſame which ſtill thou wert before,
Delicious, luſty, amiable, fair;
But ſhe whoſe breath embalm'd thy wholeſome air
Is gone; nor gold, nor gems can her reſtore.
Neglected virtue, ſeaſons go and come,
When thine forgot lie cloſed in a tomb.

SONNET.

WHAT doth it ſerve to ſee the ſun's bright face,
And ſkies enamell'd with the Indian gold?
Or the moon in a fierce chariot roll'd,
And all the glory of that ſtarry place?
What doth it ſerve earth's beauty to behold,
The mountain's pride, the meadow's flow'ry grace,
The ſtately comelineſs of foreſts old,
The ſport of floods which would themſelves embrace?

What

What doth it ſerve to hear the ſylvans' ſongs,
The cheerful thruſh, the nightingale's ſad ſtrains,
Which in dark ſhades ſeems to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth ſerve all that this world contains,
Since ſhe, for whom thoſe once to me were dear,
Can have no part of them now with me here?

MADRIGAL.

THIS life, which ſeems ſo fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air,
By ſporting children's breath,
Who chaſe it every where,
And ſtrive who can moſt motion it bequeath.
And though it ſometimes ſeem of its own might
Like to an eye of gold to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is becauſe it is ſo light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For when 'tis moſt admired, in a thought,
Becauſe it erſt was nought, it turns to nought.

SONNET.

MY lute, be as thou wert when thou didſt grow
With thy green mother in ſome ſhady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee beſtow.
Since that dear voice which did thy ſounds approve,
Which wont in ſuch harmonious ſtrains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune thoſe ſpheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?

Thy

Thy pleaſing notes be pleaſing notes no more,
But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear,
Each ſtroke a ſigh, each ſound draws forth a tear,
For which be ſilent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle ſtill her loſs complain.

SONNET.

AH! handkerchief, ſad preſent of my dear,
Gift miſerable, which doth now remain
The only guerdon of my helpleſs pain;
When I thee got thou ſhewd'ſt my ſtate too clear.
I never ſince have ceaſed to complain;
I ſince the badge of grief did ever wear;
Joy in my face durſt never ſince appear;
Care was the food which did me entertain.
But ſince that thou art mine, O do not grieve,
That I this tribute pay thee for mine eine,
And that I (this ſhort time I am to live)
Launder thy ſilken figures in this brine;
No, I muſt yet ev'n beg of thee the grace,
That in my grave thou deign to ſhroud my face.

MADRIGAL.

TREES happier far than I,
Which have the grace to heave your heads ſo high,

And

And overlook thoſe plains;
Grow till your branches kiſs that lofty ſky
Which her ſweet ſelf contains.
There make her know my endleſs love, and paine,
And how theſe tears which from mine eyes do fall,
Help'd you to riſe ſo tall:
Tell her, as once I for her ſake lov'd breath,
So for her ſake I now court ling'ring death.

SONG.

SAD Damon being come
To that for-ever lamentable tomb,
Which thoſe eternal powers that all controul,
Unto his living ſoul
A melancholy priſon had preſcrib'd;
Of colour, heat, and motion depriv'd,
In arms weak, fainting, cold,
A marble, he the marble did infold:
And having warm it made with many a ſhow'r
Which dimmed eyes did pour,
When grief had given him leave, and ſighs them ſtaid,
Thus with a ſad alas at laſt he ſaid:
Who would have thought to me
The place where thou didſt lie could grievous be?
And that (dear body) long thee having ſought,
(O me!) who would have thought
Thee once to find it ſhould my ſoul confound,
And give my heart than death a deeper wound?

Thou

Thou didſt diſdain my tears,
But grieve not that this ruthful ſtone them bears;
Mine eyes for nothing ſerve, but thee to weep,
And let that courſe them keep;
Although thou never wouldſt them comfort ſhew,
Do not repine, they have part of thy woe.
Ah wretch! too late I find
How virtue's glorious titles prove but wind;
For if that virtue could releaſe from death,
Thou yet enjoy'd hadſt breath:
For if ſhe ere appear'd to mortal eine,
It was in thy fair ſhape that ſhe was ſeen.
But O! if I was made
For thee, with thee why too am I not dead?
Why do outrageous Fates, which dimm'd thy ſight,
Let me ſee hateful light?
They without me made Death thee ſurpriſe,
Tyrants (no doubt) that they might kill me twice.
O grief! And could one day
Have force ſuch excellence to take away?
Could a ſwift-flying moment, ah! deface
Thoſe matchleſs gifts, that grace,
Which art and nature had in thee combin'd
To make thy body paragon thy mind?
Hath all paſs'd like a cloud,
And doth eternal ſilence now them ſhroud?
Is that, ſo much admir'd, now nought but duſt,
Of which a ſtone hath truſt?
O change! O cruel change! Thou to our ſight
Shew'ſt the Fates' rigour equal to their might!

When

When thou from earth didſt paſs,
Sweet nymph, perfection's mirror broken was,
And this of late ſo glorious world of ours,
Like the meadows without flowers,
Or ring of a rich gem which blind appear'd,
Or ſtarleſs night, or Cynthia nothing clear'd.
Love when he ſaw thee die
Entomb'd him in the lid of either eye,
And left his torch within thy ſacred urn,
There for a lamp to burn:
Worth, honour, pleaſure, with thy life expir'd,
Death, ſince grown ſweet, begins to be deſir'd.
Whilſt thou to us wert given,
The earth her Venus had as well as heaven:
Nay, and her ſuns, which burnt as many hearts,
As he the eaſtern parts;
Bright ſuns which, forc'd to leave theſe hemiſpheres,
Benighted ſet into a ſea of tears.
Ah! Death, who ſhall thee flee,
Since the moſt mighty are o'erthrown by thee?
Thou ſpar'ſt the crow, and nightingale doſt kill,
And triumph'ſt at thy will:
But give thou cannot ſuch another blow,
Becauſe earth cannot ſuch another ſhew.
O bitter ſweets of love!
How better is't at all you not to prove,
Than when we do your pleaſures moſt poſſeſs
To find them thus made leſs!
O! that the cauſe which doth conſume our joy
Would the remembrance of it too deſtroy!

What

What doth this life beſtow,
But flow'rs on thorns which grow?
Which though they ſometimes blandiſh ſoft delight,
Yet afterwards us ſmite:
And if the riſing ſun them fair doth ſee,
That planet ſetting doth behold them die.
This world is made a hell,
Depriv'd of all that in it did excel.
O Pan! O Pan! winter is fall'n in May,
Turn'd is to night our day.
Forſake thy pipe, a ſceptre take to thee,
Thy locks diſgarland, thou black Jove ſhalt be.
The flocks do leave the meads,
And, loathing three-leav'd graſs, hold up their heads;
The ſtreams not glide now with a gentle roar,
Nor birds ſing as before;
Hills ſtand with clouds like mourners veil'd in black,
And owls upon our roofs foretel our wreck.
That zephyr every year
So ſoon was heard to ſigh in foreſts here,
It was for her that, wrapt in gowns of green,
Meads were ſo early ſeen:
That in the ſaddeſt months oft ſang the mearls,
It was for her: for her trees dropt forth pearls.
That proud and ſtately courts
Did envy theſe our ſhades and calm reſorts,
It was for her: and ſhe is gone, O woe!
Woods cut again do grow,
Bud doth the roſe, and daiſy, winter done,
But we once dead do no more ſee the ſun.

Whoſe name ſhall now make ring
The echoes? of whom ſhall the nymphets ſing?
Whoſe heavenly voice, whoſe ſoul-invading ſtrains,
Shall fill with joy the plains?
What hair, what eyes, can make the morn in eaſt
Weep that a fairer riſeth in the weſt?
Fair ſun poſt ſtill away,
No muſick here is left thy courſe to ſtay.
Sweet Hybla ſwarms, with wormwood fill your bow'rs,
Gone is the flower of flow'rs:
Bluſh no more roſe, nor lily pale remain,
Dead is that beauty which yours late did ſtain.
Ah me! to wail my plight
Why have not I as many eyes as night;
Or as that ſhepherd which Jove's love did keep,
That I ſtill, ſtill may weep?
But though I had, my tears unto my croſs
Were not yet equal, nor grief to my loſs.
Yet of you briny ſhow'rs
Which I here pour, may ſpring as many flow'rs,
As come of thoſe which fell from Helen's eyes;
And when ye do ariſe,
May every leaf in ſable letters bear
The doleful cauſe for which ye ſpring up here.

MADRIGAL.

THE beauty and the life
Of life's and beauty's faireſt paragon,
O tears! O grief! hung at a feeble thread
To which pale Atropos had ſet her knife.

The

The ſoul with many a groan
Had left each outward part,
And now did take his laſt leave of the heart;
Nought elſe did want ſave death for to be dead:
When the ſad company about her bed
Seeing death invade her lips, her cheeks, her eyes,
Cried ah! and can death enter Paradiſe?

SONNET.

O! It is not to me, bright lamp of day,
That in the eaſt thou ſhew'ſt thy golden face;
O! it is not to me thou leav'ſt that ſea,
And in thoſe azure liſts beginn'ſt thy race.
Thou ſhin'ſt not to the dead in any place;
And I dead from this world am paſt away,
Or if I ſeem (a ſhadow) yet to ſtay,
It is a while but to bewail my caſe.
My mirth is loſt, my comforts are diſmay'd,
And unto ſad miſhaps their place do yield;
My knowledge repreſents a bloody field,
Where I my hopes and helps ſee proſtrate laid.
So plaintful is life's courſe which I have run,
That I do wiſh it never had begun.

MADRIGAL.

DEAR night, the eaſe of care,
Untroubled ſeat of peace,
Time's eldeſt child, which oft the blind do ſee,

On this our hemiſphere
What makes thee now ſo ſadly dark to be?
Com'ſt thou in funeral pomp her grave to grace?
Or do thoſe ſtars which ſhould thy horror clear,
In Jove's high hall adviſe,
In what part of the ſkies,
With them, or Cynthia ſhe ſhall appear?
Or, ah, alas! becauſe thoſe matchleſs eyes,
Which ſhone ſo fair, below thou doſt not find,
Striv'ſt thou to make all others' eyes look blind?

SONNET.

SINCE it hath pleas'd that firſt and ſupreme Fair
To take that beauty to himſelf again,
Which in this world of ſenſe not to remain,
But to amaze was ſent, and home repair;
The love which to that beauty I did bear,
Made pure of mortal ſpots which did it ſtain,
And endleſs, which even death cannot impair,
I place on him who will it not diſdain.
No ſhining eyes, no locks of curling gold,
No bluſhing roſes on a virgin face,
No outward ſhow, no, nor no inward grace,
Shall power have my thoughts henceforth to hold:
Love here on earth huge ſtorms of care doth toſs,
But plac'd above exempted is from loſs.

SONG.

SONG.

IT autumn was, and on our hemiſphere
Fair Ericine began bright to appear,
Night weſtward did her gemmy world decline,
And hide her lights, that greater light might ſhine:
The creſted bird had given alarum twice
To lazy mortals to unlock their eyes,
The owl had left to plain, and from each throne
The wing'd muſicians did ſalute the Morn,
Who (while ſhe dreſs'd her locks in Ganges' ſtreams)
Set open wide the cryſtal port of dreams:
When I, whoſe eyes no drowſy night could cloſe,
In Sleep's ſoft arms did quietly repoſe,
And, for that heavens to die did me deny,
Death's image kiſſed, and as dead did lie.
I lay as dead, but ſcarce charm'd were my cares,
And ſlaked ſcarce my ſighs, ſcarce dried my tears,
Sleep ſcarce the ugly figures of the day
Had with his ſable pencil put away,
And left me in a ſtill and calmy mood,
When by my bed methought a virgin ſtood,
A virgin in the blooming of her prime,
If ſuch rare beauty meaſur'd be by time.
Her head a garland wore of opals bright,
About her flow'd a gown like pureſt light;
Pure amber locks gave umbrage to her face,
Where modeſty high majeſty did grace;

Her eyes ſuch beams ſent forth, that but with pain
My weaker ſight their ſparklings could ſuſtain.
No feigned deity which haunts the woods
Is like to her, nor ſyren of the floods:
Such is the golden planet of the year,
When bluſhing in the eaſt he doth appear.
Her grace did beauty, voice yet grace did paſs,
Which thus through pearls and rubies broken was.
How long wilt thou (ſaid ſhe), eſtrang'd from joy,
Paint ſhadows to thyſelf of falſe annoy;
How long thy mind with horrid ſhapes affright,
And in imaginary evils delight;
Eſteem that loſs which (well when view'd) is gain,
Or if a loſs, yet not a loſs too plain?
O leave thy plaintful ſoul more to moleſt,
And think that woe when ſhorteſt then is beſt.
If ſhe for whom thou thus doſt deaf the ſky
Be dead, what then? was ſhe not born to die?
Was ſhe not mortal born? If thou doſt grieve
That times ſhould be in which ſhe ſhould not live,
Ere e'er ſhe was weep that day's wheel was roll'd,
Weep that ſhe liv'd not in the age of gold.
For that ſhe was not then thou may'ſt deplore,
As well as that ſhe now can be no more.
If only ſhe had died, thou ſure hadſt cauſe
To blame the Fates, and their too iron laws.
But look how many millions her advance,
What numbers with her enter in this dance,
With thoſe which are to come: ſhall Heavens them ſtay,
And th' univerſe diſſolve thee to obey?

As

As birth, death, which ſo much thee doth appal,
A piece is of the life of this great All.
Strong cities die, die do high palmy reigns,
And fondling thou thus to be us'd complains!
If ſhe be dead, then ſhe of loathſome days
Hath paſs'd the line whoſe length but loſs bewrays,
Then ſhe hath left this filthy ſtage of care,
Where pleaſure ſeldom, woe doth ſtill repair.
For all the pleaſures which it doth contain
Not countervail the ſmalleſt minute's pain.
And tell me, thou who doſt ſo much admire
This little vapour, this poor ſpark of fire,
Which life is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath
But ſome few years which birth draws out to death?
Which if thou parallel with luſtres run,
Or thoſe whoſe courſes are but now begun,
In days' great numbers they ſhall leſs appear,
Than with the ſea when matched is a tear.
But why ſhould'ſt thou here longer wiſh to be?
One year doth ſerve all Nature's pomp to ſee.
Nay, even one day, and night: this moon, that ſun,
Thoſe leſſer fires about this round which run,
Be but the ſame which under Saturn's reign
Did the ſerpenting ſeaſons interchain.
How oft doth life grow leſs by living long!
And what excelleth but what dieth young?
For age, which all abhor, yet would embrace,
Doth make the mind as wrinkled as the face.
Then leave laments, and think thou didſt not live,
Laws to that firſt eternal Cauſe to give;

But to obey thoſe laws which he hath given,
And bow unto the juſt decrees of Heaven,
Which cannot err, whatever foggy miſts
Do blind men in theſe ſublunary liſts.
But what if ſhe for whom thou ſpend'ſt thoſe groans,
And waſtes thy life's dear torch in ruthful moans,
She for whoſe ſake thou hat'ſt the joyful light,
Courts ſolitary ſhades and irkſome night,
Doth live? Ah! (if thou canſt) through tears, a ſpace,
Lift thy dimm'd lights, and look upon this face;
Look if thoſe eyes which, fool! thou didſt adore,
Shine not more bright than they were wont before.
Look if thoſe roſes death could aught impair,
Thoſe roſes which thou once ſaidſt were ſo fair;
And if theſe locks have loſt aught of that gold,
Which once they had when thou them didſt behold.
I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,
And ſtill ſhalt be till thou be like me made.
Alas! while we are wrapt in gowns of earth,
And, blind, here ſuck the air of woe beneath;
Each thing in ſenſe's balances we weigh,
And but with toil and pain the truth deſcry.
Above this vaſt and admirable frame,
This temple viſible, which world we name,
Within whoſe walls ſo many lamps do burn,
So many arches with croſs motions turn,
Where th' elemental brothers nurſe their ſtrife,
And by inteſtine wars maintain their life;

There

There is a world, a world of perfect bliſs,
Pure, immaterial, as brighter far from this,
As that high circle which the reſt enſpheres
Is from this dull, ignoble vale of tears:
A world where all is found, that here is found,
But further diſcrepant than heaven and ground:
It hath an earth, as hath this world of yours,
With creatures peopled, and adorn'd with flow'rs
It hath a ſea, like ſapphire girdle caſt,
Which decks of the harmonious ſhores the waſte;
It hath pure fire, it hath delicious air,
Moon, ſun, and ſtars, heavens wonderfully fair:
Flow'rs never there do fade, trees grow not old,
No creature dieth there through heat or cold;
Sea there not toſſed is, nor air made black,
Fire doth not greedy feed on others' wrack:
There heavens be not conſtrain'd about to range,
For this world hath no need of any change:
Minutes mount not to hours, nor hours to days,
Days make no months, but ever-blooming Mays.
Here I remain, and hitherward do tend
All who their ſpan of days in virtue ſpend:
Whatever pleaſant this low place contains,
Is but a glance of what above remains.
Thoſe who (perchance) think there can nothing be
Beyond this wide expanſion which they ſee,
And that nought elſe mounts ſtars' circumference,
For that nought elſe is ſubject to their ſenſe,
Feel ſuch a caſe, as one whom ſome abiſme
In the deep ocean kept had all his time:

Who

Who, born and nouriſh'd there, cannot believe
That elſewhere aught without thoſe waves can live:
Cannot believe that there be temples, tow'rs,
Which go beyond his caves and dampiſh bow'rs:
Or there be other people, manners, laws,
Than what he finds within the churliſh waves:
That ſweeter flow'rs do ſpring than grow on rocks,
Or beaſts there are excel the ſkaly flocks:
That other elements are to be found,
Than is the water and this ball of ground.
But think that man from this abiſme being brought,
Did ſee what curious Nature here hath wrought,
Did view the meads, the tall and ſhady woods,
And mark'd the hills, and the clear rolling floods;
And all the beaſts which Nature forth doth bring,
The feather'd troops that fly and ſweetly ſing:
Obſerv'd the palaces, and cities fair,
Men's faſhion of life, the fire, the air,
The brightneſs of the ſun that dims his ſight,
The moon, and ſplendors of the painted night:
What ſudden rapture would his mind ſurpriſe!
How would he his late-dear reſort deſpiſe!
How would he muſe how fooliſh he had been,
To think all nothing but what there was ſeen!
Why do we get this high and vaſt deſire,
Unto immortal things ſtill to aſpire?
Why doth our mind extend it beyond time,
And to that higheſt happineſs even climb?
For we are more than what to ſenſe we ſeem,
And more than duſt us worldlings do eſteem;

We

We be not made for earth though here we come,
More than the embryo for the mother's womb:
It weeps to be made free, and we complain
To leave this loathſome gaol of care and pain.
But thou who vulgar footſteps doſt not trace,
Learn to rouſe up thy mind to view this place,
And what earth-creeping mortals moſt affect,
If not at all to ſcorn, yet to neglect:
Seek not vain ſhadows, which when once obtain'd
Are better loſt than with ſuch travel gain'd.
Think that on earth what worldlings greatneſs call,
Is but a glorious title to live thrall:
That ſceptres, diadems, and chairs of ſtate,
Not in themſelves, but to ſmall minds are great:
That thoſe who loftieſt mount do hardeſt light,
And deepeſt falls be from the higheſt height:
That fame an echo is, and all renown
Like to a blaſted roſe, ere night falls down:
And though it ſomething were, think how this round
Is but a little point which doth it bound.
O leave that love which reacheth but to duſt,
And in that love eternal only truſt,
And beauty, which when once it is poſſeſt
Can only fill the ſoul, and make it bleſt.
Pale envy, jealous emulations, fears,
Sighs, plaints, remorſe, here have no place, nor tears:
Falſe joys, vain hopes, here be not, hate nor wrath,
What ends all love here moſt augments it, Death.
If ſuch force had the dim glance of an eye,
Which but ſome few days afterwards did die,

That

That it could make thee leave all other things,
And like a taper-fly there burn thy wings;
And if a voice, of late which could but wail,
Such power had, as through ears thy ſoul to ſteal;
If once thou on that poorly fair couldſt gaze,
What flames of love would this within thee raiſe?
In what a muſing maze would it thee bring,
To hear but once that choir celeſtial ſing?
The faireſt ſhapes on which thy love did ſeize,
Which erſt did breed delight, then would diſpleaſe;
But diſcords hoarſe were earth's enticing ſounds,
All muſic but a noiſe, which ſenſe confounds.
This great and burning glaſs which clears all eyes,
And muſters with ſuch glory in the ſkies;
That ſilver ſtar, which with her purer light
Makes day oft envy the eye-pleaſing night;
Thoſe golden letters which ſo brightly ſhine
In heaven's great volume gorgeouſly divine;
All wonders in the ſea, the earth, the air,
Be but dark pictures of that ſov'reign fair,
And tongues, which ſtill thus cry into your ear
(Could ye amidſt world's cataracts them hear):
From fading things, fond men, lift your deſire,
And in our beauty, his us made admire:
If we ſeem fair, O think how fair is He,
Of whoſe great fairneſs, ſhadows, ſteps we be.
No ſhadow can compare unto the face,
No ſtep with that dear foot which did it trace;
Your ſouls immortal are, then place them hence,
And do not drown them in the miſt of ſenſe:

Do

Do not, O do not by falſe pleaſure's might
Deprive them of that true and ſole delight.
That happineſs ye ſeek is not below,
Earth's ſweeteſt joy is but diſguiſed woe.
Here did ſhe pauſe, and with a mild aſpect
Did towards me thoſe lamping twins direct.
The wonted rays I knew, and thrice eſſay'd
To anſwer make, thrice fault'ring tongue it ſtay'd.
And while upon that face I fed my ſight,
Methought ſhe vaniſh'd up to Titan's light;
Who gilding with his rays each hill and plain,
Seem'd to have brought the golden world again.

URANIA.

TRIUMPHING chariots, ſtatues, crowns of bays,
Sky-threat'ning arches, the rewards of worth,
Books heavenly-wiſe in ſweet harmonious lays,
Which men divine unto the world ſet forth:
States which ambitious minds, in blood, do raiſe,
From frozen Tanais unto ſun-burnt Gange,
Gigantic frames held wonders rarely ſtrange,
Like ſpiders' webs, are made the ſport of days.
Nothing is conſtant but in conſtant change,
What's done ſtill is undone, and when undone
Into ſome other faſhion doth it range;
Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon:
Wherefore my mind above time, motion, place,
Riſe up, and ſteps unknown to nature trace.

TOO

TOO long I followed have my fond deſire,
And too long painted on the ocean ſtreams,
Too long refreſhment ſought amidſt the fire,
Purſu'd thoſe joys which to my ſoul are blames.
Ah when I had what moſt I did admire,
And ſeen of life's delights the laſt extremes,
I found all but a roſe hedg'd with a brier,
A nought, a thought, a maſquerade of dreams.
Henceforth on thee, my only good, I'll think,
For only thou canſt grant what I do crave:
Thy nail my pen ſhall be; thy blood mine ink;
Thy winding-ſheet my paper; ſtudy, grave:
And till my ſoul forth of this body fly,
No hope I'll have, but only only thee.

TO ſpread the azure canopy of heaven,
And ſpangle it all with ſparks of burning gold,
To place this ponderous globe of earth ſo even,
That it ſhould all, and nought ſhould it uphold;
With motions ſtrange t' indue the planets ſeven,
And Jove to make ſo mild, and Mars ſo bold;
To temper what is moiſt, dry, hot, and cold,
Of all their jars that ſweet accords are given;—

Lord,

Lord, to thy wiſdom's nought, nought to thy might:
But that thou ſhould'ſt, thy glory laid aſide,
Come baſely in mortality to bide,
And die for thoſe deſerv'd an endleſs night;
A wonder is ſo far above our wit,
That angels ſtand amaz'd to think on it.

WHAT hapleſs hap had I for to be born
In theſe unhappy times, and dying days
Of this now doting world, when good decays,
Love's quite extinct, and virtue's held a ſcorn!
When ſuch are only priz'd by wretched ways
Who with a golden fleece them can adorn!
When avarice and luſt are counted praiſe,
And braveſt minds live, orphan-like, forlorn!
Why was not I born in that golden age,
When gold yet was not known? and thoſe black arts
By which baſe worldlings vilely play their parts,
With horrid acts ſtaining earth's ſtately ſtage?
To have been then, O heaven! 't had been my bliſs,
But bleſs me now, and take me ſoon from this.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF PERTH.

SONNET.

THE goddeſs that in Amathus doth reign
With ſilver trammels, and ſapphire-colour'd eyes,
When

When naked from her mother's cryſtal plain,
She firſt appear'd unto the wond'ring ſkies;
Or when the golden apple to obtain,
Her bluſhing ſnow amazed Ida's trees,
Did never look in half ſo fair a guiſe,
As ſhe here drawn all other ages ſtain.
O God, what beauties to inflame the ſoul,
And hold the hardeſt hearts in chains of gold!
Fair locks, ſweet face, love's ſtately capitol,
Pure neck, which doth that heavenly frame uphold!
If virtue would to mortal eyes appear,
To raviſh ſenſe, ſhe would your beauty wear.

SONNET.

IF heaven, the ſtars, and nature did her grace
With all perfections found the moon above,
And what excelleth in this lower place,
Found place in her to breed a world of love:
If angels' gleams ſhine on her faireſt face,
Which makes heaven's joy on earth the gazer prove,
And her bright eyes (the orbs which beauty move)
As Phœbus dazzle in his glorious race;
What pencil paint, what colour to the ſight
So ſweet a ſhape can ſhew? The bluſhing Morn
The red muſt lend, the Milky-way the white,
And Night, the ſtars which her rich crown adorn;
To draw her right then, and make all agree,
The heaven the table, Zeuxis Jove muſt be.

Fair ſoul, in this black age ſo ſhin'd thou bright,
And made all eyes with wonder thee behold,
Till ugly Death, depriving us of light,
In his grim miſty arms thee did enfold.
Who more ſhall vaunt true beauty here to ſee?
What hope doth more in any heart remain,
That ſuch perfections ſhall his reaſon rein,
If beauty with thee born, too died with thee?
World plain no more of Love, nor count his harms;
With his pale trophies Death has hung his arms.

MADRIGAL.

MY thoughts hold mortal ſtrife,
I do deteſt my life,
And with lamenting cries,
Peace to my ſoul to bring,
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchize:
But he grim grinning king,
Who caitiffs ſcorns, and doth the bleſt ſurpriſe,
Late having deckt with beauty's roſe his tomb,
Diſdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

AN

ELEGY

UPON THE

VICTORIOUS KING OF SWEDEN,

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

LIKE a cold fatal ſweat which uſhers death,
My thoughts hang on me; and by labouring breath,
Stopt up with ſighs, my fancy big with woes
Feels two twin mountains ſtruggle in her throws,
Of boundleſs ſorrow th' one, th' other of ſin;
For leſs let no man call it, to begin
Where honour ends in great Guſtavus' flame,
That ſtill burnt out and waſted to a name,
Does barely live with us; and when the ſtuff
Which fed it fails, the taper turns to ſnuff:
With this poor ſnuff, this airy ſhadow, we
Of fame and honour muſt contented be,
Since from the vain graſp of our wiſhes fled
Their glorious ſubſtances, now he is dead.
Speak it again, and louder, louder yet,
Elſe whilſt we hear the ſound, we ſhall forget

What

What it delivers; let hoarſe Rumour cry
Till ſhe ſo many echoes multiply,
That may like numerous witneſſes confute
Our unbelieving ſouls, that would diſpute
And doubt this truth for ever, this one way
Is left our incredulity to ſway,
T' awaken our deaf ſenſe, and make our ears
As open and dilated as our tears;
That we may feel the blow, and feeling grieve
At what we would not fain, but muſt believe,
And in that horrid faith behold the world
From her proud height of expectation hurl'd;
Stooping with him, as if ſhe ſtrove to have
No lower center now, than Sweden's grave.
O! could not all the purchas'd victories
Like to thy fame thy fleſh immortalize?
Were not thy virtue nor thy valour charms
To guard thy body from thoſe outward harms
Which could not reach thy ſoul? Could not thy ſpirit
Lend ſomewhat which thy frailty could inherit,
From thy diviner part that death nor heat,
Nor envy's bullets e'er could penetrate?
Could not thy early trophies in ſtern fight
Turn from the Pole, the Dane, the Muſcovite?
Which were thy triumphs, ſeeds as pledges ſown,
That, when thy honour's harveſt was ripe grown,
With full plum'd wing thou faulcon-like could fly,
And cuff the eagle in the German ſky,
Forcing his iron beak, and feathers feel
They were not proof 'gainſt thy victorious ſteel.

Could not all theſe protect thee, or prevail
To fright that coward Death, who oft grew pale
To look thee and thy battles in the face?
Alas! they could not; Deſtiny gives place
To none: nor is it ſeen that princes' lives
Can ſaved be by their prerogatives:
No more was thine; who clos'd in thy cold lead
Doſt from thyſelf a mournful lecture read
Of man's ſhort-dated glory. Learn you kings,
You are like him but penetrable things;
Though you from demi-gods derive your birth,
You are at beſt but honourable earth:
And howe'er ſifted from that coarſer bran
Which doth compound, and knead the common man;
Nothing immortal, or from earth refin'd
About you, but your office and your mind.
Hear then, break your falſe glaſſes, which preſent
You greater than your Maker ever meant.
Make truth your mirror now, ſince you find all
That flatter you, confuted by his fall.
Yet ſince it was decreed thy life's bright ſun
Muſt be eclips'd ere thy full courſe was run,
Be proud thou didſt in thy black obſequies
With greater glory ſet than others riſe:
For in thy death, as life, thou holdeſt one
Moſt juſt and regular proportion.
Look how the circles drawn by compaſs meet
Indiviſibly, joined head to feet;
And by continued points which them unite
Grow at once circular, and infinite:

So

So did thy fate and honour both contend
To match thy brave beginning with thine end.
Therefore thou hadſt, inſtead of paſſing-bells,
The drums and cannons thunder for thy knells;
And in the field thou didſt triumphing die,
Cloſing thy eyelids with a victory;
That ſo by thouſands that there loſt their breath,
King-like thou might'ſt be waited on in death.
Liv'd Plutarch now, and would of Cæſar tell,
He could make none but thee his parallel,
Whoſe tide of glory, ſwelling to the brim,
Needs borrow no addition from him:
When did great Julius in any clime
Achieve ſo much, and in ſo ſhort a time?
Or if he did, yet ſhalt thou in that land
Single for him, and unexampled ſtand.
When o'er the Germans firſt his eagle tow'r'd,
What ſaw the legions which on them he pour'd,
But maſſy bodies made their ſwords to try,
Subjects, not for his fight, but ſlavery?
In that ſo vaſt expanded piece of ground
(Now Sweden's theatre and ſcorn) he found
Nothing worth Cæſar's valour, or his fear,
No conqu'ring army, nor a Tilly there,
Whoſe ſtrength nor wiles, nor practice in the war
Might the fierce torrent of his triumphs bar;
But that thy winged ſword twice made him yield,
Both from his trenches beat, and from the field.
Beſides, the Roman thought he had done much,
Did he the banks of Rhenus only touch:

But though his march was bounded by the Rhine,
Not Oder nor the Danube thee confine.
And but thy frailty did thy fame prevent,
Thou hadſt thy conqueſt ſtretch'd to ſuch extent
Thou might'ſt Vienna reach, and after Spain;
From Mulda to the Baltic ocean.
But death hath ſpann'd thee, nor muſt we divine
What here thou hadſt to finiſh thy deſign;
Or who ſhall thee ſucceed as champion
For liberty, and for religion.
Thy taſk is done: as in a watch the ſpring,
Wound to the height, relaxes with the ſtring;
So thy ſteel nerves of conqueſt, from their ſteep
Aſcent declin'd, lie ſlackt in thy laſt ſleep.
Reſt then, triumphant ſoul, for ever reſt,
And, like the phœnix in her ſpicy neſt,
Embalm'd with thine own merit, upward fly,
Borne in a cloud of perfume to the ſky;
Whilſt, as in deathleſs urns, each noble mind
Treaſures thine aſhes which are left behind.
And if perhaps no Caſſiopeian ſpark
(Which in the North did thy firſt riſing mark)
Shine o'er thy hearſe, the breath of our juſt praiſe
Shall to the firmament thy virtues raiſe;
There fix and kindle them into a ſtar,
Whoſe influence may crown thy glorious war.

TEARS

TEARS

ON THE

DEATH

OF

MŒLIADES.*

O HEAVENS! then is it true that thou art gone,
And left this woful iſle her loſs to moan;
Mœliades, bright day-ſtar of the weſt,
A comet blazing terror to the eaſt;
And neither that thy ſpirit ſo heavenly wiſe,
Nor body (though of earth), more pure than ſkies,
Nor royal ſtem, nor thy ſweet tender age,
Of cruel deſtinies could quench the rage?
O fading hopes! O ſhort-while laſting joy
Of earth-born man, that one hour can deſtroy!
Then even of virtue's ſpoils death trophies rears,
As if he gloried moſt in many tears.
Forc'd by hard fates, do heavens neglect our cries?
Are ſtars ſet only to act tragedies?

* The name which in theſe verſes is given unto prince Henry, is that which he himſelf, in the challenges of his martial ſports and maſquerades, was wont to uſe; MŒLIADES, Prince of the Iſles, which in anagram maketh a word moſt worthy of ſuch a knight as he was, a knight (if time had ſuffered his actions to anſwer the world's expectation), only worthy of ſuch a word, *Miles à Deo.*

Then let them do their worſt, ſince thou art gone,
Raiſe whom thou liſt to thrones, enthron'd dethrone;
Stain princely bow'rs with blood, and even to Gange,
In cypreſs ſad, glad Hymen's torches change.
Ah! thou haſt left to live; and in the time
When ſcarce thou bloſſom'dſt in thy pleaſant prime:
So falls by northern blaſt a virgin roſe,
At half that doth her baſhful boſom cloſe;
So a ſweet flower languiſhing decays,
That late did bluſh when kiſs'd by Phœbus' rays;
So Phœbus mounting the meridian's height,
Choak'd by pale Phœbe, faints unto our ſight;
Aſtoniſh'd nature ſullen ſtands to ſee
The life of all this all ſo chang'd to be;
In gloomy gowns the ſtars this loſs deplore,
The ſea with murmuring mountains beats the ſhore,
Black darkneſs reels o'er all, in thouſand ſhow'rs
The weeping air on earth her ſorrow pours,
That, in a palſy, quakes to ſee ſo ſoon
Her lover ſet, and night burſt forth ere noon.
If heaven, alas! ordain'd thee young to die,
Why was't not where thou might'ſt thy valour try;
And to the wond'ring world at leaſt ſet forth
Some little ſpark of thy expected worth?
Mœliades, O that by Iſter's ſtreams,
'Mong ſounding trumpets, fiery twinkling gleams
Of warm vermilion ſwords, and cannons' roar,
Balls thick as rain pour'd on the Caſpian ſhore,
'Mongſt broken ſpears, 'mongſt ringing helms and ſhields,
Huge heaps of ſlaughter'd bodies 'long the fields,

In Turkiſh blood made red like Mars's ſtar,
Thou endedſt had thy life, and chriſtian war;
Or as brave Bourbon, thou hadſt made old Rome,
Queen of the world, thy triumph, and thy tomb!
So heaven's fair face, to th' unborn world, which reads,
A book had been of thy illuſtrious deeds:
So to their nephews, aged ſires had told
The high exploits perform'd by thee of old;
Towns ras'd, and rais'd, victorious, vanquiſh'd bands,
Fierce tyrants flying, foil'd, kill'd by thy hands:
And in rich arras virgins fair had wrought
The bays and trophies to thy country brought:
While ſome new Homer, imping wings to Fame,
Deaf Nilus' dwellers had made hear thy name.
That thou didſt not attain theſe honour's ſpheres,
Through want of worth it was not, but of years.
A youth more brave, pale Troy with trembling walls
Did never ſee, nor ſhe whoſe name appals
Both Titan's golden bow'rs, in bloody fights,
Muſt'ring on Mars his field, ſuch Mars-like knights.
The heavens had brought thee to the higheſt height
Of wit and courage, ſhewing all their might
When they thee fram'd. Ah me! that what is brave
On earth, they as their own ſo ſoon ſhould crave!
Mœliades ſweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaſpes' pearly ſhore.
When Forth, thy nurſe, Forth where thou firſt didſt paſs
Thy tender days (who ſmil'd oft on her glaſs,

To

To ſee thee gaze), meand'ring with her ſtreams,
Heard thou hadſt left this round, from Phœbus' beams
She ſought to fly, but forced to return
By neighbouring brooks, ſhe ſet herſelf to mourn:
And as ſhe ruſh'd her Cyclades among,
She ſeem'd to plain that heaven had done her wrong.
With a hoarſe plaint, Clyde down her ſteepy rocks,
And Tweed through her green mountains clad with flocks,
Did wound the ocean murmuring thy death;
The ocean it roar'd about the earth,
And to the Mauritanian Atlas told,
Who ſhrunk through grief, and down his white hairs roll'd
Huge ſtreams of tears, which changed were to floods,
Wherewith he drown'd the neighbour plains and woods.
The leſſer brooks, as they did bubbling go,
Did keep a conſort to the public woe.
The ſhepherds left their flocks with downcaſt eyes,
'Sdaining to look up to the angry ſkies:
Some brake their pipes, and ſome in ſweet-ſad lays
Made ſenſeleſs things amazed at thy praiſe.
His reed Alexis hung upon a tree,
And with his tears made Doven great to be.
Mœliades ſweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaſpes' pearly ſhore.
Chaſte maids which haunt fair Aganippe's well,
And you in Tempe's ſacred ſhade who dwell,

Let

Let fall your harps, ceaſe tunes of joy to ſing,
Diſhevelled make all Parnaſſus ring
With anthems ſad; thy muſick Phœbus turn
To doleful plaints, whilſt joy itſelf doth mourn.
Dead is thy darling who adorn'd thy bays,
Who oft was wont to cheriſh thy ſweet lays,
And to a trumpet raiſe thy amorous ſtyle,
That floating Delos envy might this iſle.
You Acidalian archers break your bows,
Your torches quench, with tears blot beauty's ſnows,
And bid your weeping mother yet again
A ſecond Adon's death, nay Mars his plain.
His eyes once were your darts; nay, even his name,
Wherever heard, did every heart inflame.
Tagus did court his love with golden ſtreams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all ſhe claims.
But ah! (poor lovers) death did them betray,
And, not ſuſpected, made their hopes his prey!
Tagus bewails his loſs in golden ſtreams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all ſhe claims.
Mœliades ſweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaſpes' pearly ſhore.
Eye-pleaſing meads, whoſe painted plain forth brings
White, golden, azure flow'rs, which once were kings,
To mourning black their ſhining colours dye,
Bow down their heads, while ſighing zephyrs fly.
Queen of the fields, whoſe bluſh makes bluſh the morn,
Sweet roſe, a prince's death in purple mourn;

O hya-

O hyacinths, for aye your AI keep ſtill,
Nay, with more marks of woe your leaves now fill:
And you, O flow'r, of Helen's tears that's born,
Into theſe liquid pearls again you turn:
Your green locks, foreſts, cut; to weeping myrrhs,
To deadly cypreſs, and ink-dropping firs,
Your palms and myrtles change; from ſhadows dark
Wing'd ſyrens wail, and you ſad echoes mark
The lamentable accents of their moan,
And plain that brave Mœliades is gone.
Stay, ſky, thy turning courſe, and now become
A ſtately arch, unto the earth his tomb:
And over it ſtill wat'ry Iris keep,
And ſad Electra's ſiſters, who ſtill weep:
Mœliades ſweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thules to Hydaſpes' pearly ſhore.
Dear ghoſt, forgive theſe our untimely tears,
By which our loving mind, though weak, appears:
Our loſs, not thine (when we complain), we weep,
For thee the gliſtering walls of heaven do keep,
Beyond the planet's wheels, 'bove higheſt ſource
Of ſpheres, that turns the lower in his courſe:
Where ſun doth never ſet, nor ugly night
Ever appears in mourning garments dight:
Where Boreas' ſtormy trumpet doth not ſound,
Nor clouds, in lightnings burſting, minds aſtound.
From cares, cold climates far, and hot deſire,
Where time's exil'd, and ages ne'er expire;
'Mong pureſt ſpirits environed with beams,
Thou think'ſt all things below t' have been but dreams;
And

And joy'ſt to look down to the azur'd bars
Of heaven powder'd with troops of ſtreaming ſtars;
And in their turning temples to behold,
In ſilver robe the moon, the ſun in gold;
Like young eye-ſpeaking lovers in a dance,
With majeſty by turns retire, advance:
Thou wonder'ſt earth to ſee hang like a ball,
Clos'd in the mighty cloiſter of this all;
And that poor men ſhould prove ſo madly fond,
To toſs themſelves for a ſmall ſpot of ground:
Nay, that they ev'n dare brave the powers above,
From this baſe ſtage of change that cannot move.
All worldly pomp and pride thou ſeeſt ariſe,
Like ſmoak that's ſcatter'd in the empty ſkies.
Other high hills and foreſts, other tow'rs,
Amaz'd thou find'ſt excelling our poor bow'rs;
Courts void of flattery, of malice minds,
Pleaſure which laſts, not ſuch as reaſon blinds.
Thou ſweeter ſongs doſt hear, and carollings,
Whilſt heavens do dance, and choirs of angels ſings,
Than muddy minds could feign; even our annoy
(If it approach that place) is chang'd to joy.
Reſt, bleſſed ſoul, reſt ſatiate with the ſight
Of him whoſe beams (though dazzling) do delight;
Life of all lives, cauſe of each other cauſe;
The ſphere and centre where the mind doth pauſe;
Narciſſus of himſelf, himſelf the well,
Lover, and beauty that doth all excel.
Reſt, happy ſoul, and wonder in that glaſs,
Where ſeen is all that ſhall be, is, or was,

While

While ſhall be, is, or was, do paſs away,
And nothing be, but an eternal day.
For ever reſt; thy praiſe Fame will enrol
In golden annals, while about the pole
The ſlow Boötes turns, or ſun doth riſe
With ſcarlet ſcarf to cheer the mourning ſkies.
The virgins to thy tomb will garlands bear
Of flow'rs, and with each flow'r let fall a tear.
Mœliades ſweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaſpes' pearly ſhore.

OF jet,
Or porphyry,
Or that white ſtone
Paros affords alone,
Or theſe in azure dye,
Which ſeem to ſcorn the ſky;
Here Memphis' wonders do not ſet,
Nor Artemiſia's huge frame,
That keeps ſo long her lover's name,
Make no great marble Atlas ſtoop with gold,
To pleaſe the vulgar eye ſhall it behold.
The Muſes, Phœbus, Love, have raiſed of their tears
A cryſtal tomb to him, through which his worth appears.

EPITAPH.

STAY, paſſenger, ſee where encloſed lies
The paragon of princes, faireſt frame,
Time, nature, place, could ſhew to mortal eyes,
In worth, wit, virtue, miracle of fame:

At

At leaſt that part the earth of him could claim
This marble holds (hard like the deſtinies):
For as to his brave ſpirit, and glorious name,
The one the world, the other fills the ſkies.
Th' immortal amaranthus, princely roſe,
Sad violet, and that ſweet flow'r that bears
In ſanguine ſpots the tenor of our woes,
Spread on this ſtone, and waſh it with your tears;
Then go and tell from Gades unto Inde,
You ſaw where earth's perfections were confin'd.

ANOTHER.

A PASSING glance, a lightning long the ſkies,
Which, uſhering thunder, dies ſtraight to our ſight;
A ſpark that doth from jarring mixtures riſe,
Thus drown'd is in th' huge depths of day and night:
Is this ſmall trifle, life, held in ſuch price
Of blinded wights, who ne'er judge aught aright?
Of Parthian ſhaft ſo ſwift is not the flight,
As life, that waſtes itſelf, and living dies.
Ah! what is human greatneſs, valour, wit?
What fading beauty, riches, honour, praiſe?
To what doth ſerve in golden thrones to ſit,
Thrall earth's vaſt round, triumphal arches raiſe?
That all's a dream, learn in this prince's fall,
In whom, ſave death, nought mortal was at all.

A TRANS-

A TRANSLATION OF SIR JOHN SCOT'S VERSES,

BEGINNING

Quod vitæ ſectabor iter?

WHAT courſe of life ſhould wretched mortals take?
In books hard queſtions large contention make.
Care dwells in houſes, labour in the field;
Tumultuous ſeas affrighting dangers yield.
In foreign lands thou never canſt be bleſt:
If rich, thou art in fear; if poor, diſtreſs'd.
In wedlock frequent diſcontentments ſwell;
Unmarried perſons as in deſarts dwell.
How many troubles are with children born!
Yet he that wants them counts himſelf forlorn.
Young men are wanton, and of wiſdom void;
Grey hairs are cold, unfit to be employ'd.
Who would not one of theſe two offers try,
Not to be born; or, being born, to die?

MADRIGALS

MADRIGALS

AND

EPIGRAMS.

MADRIGALS

AND

EPIGRAMS.

THE STATUE OF MEDUSA.

OF that Meduſa ſtrange,
Who thoſe that did her ſee in rocks did change,
No image carv'd is this;
Meduſa's ſelf it is:
For while at heat of day
To quench her thirſt ſhe by this ſpring did ſtay,
Her hideous head beholding in this glaſs,
Her ſenſes fail'd, and thus transform'd ſhe was.

THE

PORTRAIT OF MARS AND VENUS.

FAIR Paphos' wanton queen
(Not drawn in white and red)
Is truly here, as when in Vulcan's bed
She was of all heaven's laughing ſenate ſeen.
Gaze on her hair, and eine,
Her brows, the bows of Love,
Her back with lilies ſpread:
Ye alſo might perceive her turn and move,
But that ſhe neither ſo will do, nor dare,
For fear to wake the angry god of war.

NARCISSUS.

FLOODS cannot quench my flames, ah! in this well
I burn, not drown, for what I cannot tell.

DAMETA's DREAM.

DAMETA dream'd he ſaw his wife at ſport,
And found that ſight was through the horny port.

CHERRIES.

MY wanton, weep no more
The loſing of your cherries;
Thoſe, and far ſweeter berries,
Your ſiſter, in good ſtore,

Hath

Hath in her lips and face;
Be glad, kiſs her with me, and hold your peace.

ICARUS.

WHILE with audacious wings
I cleav'd thoſe airy ways,
And fill'd (a monſter new) with dread and fears,
The feather'd people and their eagle kings:
Dazzled with Phœbus' rays,
And charm'd with the muſick of the ſpheres,
When quills could move no more, and force did fail,
Though down I fell from heaven's high azure bounds;
Yet doth renown my loſſes countervail,
For ſtill the ſhore my brave attempt reſounds.
A ſea, an element doth bear my name;
What mortal's tomb's ſo great in place or fame?

On his Lady beholding herself in a Marble.

WORLD wonder not, that I
Keep in my breaſt engraven
That angel's face hath me of reſt bereaven.
See dead and ſenſeleſs things cannot deny
To lodge ſo dear a gueſt:
Ev'n this hard marble ſtone
Receives the ſame, and loves, but cannot groan.

TO SLEEP.

HOW comes it, Sleep, that thou
Even kiſſes me affords
Of her, dear her, ſo far who's abſent now?
How did I hear thoſe words,
Which rocks might move, and move the pines to bow?
Ah me! before half day
Why didſt thou ſteal away?
Return, I thine for ever will remain,
If thou wilt bring with thee that gueſt again.

A PLEASANT DECEIT.

OVER a cryſtal ſource
Iolas laid his face,
Of purling ſtreams to ſee the reſtleſs courſe.
But ſcarce he had o'erſhadowed the place,
When in the water he a child eſpies,
So like himſelf in ſtature, face and eyes,
That glad he roſe, and cried,
Dear mates approach, ſee whom I have deſcried,
The boy of whom ſtrange ſtories ſhepherds tell,
Oft called Hylas, dwelleth in this well.

THE CANNON.

WHEN firſt the cannon from her gaping throat
Againſt the heaven her roaring ſulphur ſhot,
Jove, waken'd with the noiſe, did aſk with wonder,
What mortal wight had ſtol'n from him his thunder:
His

His cryſtal tow'rs he fear'd, but fire and air
So high did ſtay the ball from mounting there.

THAIS' METAMORPHOSIS.

INTO Briareus huge
Thais wiſh'd ſhe might change
Her man, and pray'd him not thereat to grudge,
Nor fondly think it ſtrange;
For if, ſaid ſhe, I might the parts diſpoſe,
I wiſh you not a hundred arms nor hands,
But hundred things like thoſe
With which Priapus in our garden ſtands.

THE QUALITY OF A KISS.

THE kiſs with ſo much ſtrife
Which I late got, ſweet heart,
Was it a ſign of death, or was it life?
Of life it could not be,
For I by it did ſigh my ſoul in thee:
Nor was it death, death doth no joy impart.
Thou ſilent ſtand'ſt, ah! what didſt thou bequeath,
A dying life to me, or living death?

HIS LADY'S DOG.

WHEN her dear boſom clips
That little cur which fawns to touch her lips,

Or when it is his hap
To lie lapp'd in her lap,
O it grows noon with me;
With hotter-pointed beams
I burn, than thoſe are which the ſun forth ſtreams,
When piercing lightning his rays call'd may be;
And as I muſe how I to thoſe extremes
Am brought, I find no cauſe, except that ſhe
In Love's bright zodiack having trac'd each room,
To the hot dog-ſtar now at laſt is come.

AN ALMANACK.

THIS ſtrange eclipſe one ſays
Strange wonders doth foretel;
But you whoſe wives excel,
And love to count their praiſe,
Shut all your gates, your hedges plant with thorns,
The ſun did threat the world this time with horns.

THE SILK-WORM OF LOVE.

A DÆDALE of my death
Now I reſemble that fly worm on earth,
Which prone to its own harm doth take no reſt:
For day and night oppreſt,
I feed on fading leaves
Of hope, which me deceives,
And thouſand webs do warp within my breaſt:
And thus in end unto myſelf I weave
A faſt-ſhut priſon, or a cloſer grave.

Deep Impression of Love to his Mistress.

WHOM a mad dog doth bite,
He doth in water ſtill
That mad dog's image ſee:
Love, mad, perhaps, when he my heart did ſmite,
More to diſſemble his ill,
Transform'd himſelf to thee:
For thou art preſent ever ſince to me.
No ſpring there is, no flood, nor other place
Where I, alas! not ſee thy heavenly face.

A CHAIN of GOLD.

ARE not thoſe locks of gold
Sufficient chains the wildeſt hearts to hold?
Is not that ivory hand
A diamantine band,
Moſt ſure to keep the moſt untamed mind,
But ye muſt others find?
O yes! why is that golden one then worn?
Thus free in chains, perhaps, love's chains to ſcorn.

On the DEATH of a LINNET.

IF cruel Death had ears,
Or could be pleas'd by ſongs,
This wing'd muſician had liv'd many years,
And Niſa mine had never wept theſe wrongs:

For

For when it firſt took breath,
The heavens their notes did unto it bequeath:
And if that Samian's ſentences be true,
Amphion in this body liv'd anew.
But Death, who nothing ſpares, and nothing hears,
As he doth kings, kill'd it, O grief! O tears!

LILLA's PRAYER.

LOVE, if thou wilt once more
That I to thee return,
Sweet god! make me not burn
For quivering age, that doth ſpent days deplore.
Nor do thou wound my heart
For ſome inconſtant boy
Who joys to love, yet makes of love a toy.
But, ah! if I muſt prove thy golden dart,
Of grace, O let me find
A ſweet young lover with an aged mind.
Thus Lilla pray'd, and Idas did reply,
(Who heard) Dear, have thy wiſh, for ſuch am I.

ARMELIN's EPITAPH.

NEAR to this eglantine
Encloſed lies the milk-white Armeline;
Once Cloris' only joy,
Now only her annoy;
Who envied was of the moſt happy ſwains
That keep their flocks in mountains, dales, or plains:

For

For oft ſhe bore the wanton in her arm,
And oft her bed and boſom did he warm;
Now when unkinder Fates did him deſtroy,
Bleſt dog, he had the grace,
That Cloris for him wet with tears her face.

EPITAPH.

THE bawd of juſtice, he who laws controll'd,
And made them fawn and frown as he got gold,
That Proteus of our ſtate, whoſe heart and mouth
Were farther diſtant than is north from ſouth,
That cormorant who made himſelf ſo groſs
On people's ruin, and the prince's loſs,
Is gone to hell; and though he here did evil,
He there perchance may prove an honeſt devil.

A TRANSLATION.

FIERCE robbers were of old
Exil'd the champaign ground,
From hamlets chas'd, in cities kill'd, or bound,
And only woods, caves, mountains, did them hold:
But now, when all is ſold,
Woods, mountains, caves, to good men be refuge,
And do the guiltleſs lodge,
And clad in purple gowns
The greateſt thieves command within the towns.

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH.

THEN Death thee hath beguil'd,
Alecto's firſt born child;
Then thou who thrall'd all laws,
Now againſt worms cannot maintain thy cauſe:
Yet worms (more juſt than thou) now do no wrong,
Since all do wonder they thee ſpar'd ſo long;
For though from life thou didſt but lately paſs,
Twelve ſprings are gone ſince thou corrupted was.

Come, citizens, erect to Death an altar,
Who keeps you from axe, fuel, timber, halter.

A JEST.

IN a moſt holy church, a holy man,
Unto a holy ſaint with viſage wan,
And eyes like fountains, mumbled forth a prayer,
And with ſtrange words and ſighs made black the air.
And having long ſo ſtay'd, and long long pray'd,
A thouſand croſſes on himſelf he laid;
And with ſome ſacred beads hung on his arm,
His eyes, his mouth, his temples, breaſt did charm.
Thus not content (ſtrange worſhip hath no end)
To kiſs the earth at laſt he did pretend,
And bowing down beſought, with humble grace,
An aged woman near to give ſome place:
She turn'd, and turning up her hole beneath,
Said, Sir, kiſs here, for it is all but earth.

PROTEUS

PROTEUS OF MARBLE.

THIS is no work of ſtone,
Though it ſeems breathleſs, cold, and ſenſe hath none,
But that falſe god which keeps
The monſtrous people of the raging deeps:
Now that he doth not change his ſhape this while,
It is thus conſtant more you to beguile.

PAMPHILUS.

SOME Ladies wed, ſome love, and ſome adore them,
I like their wanton ſport, then care not for them.

APELLES ENAMOURED OF CAMPASPE, ALEXANDER'S MISTRESS.

POOR painter, while I ſought
To counterfeit by art
The faireſt frame which Nature ever wrought,
And having limn'd each part,
Except her matchleſs eyes:
Scarce on thoſe ſuns I gaz'd,
As lightning falls from ſkies,
When ſtraight my hand grew weak, my mind amaz'd,
And ere that pencil half them had expreſs'd,
Love had them drawn, no, grav'd them in my breaſt.

CAMPASPE.

CAMPASPE.

ON ſtars ſhall I exclaim,
Which thus my fortune change,
Or ſhall I elſe revenge
Upon myſelf this ſhame,
Inconſtant monarch, or ſhall I thee blame
Who lets Apelles prove
The ſweet delights of Alexander's love?
No, ſtars, myſelf, and thee, I all forgive,
And joy that thus I live;
Of thee, blind king, my beauty was deſpis'd,
Thou didſt not know it, now being known 'tis priz'd.

CORNUCOPIA.

IF for one only horn,
Which Nature to him gave,
So famous is the noble unicorn;
What praiſe ſhould that man have,
Whoſe head a lady brave
Doth with a goodly pair at once adorn?

LOVE SUFFERS NO PARASOL.

THOSE eyes, dear eyes, be ſpheres
Where two bright ſuns are roll'd,
That fair hand to behold,
Of whiteſt ſnow appears:

Then while ye coyly ſtand
To hide from me thoſe eyes,
Sweet, I would you adviſe
To chooſe ſome other fan than that white hand:
For if ye do, for truth moſt true this know,
Thoſe ſuns ere long muſt needs conſume warm ſnow.

UNPLEASANT MUSICK.

IN fields Ribaldo ſtray'd,
May's tapeſtry to ſee,
And hearing on a tree
A cuckow ſing, ſigh'd to himſelf, and ſaid,
Lo! how, alas! even birds ſit mocking me!

SLEEPING BEAUTY.

O SIGHT, too dearly bought!
She ſleeps, and though thoſe eyes,
Which lighten Cupid's ſkies,
Be clos'd, yet ſuch a grace
Environeth that place,
That I, through wonder, to grow faint am brought:
Suns, if eclips'd you have ſuch power divine,
What power have I t' endure you when you ſhine?

ALCON's KISS.

WHAT others at their ear,
Two pearls, Camilla at her noſe did wear,

Which

Which Alcon, who nought ſaw,
(For Love is blind) robb'd with a pretty kiſs;
But having known his miſs,
And felt what ore he from that mine did draw,
When ſhe to come again did him deſire,
He fled, and ſaid, foul water quenched fire.

THE STATUE OF VENUS SLEEPING.

PASSENGER, vex not thy mind,
To make me mine eyes unfold;
For if thou ſhouldeſt them behold,
Thine, perhaps, they will make blind.

LAURA TO PETRARCH.

I RATHER love a youth, and childiſh rhyme,
Than thee, whoſe verſe and head are wiſe through time.

THE ROSE.

FLOW'R, which of Adon's blood
Sprang, when of that clear flood,
Which Venus wept, another white was borne,
The ſweet Cynarean youth thou lively ſhews;
But this ſharp-pointed thorn,
So proud about thy crimſon fold that grows,

What

What doth it repreſent?
Boar's teeth, perhaps, his milk-white flank which rent.
O ſhew, in one of uneſteemed worth,
That both the kill'd and killer ſetteth forth!

A LOVER's PRAYER.

NEAR to a cryſtal ſpring,
With thirſt and heat oppreſt,
Narciſſa fair doth reſt,
Trees, pleaſant trees, which thoſe green plains forth bring,
Now interlace your trembling tops above,
And make a canopy unto my love;
So in heaven's higheſt houſe, when ſun appears,
Aurora may you cheriſh with her tears.

IOLAS' EPITAPH.

HERE dear Iolas lies,
Who whilſt he liv'd in beauty did ſurpaſs
That boy, whoſe heavenly eyes
Brought Cypris from above,
Or him to death who look'd in wat'ry glaſs,
Even judge the god of love.
And if the nymph, once held of him ſo dear,
Dorine the fair, would here but ſhed one tear,
Thou ſhould'ſt, in nature's ſcorn,
A purple flow'r ſee of this marble born.

THE TROJAN HORSE.

A HORSE I am, who bit,
Rein, rod, ſpur, do not fear;
When I my riders bear,
Within my womb, not on my back they ſit.
No ſtreams I drink, nor care for graſs or corn;
Art me a monſter wrought,
All nature's works to ſcorn;
A mother I was without mother born,
In end all arm'd my father I forth brought:
What thouſand ſhips and champions of renown
Could not do free, captiv'd I raz'd Troy's town.

FOR DORUS.

WHY, Nais, ſtand ye nice,
Like to a well-wrought ſtone,
When Dorus would you kiſs?
Deny him not that bliſs,
He's but a child (old men be children twice),
And even a toothleſs one:
And when his lips yours touch in that delight,
Ye need not fear he will thoſe cherries bite.

LOVE VAGABONDING.

SWEET nymphs, if as ye ſtray
Ye find the froth-born goddeſs of the ſea,

All

All blubber'd, pale, undone,
Who ſeeks her giddy ſon,
That little god of love,
Whoſe golden ſhafts your chaſteſt boſoms prove;
Who leaving all the heavens hath run away:
If aught to him that finds him ſhe'll impart,
Tell her he nightly lodgeth in my heart.

TO A RIVER.

SITH ſhe will not that I
Shew to the world my joy,
Thou, who oft mine annoy
Haſt heard, dear flood, tell Thetis if thou can
That not a happier man
Doth breathe beneath the ſky.
More ſweet, more white, more fair,
Lips, hands, and amber hair,
Tell none did ever touch;
A ſmaller, daintier waiſt
Tell never was embrac'd;
But peace, ſince ſhe forbids thee tell too much.

LIDA.

SUCH Lida is, that who her ſees,
Through envy, or through love, ſtraight dies.

PHRÆNE.

AONIAN ſiſters, help my Phræne's praiſe to tell,
Phræne, heart of my heart, with whom the Graces dwell;
For I ſurcharged am ſo ſore that I not know
What firſt to praiſe of her, her breaſt, or neck of ſnow,
Her cheeks with roſes ſpread, or her two ſun-like eyes,
Her teeth of brighteſt pearl, her lips where ſweetneſs lies:
But thoſe ſo praiſe themſelves, being to all eyes ſet forth,
That, Muſes, ye need not to ſay aught of their worth;
Then her white ſwelling paps eſſay for to make known,
But her white ſwelling paps through ſmalleſt veil are ſhewn;
Yet ſhe hath ſomething elſe, more worthy than the reſt,
Not ſeen; go ſing of that which lies beneath her breaſt,
And mounts like fair Parnaſſe, where Pegaſe well doth run——
Here Phræne ſtay'd my muſe ere ſhe had well begun.

KISSES

KISSES DESIRED.

THOUGH I with ſtrange deſire
To kiſs thoſe roſy lips am ſet on fire,
Yet will I ceaſe to crave
Sweet kiſſes in ſuch ſtore,
As he who long before
In thouſands them from Leſbia did receive:
Sweetheart, but once me kiſs,
And I by that ſweet bliſs
Even ſwear to ceaſe you to importune more;
Poor one no number is;
Another word of me ye ſhall not hear
After one kiſs, but ſtill one kiſs, my dear.

DESIRED DEATH.

DEAR life, while I do touch
Theſe coral ports of bliſs,
Which ſtill themſelves do kiſs,
And ſweetly me invite to do as much,
All panting in my lips,
My heart my life doth leave,
No ſenſe my ſenſes have,
And inward powers do find a ſtrange eclipſe:
This death ſo heavenly well
Doth ſo me pleaſe, that I
Would never longer ſeek in ſenſe to dwell,
If that even thus I only could but die.

PHŒBE.

IF for to be alone, and all the night to wander,
Maids can prove chaſte, then chaſte is Phœbe
without ſlander.

ANSWER.

FOOL, ſtill to be alone, all night in heaven to
wander,
Would make the wanton chaſte, then ſhe's chaſte
without ſlander.

THE CRUELTY OF RORA.

WHILST ſighing forth his wrongs,
In ſweet, though doleful ſongs,
Alexis ſought to charm his Rora's ears,
The hills were heard to moan,
To ſigh each ſpring appear'd,
Trees, hardeſt trees, through rine diſtill'd their tears,
And ſoft grew every ſtone:
But tears, nor ſighs, nor ſongs could Rora move,
For ſhe rejoiced at his plaint and love.

A KISS.

HARK, happy lovers, hark,
This firſt and laſt of joys,
This ſweet'ner of annoys,
This nectar of the gods,
You call a kiſs, is with itſelf at odds;
And half ſo ſweet is not
In equal meaſure got,
At light of ſun, as it is in the dark:
Hark, happy lovers, hark.

KALA's COMPLAINT.

KALA, old Mopſus' wife,
Kala with faireſt face,
For whom the neighbour ſwains oft were at ſtrife,
As ſhe to milk her ſnowy flock did tend,
Sigh'd with a heavy grace,
And ſaid, What wretch like me doth lead her life?
I ſee not how my taſk ſhall have an end:
All day I draw theſe ſtreaming dugs in fold,
All night mine empty huſband's ſoft and cold.

PHILLIS.

IN petticoat of green,
Her hair about her eine,

Phillis, beneath an oak,
Sat milking her fair flock:
'Mongſt that ſweet-ſtrained moiſture (rare delight)
Her hand ſeem'd milk, in milk it was ſo white.

A WISH.

TO forge to mighty Jove
The thunderbolts above,
Nor on this round below
Rich Midas' ſkill to know,
And make all gold I touch,
Do I deſire; it is for me too much:
Of all the arts practis'd beneath the ſky,
I would but Phillis' lapidary be.

NISA.

NISA, Palemon's wife, him weeping told
He kept not grammar rules, now being old;
For why, quoth ſhe, poſition falſe make ye,
Putting a ſhort thing where a long ſhould be.

A LOVER's HEAVEN.

THOSE ſtars, nay ſuns, which turn
So ſtately in their ſpheres,
And dazzling do not burn,
The beauty of the morn
Which on theſe cheeks appears,

The

The harmony which to that voice is given,
Makes me think you are heaven.
If heaven you be, O! that by powerful charms
I Atlas were, infolded in your arms!

EPITAPH.

THIS dear, though not reſpected earth doth hold
One, for his worth, whoſe tomb ſhould be of gold.

BEAUTY's IDEA.

WHO would perfection's fair idea ſee,
On pretty Cloris let him look with me;
White is her hair, her teeth white, white her ſkin,
Black be her eyes, her eye-brows Cupid's inn:
Her locks, her body, hands do long appear,
But teeth ſhort, ſhort her womb, and either ear,
The ſpace 'twixt ſhoulders; eyes are wide, brow wide,
Strait waiſt, the mouth ſtrait, and her virgin pride.
Thick are her lips, thighs, with banks ſwelling there,
Her noſe is ſmall, ſmall fingers, and her hair:
Her ſugar'd mouth, her cheeks, her nails be red,
Little her foot, breaſt little, and her head.
Such Venus was, ſuch was that flame of Troy,
Such Cloris is, mine hope, and only joy.

LALUS' DEATH.

AMIDST the waves profound,
Far, far from all relief,
The honeſt fiſher Lalus, ah! is drown'd,
Shut in this little ſkiff;
The boards of which did ſerve him for a bier,
So that when he to the black world came near,
Of him no ſilver greedy Charon got;
For he in his own boat
Did paſs that flood, by which the gods do ſwear.

FLOWERS OF SION:

OR,

SPIRITUAL POEMS.

TRIUMPHANT arches, ſtatues crown'd with bays,
Proud obeliſks, tombs of the vaſteſt frame,
Brazen Coloſſes, Atlaſes of fame,
And temples builded to vain deities' praiſe;
States which unſatiate minds in blood do raiſe,
From ſouthern pole unto the arctic team,
And even what we write to keep our name,
Like ſpiders' cauls, are made the ſport of days;
All only conſtant is in conſtant change;
What done is, is undone, and when undone,
Into ſome other figure doth it range;
Thus rolls the reſtleſs world beneath the moon:
Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
Aſpire, and ſteps, not reach'd by nature, trace.

A GOOD that never ſatisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flow'rs,
A ſweet with floods of gall that runs combin'd,
A pleaſure paſſing ere in thought made ours,
A honour

A honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,
A treaſury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A ſtyle of greatneſs, in effect a dream,
A ſwelling thought of holding ſea and land,
A ſervile lot, deck'd with a pompous name;
Are the ſtrange ends we toil for here below,
Till wiſeſt death make us our errors know.

LIFE a right ſhadow is;
For if it long appear,
Then is it ſpent, and death's long night draws near;
Shadows are moving, light,
And is there aught ſo moving as is this?
When it is moſt in ſight,
It ſteals away, and none knows how or where,
So near our cradles to our coffins are.

LOOK as the flow'r, which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the ſummer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it freſh and green,
As high as it did raiſe, bows low the head:
Juſt ſo the pleaſures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only ſeen,
With ſwifter ſpeed declines than erſt it ſpread,
And, blaſted, ſcarce now ſhews what it hath been.
Therefore,

Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night
Haſtes darkly to impriſon on his way,
Think on thy home, my ſoul, and think aright
Of what's yet left thee of life's waſting day:
Thy ſun poſts weſtward, paſſed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

THE weary mariner ſo far not flies
An howling tempeſt, harbour to attain;
Nor ſhepherd haſtes, when frays of wolves ariſe,
So faſt to fold to ſave his bleating train,
As I (wing'd with contempt and juſt diſdain)
Now fly the world, and what it moſt doth prize,
And ſanctuary ſeek, free to remain
From wounds of abject times, and Envy's eyes:
To me this world did once ſeem ſweet and fair,
While ſenſe's light mind's perſpective kept blind;
Now like imagin'd landſcape in the air,
And weeping rainbows her beſt joys I find:
Or if aught here is had that praiſe ſhould have,
It is an obſcure life and ſilent grave.

OF this fair volume which we world do name,
If we the ſheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wiſdom rare,

Find

Find out his power which wildeſt powers doth tame,
His providence extending every where,
His juſtice, which proud rebels doth not ſpare,
In every page, no period of the ſame:
But ſilly we, like fooliſh children, reſt
Well pleas'd with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is beſt,
On the great writer's ſenſe ne'er taking hold;
Or if by chance we ſtay our minds on aught,
It is ſome picture on the margin wrought.

THE grief was common, common were the cries,
Tears, ſobs, and groans of that afflicted train,
Which of God's choſen did the ſum contain,
And earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were ſkies;
All good had left the world, each vice did reign
In the moſt monſtrous ſorts hell could deviſe,
And all degrees and each eſtate did ſtain,
Nor further had to go whom to ſurpriſe;
The world beneath, the prince of darkneſs lay,
And in each temple had himſelf inſtall'd,
Was ſacrific'd unto, by prayers call'd,
Reſponſes gave, which, fools, they did obey;
When, pitying man, God of a virgin's womb
Was born, and thoſe falſe deities ſtruck dumb.

RUN,

RUN, ſhepherds, run, where Bethlem bleſt appears;
We bring the beſt of news, be not diſmay'd,
A Saviour there is born, more old than years,
Amidſt the rolling heaven this earth who ſtay'd;
In a poor cottage inn'd, a virgin maid
A weakling did him bear who all upbears;
There he in clothes is wrapp'd, in manger laid,
To whom too narrow ſwadlings are our ſpheres.
Run, ſhepherds, run, and ſolemnize his birth;
This is that night, no day, grown great with bliſs,
In which the power of Satan broken is;
In heaven be glory; peace unto the earth:
Thus ſinging through the air the angels ſwam,
And all the ſtars re-echoed the ſame.

O THAN the faireſt day, thrice fairer night,
Night to beſt days, in which a ſun doth riſe,
Of which the golden eye which clears the ſkies
Is but a ſparkling ray, a ſhadow light;
And bleſſed ye, in ſilly paſtors' ſight,
Mild creatures, in whoſe warm crib now lies
That heaven-ſent youngling, holy-maid-born wight,
'Midſt, end, beginning of our prophecies:
Bleſt cottage, that hath flow'rs in winter ſpread;
Though wither'd bleſſed graſs, that hath the grace
To deck and be a carpet to that place.

Thus

Thus ſinging to the ſounds of oaten reed,
Before the babe the ſhepherds bow'd their knees,
And ſprings ran nectar, honey dropp'd from trees.

THE laſt and greateſt herald of heaven's king,
Girt with rough ſkins, hies to the deſarts wild,
Among that ſavage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmleſs found than man, and mild.
His food was locuſts, and what there doth ſpring,
With honey that from virgin hives diſtill'd:
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, ſome uncouth thing
Made him appear, long ſince from earth exil'd.
There burſt he forth. All ye whoſe hopes rely
On God, with me amidſt theſe deſarts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn.

Who liſten'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the Echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, Repent, repent.

THESE eyes, dear Lord, once tapers of deſire,
Frail ſcouts betraying what they had to keep,
Which their own heart, then others ſet on fire,
Their trait'rous black before thee here out-weep;
Theſe locks of bluſhing deeds, the gilt attire,
Waves curling, wreckful ſhelves to ſhadow deep,
Rings, wedding ſouls to ſin's lethargic ſleep,
To touch thy ſacred feet do now aſpire.

In

In ſeas of care behold a ſinking bark,
By winds of ſharp remorſe unto thee driven:
O let me not be ruin's aim'd-at mark;
My faults confeſs'd, Lord, ſay they are forgiven.
Thus ſigh'd to Jeſus the Bethanian fair,
His tear-wet feet ſtill drying with her hair.

I Changed countries new delights to find,
But, ah! for pleaſure I did find new pain;
Enchanting pleaſure ſo did reaſon blind,
That father's love and words I ſcorn'd as vain.
For tables rich, for bed, for following train
Of careful ſervants to obſerve my mind;
Theſe herds I keep my fellows are aſſign'd,
My bed's a rock, and herbs my life ſuſtain.
Now while I famine feel, fear worſer harms,
Father and Lord, I turn, thy love, yet great,
My faults will pardon, pity mine eſtate.

This, where an aged oak had ſpread its arms,
Thought the loſt child, while as the herds he led,
And pin'd with hunger on wild acorns fed.

IF that the world doth in amaze remain,
To hear in what a ſad, deploring mood,
The pelican pours from her breaſt her blood,
To bring to life her younglings back again;
How ſhould we wonder at that ſovereign good,
Who from that ſerpent's ſting that had us ſlain,
To ſave our lives, ſhed his life's purple flood,
And turn'd to endleſs joy our endleſs pain!
Ungrateful ſoul, that charm'd with falſe delight,
Haſt long, long wander'd in ſin's flow'ry path,
And didſt not think at all, or thought'ſt not right
On this thy Pelican's great love and death.
Here pauſe, and let (though earth it ſcorn) heaven ſee
Thee pour forth tears to him pour'd blood for thee.

IF in the eaſt when you do there behold
Forth from his cryſtal bed the ſun to riſe,
With roſy robes and crown of flaming gold;
If gazing on that empreſs of the ſkies
That takes ſo many forms, and thoſe fair brands
Which blaze in heaven's high vault, night's watchful eyes;
If ſeeing how the ſea's tumultuous bands

Of

Of bellowing billows have their courſe confin'd;
How unſuſtain'd the earth ſtill ſtedfaſt ſtands;
Poor mortal wights, you e'er found in your mind
A thought that ſome great king did ſit above,
Who had ſuch laws and rites to them aſſign'd;
A king who fix'd the poles, made ſpheres to move,
All wiſdom, pureneſs, excellency, might,
All goodneſs, greatneſs, juſtice, beauty, love;—
With fear and wonder hither turn your ſight,
See, ſee, alas! him now, not in that ſtate
Thought could forecaſt him into reaſon's light.
Now eyes with tears, now hearts with grief make great,
Bemoan this cruel death and ruthful caſe,
If ever plaints juſt woe could aggravate:
From ſin and hell to ſave us human race,
See this great king nail'd to an abject tree,
An object of reproach and ſad diſgrace.
O unheard pity! love in ſtrange degree!
He his own life doth give, his blood doth ſhed,
For wormlings baſe ſuch worthineſs to ſee.
Poor wights! behold his viſage pale as lead,
His head bow'd to his breaſt, locks ſadly rent,
Like a cropp'd roſe, that languiſhing doth fade.
Weak nature, weep! aſtoniſh'd world, lament!
Lament, you winds! you heaven, that all contains!
And thou, my ſoul, let nought thy griefs relent
Thoſe hands, thoſe ſacred hands, which hold the reins

Of this great all, and kept from mutual wars
The elements, bare rent for thee their veins:
Thoſe feet, which once muſt tread on golden ſtars,
For thee with nails would be piere'd through and torn;
For thee, heaven's king, from heaven himſelf debars:
This great heart-quaking dolour wail and mourn,
Ye that long ſince him ſaw by might of faith,
Ye now that are, and ye yet to be born.
Not to behold his great Creator's death,
The ſun from ſinful eyes hath veil'd his light,
And faintly journies up heaven's ſapphire path;
And cutting from her prows her treſſes bright
The moon doth keep her Lord's ſad obſequies,
Impearling with her tears her robe of night;
All ſtaggering and lazy lour the ſkies;
The earth and elemental ſtages quake;
The long-ſince dead from burſted graves ariſe.
And can things, wanting ſenſe, yet ſorrow take,
And bear a part with him who all them wrought,
And man (though born with cries) ſhall pity lack?
Think what had been your ſtate, had he not brought
To theſe ſharp pangs himſelf, and priz'd ſo high
Your ſouls, that with his life them life he bought!
What woes do you attend, if ſtill ye lie
Plung'd in your wonted ordures! Wretched brood!
Shall for your ſake again God ever die?
O leave deluding ſhews, embrace true good,

He

He on you calls, forego ſin's ſhameful trade;
With prayers now ſeek heaven, and not with blood.
Let not the lambs more from their dams be had,
Nor altars bluſh for ſin; live every thing;
That long time long'd-for ſacrifice is made.
All that is from you crav'd by this great king
Is to believe: a pure heart incenſe is.
What gift, alas! can we him meaner bring?
Haſte, ſin-ſick ſouls! this ſeaſon do not miſs,
Now while remorſeleſs time doth grant you ſpace,
And God invites you to your only bliſs:
He who you calls will not deny you grace,
But low-deep bury faults, ſo ye repent;
His arms, lo! ſtretched are, you to embrace.
When days are done, and life's ſmall ſpark is ſpent,
So you accept what freely here is given,
Like brood of angels deathleſs, all-content,
Ye ſhall for ever live with him in heaven.

COME forth, come forth, ye bleſt triumphing bands,
Fair citizens of that immortal town;
Come ſee that king which all this all commands,
Now, overcharg'd with love, die for his own:
Look on thoſe nails which pierce his feet and hands;
What a ſharp diadem his brows doth crown!
Behold his pallid face, his heavy frown,
And what a throng of thieves him mocking ſtands!

Come forth ye empyrean troops, come forth,
Preſerve this ſacred blood that earth adorns,
Gather thoſe liquid roſes off his thorns;
O! to be loſt they be of too much worth:
For ſtreams, juice, balm, they are, which quench, kills, charms,
Of God, death, hell, the wrath, the life, the harms.

SOUL, whom hell did once inthral,
He, he for thine offence
Did ſuffer death, who could not die at all.
O ſovereign excellence!
O life of all that lives!
Eternal bounty which each good thing gives!
How could Death mount ſo high?
No wit this point can reach,
Faith only doth us teach,
He died for us at all who could not die.

LIFE, to give life, deprived is of life,
And Death diſplay'd hath enſign againſt death;
So violent the rigour was of Death,
That nought could daunt it but the Life of life:
No power had power to thrall Life's pow'rs to death,
But willingly Life down hath laid his life.

Love

Love gave the wound which wrought this work of Death;
His bow and ſhafts were of the tree of life.
Now quakes the author of eternal death,
To find that they whom late he reft of life,
Shall fill his room above the liſts of death;
Now all rejoice in death who hope for life.
Dead Jeſus lives, who Death hath kill'd by death;
No tomb his tomb is, but new ſource of life.

RISE from thoſe fragrant climes, thee now embrace;
Unto this world of ours O haſte thy race,
Fair ſun, and though contrary ways all year
Thou hold thy courſe, now with the higheſt ſhare,
Join thy blue wheels to haſten time that low'rs,
And lazy minutes turn to perfect hours;
The Night and Death too long a league have made,
To ſtow the world in horror's ugly ſhade.
Shake from thy locks a day with ſaffron rays
So fair, that it outſhine all other days;
And yet do not preſume, great Eye of Light,
To be that which this day muſt make ſo bright.
See an Eternal Sun haſtes to ariſe;
Not from the eaſtern bluſhing ſeas or ſkies,
Or any ſtranger worlds heaven's concaves have,
But from the darkneſs of an hollow grave.

And this is that all-powerful Sun above,
That crown'd thy brows with rays, firſt made thee move.
Light's trumpeters, ye need not from your bow'rs
Proclaim this day; this the angelick powr's
Have done for you: but now an opal hue
Bepaints heaven's cryſtal to the longing view:
Earth's late-hid colours ſhine, light doth adorn
The world, and, weeping joy, forth comes the Morn;
And with her, as from a lethargic trance
The breath return'd, that bodies doth advance,
Which two ſad nights in rock lay coffin'd dead,
And with an iron guard environed:
Life out of death, light out of darkneſs ſprings,
From a baſe gaol forth comes the King of Kings;
What late was mortal, thrall'd to every woe
That lackeys life, or upon ſenſe doth grow,
Immortal is, of an eternal ſtamp,
Far brighter beaming than the morning lamp.
So from a black eclipſe out-peers the ſun:
Such (when her courſe of days have on her run,
In a far foreſt in the pearly eaſt,
And ſhe herſelf hath burnt, and ſpicy neſt,)
The lovely bird, with youthful pens and comb,
Doth ſoar from out her cradle and her tomb:
So a ſmall ſeed that in the earth lies hid,
And dies, reviving burſts her cloddy ſide,
Adorn'd with yellow locks anew is born,
And doth become a mother great with corn;

Of grains brings hundreds with it, which when old
Enrich the furrows, which do float with gold.
Hail, holy Victor! greateſt Victor, hail!
That hell doth ranſack, againſt death prevail:
O! how thou long'd for com'ſt! With joyful cries,
The all-triumphing palatines of ſkies
Salute thy riſing; earth would joys no more
Bear, if thou riſing didſt them not reſtore.
A ſilly tomb ſhould not his fleſh encloſe,
Who did heaven's trembling terraſſes diſpoſe;
No monument ſhould ſuch a jewel hold,
No rock, though ruby, diamond, and gold.
Thou didſt lament and pity human race,
Beſtowing on us of thy free-given grace
More than we forfeited and loſed firſt,
In Eden rebels when we were accurſt.
Then earth our portion was, earth's joys but given,
Earth, and earth's bliſs, thou haſt exchang'd with heaven.
O! what a height of good upon us ſtreams
From the great ſplendour of thy bounty's beams!
When we deſerv'd ſhame, horror, flames of wrath,
Thou bled'ſt our wounds, and ſuffer didſt our death:
But Father's juſtice pleas'd, Hell, Death, o'ercome,
In triumph now thou riſeſt from thy tomb,
With glories, which paſt ſorrows countervail;
Hail, holy Victor! greateſt Victor, hail!
Hence, humble ſenſe, and hence ye guides of ſenſe!
We now reach heaven; your weak intelligence

And

And ſearching pow'rs were in a flaſh made dim,
To learn from all eternity, that him
The Father bred, then that he here did come
(His bearer's parent) in a virgin's womb:
But then when ſold, betray'd, crown'd, ſcourg'd with thorn,
Nail'd to a tree, all breathleſs, bloodleſs, torn,
Entomb'd, him riſen from a grave to find,
Confounds your cunning, turns, like moles, you blind.
Death, thou that heretofore ſtill barren waſt,
Nay, didſt each other birth eat up and waſte,
Imperious, hateful, pitileſs, unjuſt,
Unpartial equaller of all with duſt,
Stern executioner of heavenly doom,
Made fruitful, now Life's mother art become;
A ſweet relief of cares the ſoul moleſt;
An harbinger to glory, peace and reſt:
Put off thy mourning weeds, yield all thy gall
To daily ſinning life, proud of thy fall;
Aſſemble all thy captives, haſte to riſe,
And every corſe, in earthquakes where it lies,
Sound from each flowry grave and rocky gaol:
Hail, holy Victor! greateſt Victor, hail!
The world, that wanning late and faint did lie,
Applauding to our joys, thy victory,
To a young prime eſſays to turn again,
And as ere ſoil'd with ſin yet to remain;
Her chilling agues ſhe begins to miſs;
All bliſs returning with the Lord of bliſs.

With

With greater light, heaven's temples opened ſhine;
Morns ſmiling riſe, evens bluſhing do decline,
Clouds dappled glifter, boiſt'rous winds are calm,
Soft zephyrs do the fields with ſighs embalm,
In ſilent calms the ſea hath huſh'd his roars,
And with enamour'd curls doth kiſs the ſhores;
All-bearing Earth, like a new-married queen,
Her beauties heightens, in a gown of green
Perfumes the air, her meads are wrought with flow'rs,
In colours various, figures, ſmelling, pow'rs;
Trees wanton in the groves with leavy locks,
Here hills enamell'd ſtand, the vales, the rocks,
Ring peals of joy, here floods and prattling brooks,
(Stars' liquid mirrors) with ſerpenting crooks,
And whiſpering murmurs, ſound unto the main,
The golden age returned is again.
The honey people leave their golden bow'rs,
And innocently prey on budding flow'rs;
In gloomy ſhades perch'd on the tender ſprays,
The painted ſingers fill the air with lays:
Seas, floods, earth, air, all diverſely do ſound,
Yet all their diverſe notes hath but one ground,
Re-echo'd here down from heaven's azure vail;
Hail, holy Victor! greateſt Victor, hail!
O day, on which Death's adamantine chain
The Lord did break, did ranſack Satan's reign,
And in triumphing pomp his trophies rear'd,
Be thou bleſt ever, henceforth ſtill endear'd
With name of his own day, the law to grace,
Types to their ſubſtance yield, to thee give place

The

The old new-moons, with all feſtival days;
And, what above the reſt deſerveth praiſe,
The reverend ſabbath: What could elſe they be
Than golden heralds, telling what by thee
We ſhould enjoy? Shades paſt, now ſhine thou clear,
And henceforth be thou empreſs of the year,
This glory of thy ſiſter's ſex to win,
From work on thee, as other days from ſin,
That mankind ſhall forbear, in every place
The prince of planets warmeth in his race,
And far beyond his paths in frozen climes:
And may thou be ſo bleſt to out-date times,
That when heaven's choir ſhall blaze in accents loud
The many mercies of their ſovereign good,
How he on thee did ſin, death, hell deſtroy,
It may be ſtill the burthen of their joy.

BENEATH a ſable veil, and ſhadows deep,
Of inacceſſible and dimming light,
In ſilence ebon clouds more black than night,
The world's great Mind his ſecrets hid doth keep:
Through thoſe thick miſts when any mortal wight
Aſpires, with halting pace, and eyes that weep
To pry, and in his myſteries to creep,
With thunders he and lightnings blaſts their ſight.
O Sun inviſible, that doſt abide
Within thy bright abyſmes, moſt fair, moſt dark,
Where with thy proper rays thou doſt thee hide,
O ever-ſhining, never full-ſeen mark,

To

To guide me in life's night, thy light me ſhew;
The more I ſearch of thee the leſs I know.

IF with ſuch paſſing beauty, choice delights,
The Architect of this great round did frame
This palace viſible, ſhort liſts of fame,
And ſilly manſion but of dying wights;
How many wonders, what amazing lights
Muſt that triumphing ſeat of glory claim,
That doth tranſcend all this all's vaſty heights,
Of whoſe bright ſun, ours here is but a beam!
O bleſt abode! O happy dwelling-place!
Where viſibly th' Inviſible doth reign;
Bleſt people, which do ſee true Beauty's face,
With whoſe far ſhadows ſcarce he earth doth deign:
All joy is but annoy, all concord ſtrife,
Match'd with your endleſs bliſs and happy life.

LOVE which is here a care,
That wit and will doth mar,
Uncertain truce, and a moſt certain war;
A ſhrill tempeſtuous wind,
Which doth diſturb the mind,
And like wild waves all our deſigns commove;
Among thoſe powers above,

Which

Which ſee their maker's face,
It a contentment is, a quiet peace,
A pleaſure void of grief, a conſtant reſt,
Eternal joy, which nothing can moleſt.

THAT ſpace where curled waves do now divide
From the great continent our happy iſle,
Was ſometime land; and now where ſhips do glide,
Once with laborious art the plough did toil:
Once thoſe fair bounds ſtretch'd out ſo far and wide,
Where towns, no ſhires enwall'd, endear each mile,
Were all ignoble ſea and mariſh vile,
Where Proteus' flocks danc'd meaſures to the tide:
So age transforming all, ſtill forward runs;
No wonder though the earth doth change her face,
New manners, pleaſures new, turn with new ſuns,
Locks now like gold grow to an hoary grace;
Nay, mind's rare ſhape doth change, that lies deſpis'd
Which was ſo dear of late, and highly priz'd.

THIS world a hunting is,
The prey, poor man; the Nimrod fierce, is Death;
His ſpeedy greyhounds are,
Luſt, Sickneſs, Envy, Care;

Strife

Strife that ne'er falls amiſs,
With all thoſe ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of theſe the eager chace,
Old Age with ſtealing pace
Caſts on his nets, and there we panting die.

WHY, worldlings, do ye truſt frail honour's dreams,
And lean to gilded glories which decay?
Why do ye toil to regiſtrate your names
On icy pillars, which ſoon melt away?
True honour is not here, that place it claims
Where black-brow'd night doth not exile the day,
Nor no far-ſhining lamp dives in the ſea,
But an eternal ſun ſpreads laſting beams;
There it attendeth you, where ſpotleſs bands
Of ſp'rits ſtand gazing on their ſovereign bliſs,
Where years not hold it in their cank'ring hands,
But who once noble, ever noble is.
Look home, leſt he your weaken'd wit make thrall,
Who Eden's fooliſh gard'ner erſt made fall.

AS are thoſe apples, pleaſant to the eye,
But full of ſmoke within, which uſe to grow
Near that ſtrange lake where God pour'd from the ſky
Huge ſhow'rs of flames, worſe flames to overthrow:
Such

Such are their works that with a glaring ſhow
Of humble holineſs in virtue's dye
Would colour miſchief, while within they glow
With coals of ſin, though none the ſmoke deſcry.
Bad is that angel that erſt fell from heaven;
But not ſo bad as he, nor in worſe caſe,
Who hides a trait'rous mind with ſmiling face,
And with a dove's white feathers clothes a raven.
Each ſin ſome colour hath it to adorn,
Hypocrify Almighty God doth ſcorn.

NEW doth the ſun appear,
The mountains ſnows decay,
Crown'd with frail flow'rs forth comes the infant year;
My ſoul, time poſts away,
And thou, yet in that froſt
Which flow'r and fruit hath loſt,
As if all here immortal were, doſt ſtay:
For ſhame! thy powers awake,
Look to that heaven which never night makes black,
And there at that immortal ſun's bright rays,
Deck thee with flow'rs, which fear not rage of days.

THRICE happy he who by ſome ſhady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though ſolitary, who is not alone,
But doth converſe with that eternal love.

O how

O how more ſweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarſe ſobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than thoſe ſmooth whiſp'rings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O! how more ſweet is zephyrs' wholeſome breath,
And ſighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applauſe vain honour doth bequeath!
How ſweet are ſtreams to poiſon drank in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, ſlights:
Woods' harmleſs ſhades have only true delights.

SWEET bird, that ſing'ſt away the early hours
Of winters paſt, or coming, void of care,
Well pleaſed with delights which preſent are,
Fair ſeaſons, budding ſprays, ſweet-ſmelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to ſprings, to rills, from leavy bow'rs
Thou thy Creator's goodneſs doſt declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not ſpare,
A ſtain to human ſenſe in ſin that low'rs.
What ſoul can be ſo ſick, which by thy ſongs
(Attir'd in ſweetneſs) ſweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, ſpites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artleſs ſongſter, thou my mind doſt raiſe
To airs of ſpheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

AS when it happeneth that ſome lovely town
Unto a barbarous beſieger falls,
Who both by ſword and flame himſelf inſtals,
And ſhameleſs it in tears and blood doth drown;
Her beauty ſpoil'd, her citizens made thralls,
His ſpite yet cannot ſo her all throw down,
But that ſome ſtatue, pillar of renown,
Yet lurks unmaim'd within her weeping walls:
So after all the ſpoil, diſgrace and wreck,
That time, the world, and death, could bring combin'd,
Amidſt that maſs of ruins they did make,
Safe and all ſcarleſs yet remains my mind:
From this ſo high tranſcendent rapture ſprings,
That I, all elſe defac'd, not envy kings.

LET us each day inure ourſelves to die,
If this, and not our fears, be truly death,
Above the circles both of hope and faith
With fair immortal pinions to fly;
If this be death, our beſt part to untie,
By ruining the gaol, from luſt and wrath,
And every drowſy languor here beneath,
To be made deniz'd citizen of ſky;

To

To have more knowledge than all books contain,
All pleaſures even ſurmounting wiſhing pow'r,
The fellowſhip of God's immortal train,
And theſe that time nor force ſhall e'er devour:
If this be death, what joy, what golden care
Of life, can with death's uglineſs compare?

AMIDST the azure clear
Of Jordan's ſacred ſtreams,
Jordan, of Lebanon the offspring dear,
When zephyrs flow'rs uncloſe,
And ſun ſhines with new beams,
With grave and ſtately grace a nymph aroſe.
Upon her head ſhe wear
Of amaranths a crown;
Her left hand palms, her right a torch did bear;
Unveil'd ſkin's whiteneſs lay,
Gold hairs in curls hung down,
Eyes ſparkled joy, more bright than ſtar of day.
The flood a throne her rear'd
Of waves, moſt like that heaven
Where beaming ſtars in glory turn enſpher'd:
The air ſtood calm and clear,
No ſigh by winds was given,
Birds left to ſing, herds feed, her voice to hear.
World-wand'ring ſorry wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within theſe varying liſts of days and nights,

Whoſe life, ere known amiſs,
In glitt'ring griefs is ſpent,
Come learn, ſaid ſhe, what is your choiceſt bliſs:
From toil and preſſing cares
How ye may reſpite find,
A ſanctuary from ſoul-thralling ſnares;
A port to harbour ſure,
In ſpite of waves and wind,
Which ſhall when time's ſwift glaſs is run endure.
Not happy is that life
Which you as happy hold,
No, but a ſea of fears, a field of ſtrife,
Charg'd on a throne to ſit
With diadems of gold,
Preſerv'd by force, and ſtill obſerv'd by wit.
Huge treaſures to enjoy,
Of all her gems ſpoil Inde,
All Seres' ſilk in garments to employ,
Deliciouſly to feed,
The phœnix' plumes to find
To reſt upon, or deck your purple bed.
Frail beauty to abuſe,
And, wanton Sybarites,
On paſt or preſent touch of ſenſe to muſe;
Never to hear of noiſe
But what the ear delights,
Sweet muſick's charms, or charming flatterer's voice.
Nor can it bliſs you bring,
Hid nature's depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth ſpring.

Nor

Nor that your fame ſhould range,
And after-worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.
All theſe have not the pow'r
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,
When Death in ſtealth doth glance,
In ſickneſs lurks or years,
And wakes the ſoul from out her mortal trance.
No, but bleſt life is this,
With chaſte and pure deſire
To turn unto the load-ſtar of all bliſs,
On God the mind to reſt,
Burnt up with ſacred fire,
Poſſeſſing him to be by him poſſeſt:
When to the balmy eaſt
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly weſt,
And raviſheth the day,
With ſpotleſs hand and heart,
Him cheerfully to praiſe, and to him pray:
To heed each action ſo
As ever in his ſight,
More fearing doing ill than paſſive woe;
Not to ſeem other thing
Than what ye are aright;
Never to do what may repentance bring:
Not to be blown with pride,
Nor mov'd at glory's breath,
Which ſhadow-like on wings of time doth glide;

So malice to diſarm,
And conquer haſty wrath,
As to do good to thoſe that work your harm:
To hatch no baſe deſires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleas'd with that which virtue fair acquires;
To have the wit and will
Conſorting in one ſtrain,
Than what is good to have no higher ſkill:
Never on neighbour's goods,
With cockatrice's eye
To look, nor make another's heaven your hell;
Nor to be beauty's thrall;
All fruitleſs love to fly,
Yet loving ſtill a love tranſcendent all;
A love, which while it burns
The ſoul with faireſt beams,
To that increated ſun the ſoul it turns,
And makes ſuch beauty prove,
That, if ſenſe ſaw her gleams,
All lookers on would pine and die for love.
Who ſuch a life doth live
You happy even may call,
Ere ruthleſs Death a wiſhed end him give;
And after then when given,
More happy by his fall,
For humanes, earth, enjoying angels, heaven.
Swift is your mortal race,
And glaſſy is the field;
Vaſt are deſires not limited by grace:

Life

Life a weak taper is;
Then while it light doth yield,
Leave flying joys, embrace this laſting bliſs.
This when the nymph had ſaid,
She div'd within the flood,
Whoſe face with ſmiling curls long after ſtaid;
Then ſighs did zephyrs preſs,
Birds ſang from every wood,
And echoes rang, This was true happineſs.

AN

HYMN ON THE FAIREST FAIR.

I FEEL my boſom glow with wontleſs fires,
Rais'd from the vulgar preſs my mind aſpires,
Wing'd with high thoughts, unto his praiſe to climb,
From deep eternity, who call'd forth time;
That Eſſence which, not mov'd, makes each thing move,
Uncreate beauty all-creating love:
But by ſo great an object, radiant light,
My heart apall'd, enfeebled reſts my ſight,
Thick clouds benight my labouring engine,
And at my high attempts my wits repine.
If thou in me this ſacred heat haſt wrought,
My knowledge ſharpen, ſarcels lend my thought:
Grant me, Time's Father, world-containing King,
A pow'r of thee in pow'rful lays to ſing;
That as thy beauty in earth lives, heaven ſhines,
It dawning may or ſhadow in my lines.

As far beyond the ſtarry walls of heaven,
As is the loftieſt of the planets ſeven,
Sequeſter'd from this earth in pureſt light,
Out-ſhining ours, as ours doth ſable night,
Thou All-ſufficient, Omnipotent,
Thou Ever Glorious, Moſt Excellent,
God various in names, in eſſence one,
High art inſtalled on a golden throne,
Out-ſtretching heaven's wide beſpangled vault,
Tranſcending all the circles of our thought;
With diamantine ſceptre in thy hand,
There thou giv'ſt laws, and doſt this world command,
This world of concords rais'd unlikely ſweet,
Which like a ball lies proſtrate at thy feet.
If ſo we may well ſay (and what we ſay
Here wrapp'd in fleſh, led by dim Reaſon's ray,
To ſhew, by earthly beauties which we ſee,
That ſpiritual excellence that ſhines in thee,
Good Lord forgive), not far from thy right ſide,
With curled locks Youth ever doth abide;
Roſe-cheeked Youth, who garlanded with flow'rs,
Still blooming, ceaſeleſsly unto thee pours
Immortal nectar in a cup of gold,
That by no darts of ages thou grow old;
And as ends and beginnings thee not claim,
Succeſſionleſs that thou be ſtill the ſame.
Near to thy other ſide reſiſtleſs Might,
From head to foot in burniſh'd armour dight,
That rings about him, with a waving brand,
And watchful eye, great centinel doth ſtand;

That neither time nor force in aught impair
Thy workmanſhip, nor harm thine empire fair;
Soon to give death to all again that would
Stern Diſcord raiſe, which thou deſtroy'd of old;
Diſcord, that foe to order, nurſe of war,
By which the nobleſt things demoliſh'd are:
But, caitiff! ſhe no treaſon doth deviſe,
When Might to nought doth bring her enterprize:
Thy all-upholding Might her malice reins,
And her to hell throws, bound in iron chains.

With locks in waves of gold, that ebb and flow
On ivory neck, in robes more white than ſnow,
Truth ſtedfaſtly before thee holds a glaſs,
Indent with gems, where ſhineth all that was,
That is, or ſhall be, here ere aught was wrought.
Thou knew all that thy pow'r with time forth brought,
And more, things numberleſs which thou couldſt make,
That actually ſhall never being take;
Here thou behold'ſt thyſelf, and, ſtrange! doſt prove
At once the beauty, lover, and the love.

With faces two, like ſiſters, ſweetly fair,
Whoſe bloſſoms no rough autumn can impair,
Stands Providence, and doth her looks diſperſe
Through every corner of this univerſe;
Thy Providence, at once which general things
And ſingular doth rule, as empires kings;
Without whoſe care this world loſt would remain,
As ſhip without a maſter in the main,
As chariot alone, as bodies prove
Depriv'd of ſouls, whereby they be, live, move.

But

But who are they which ſhine thy throne ſo near,
With ſacred countenance and look ſevere?
This in one hand a pond'rous ſword doth hold,
Her left ſtays charg'd with balances of gold;
That, with brows girt with bays, ſweet-ſmiling face,
Doth bear a brandon with a babiſh grace:
Two milk-white wings him eaſily do move;
O! ſhe thy Juſtice is, and this thy Love!
By this thou brought'ſt this engine great to light;
By that it fram'd in number, meaſure, weight,
That deſtine doth reward to ill and good:
But ſway of Juſtice is by Love withſtood,
Which did it not relent, and mildly ſtay,
This world ere now had found its funeral day.
What bands, encluſter'd, near to theſe abide,
Which into vaſt infinity them hide!
Infinity that neither doth admit
Place, time, nor number to encroach on it.
Here bounty ſparkleth, here doth beauty ſhine,
Simplicity, more white than gelſomine,
Mercy with open wings, aye-varied bliſs,
Glory, and joy, that bliſs's darling is.
Ineffable, all-pow'rful God, all free,
Thou only liv'ſt, and each thing lives by thee;
No joy, no, nor perfection to thee came
By the contriving of this world's great frame:
Ere ſun, moon, ſtars began their reſtleſs race,
Ere painted was with light heaven's pure face,
Ere air had clouds, ere clouds wept down their ſhow'rs,
Ere ſea embraced earth, ere earth bare flow'rs,

Thou

Thou happy liv'dſt; world nought to thee ſupply'd,
All in thyſelf, thyſelf thou ſatisfy'd:
Of good no ſlender ſhadow doth appear,
No age-worn track, which ſhin'd in thee not clear,
Perfection's ſum, prime cauſe of every cauſe,
Midſt, end, beginning where all good doth pauſe:
Hence of thy ſubſtance, differing in nought,
Thou in eternity thy ſon forth brought;
The only birth of thy unchanging mind,
Thine image, pattern-like that ever ſhin'd;
Light out of light, begotten not by will,
But nature, all and that ſame eſſence ſtill
Which thou thyſelf, for thou doſt nought poſſeſs
Which he hath not, in aught nor is he leſs
Than thee his great begetter; of this light,
Eternal, double-kindled was thy ſpright
Eternally, who is with thee the ſame,
All-holy Gift, Ambaſſador, Knot, Flame:
Moſt ſacred Triad, O moſt holy One!
Unprocreate Father, ever procreate Son,
Ghoſt breath'd from both, you were, are ſtill, ſhall be,
(Moſt bleſſed) Three in One, and One in Three,
Incomprehenſible by reachleſs height,
And unperceived by exceſſive light.
So in our ſouls three and yet one are ſtill,
The underſtanding, memory, and will;
So (though unlike) the planet of the days,
So ſoon as he was made, begat his rays,
Which are his offspring, and from both was hurl'd
The roſy light which conſolates the world,

And

And none forewent another: ſo the ſpring,
The well-head, and the ſtream which they forth bring,
Are but one ſelf-ſame eſſence, nor in aught
Do differ, ſave in order; and our thought
No chime of time diſcerns in them to fall,
But three diſtinctly 'bide one eſſence all.
But theſe expreſs not thee: who can declare
Thy being? Men and angels dazzled are.
Who would this Eden force with wit or ſenſe,
A cherubin ſhall find to bar him thence.
Great Architect, Lord of this univerſe,
That light is blinded would thy greatneſs pierce.
Ah! as a pilgrim who the Alps doth paſs,
Or Atlas' temples crown'd with winter glaſs,
The airy Caucaſus, the Apennine,
Pyrenees' clifts where ſun doth never ſhine,
When he ſome craggy hills hath overwent,
Begins to think on reſt, his journey ſpent,
Till mounting ſome tall mountain, he do find
More heights before him than he left behind:
With halting pace ſo while I would me raiſe
To the unbounded limits of thy praiſe,
Some part of way I thought to have o'er-run,
But now I ſee how ſcarce I have begun;
With wonders new my ſpirits range poſſeſt,
And wandering wayleſs in a maze them reſt.
In theſe vaſt fields of light, ethereal plains,
Thou art attended by immortal trains
Of intellectual pow'rs, which thou brought'ſt forth
To praiſe thy goodneſs, and admire thy worth,

In

In numbers paſſing other creatures far,
Since creatures moſt noble manyeſt are,
Which do in knowledge us not leſs outrun
Than moon in light doth ſtars, or moon the ſun;
Unlike, in orders rang'd and many a band,
(If beauty in diſparity doth ſtand)
Archangels, angels, cherubs, ſeraphines,
And what with name of thrones amongſt them ſhines,
Large-ruling princes, dominations, pow'rs,
All-acting virtues of thoſe flaming tow'rs:
Theſe freed of umbrage, theſe of labour free,
Reſt raviſhed with ſtill beholding thee;
Inflam'd with beams which ſparkle from thy face,
They can no more deſire, far leſs embrace.
Low under them, with ſlow and ſtaggering pace
Thy hand-maid Nature thy great ſteps doth trace,
The ſource of ſecond cauſe's golden chain
That links this frame as thou it doth ordain.
Nature gaz'd on with ſuch a curious eye,
That earthlings oft her deem'd a deity.
By Nature led, thoſe bodies fair and great,
Which faint not in their courſe, nor change their ſtate,
Unintermix'd, which no diſorder prove,
Though aye and contrary they always move,
The organs of thy providence divine,
Books ever open, ſigns that clearly ſhine;
Time's purpled maſkers then do them advance,
As by ſweet muſick in a meaſur'd dance;
Stars, hoſt of heaven, ye firmaments, bright flow'rs,
Clear lamps which overhang this ſtage of ours,

Ye

Ye turn not there to deck the weeds of night,
Nor, pageant like, to pleaſe the vulgar ſight:
Great cauſes, ſure ye muſt bring great effects;
But who can deſcant right your grave aſpects?
He only who you made decypher can
Your notes; heaven's eyes, ye blind the eyes of man.
Amidſt theſe ſapphire far-extending heights,
The never-twinkling, ever wand'ring lights
Their fixed motions keep; one dry and cold,
Deep-leaden colour'd, ſlowly there is roll'd,
With rule and line for time's ſteps meting even,
In twice three luſtres he but turns his heaven.
With temperate qualities and countenance fair,
Still mildly ſmiling, ſweetly debonnaire,
Another cheers the world, and way doth make
In twice ſix autumns through the zodiack.
But hot and dry with flaming locks and brows
Enrag'd, this in his red pavilion glows:
Together running with like ſpeed, if ſpace,
Two equally in hands atchieve their race;
With bluſhing face this oft doth bring the day,
And uſhers oft to ſtately ſtars the way;
That various in virtue, changing, light,
With his ſmall flame impearls the vail of night.
Prince of this court, the ſun in triumph rides,
With the year ſnake-like in herſelf that glides,
Time's diſpenſator, fair life-giving ſource,
Through ſkies twelve poſts as he doth run his courſe;
Heart of this all, of what is known to ſenſe,
The likeſt to his Maker's excellence;

In

In whoſe diurnal motion doth appear
A ſhadow, no true portrait of the year.
The moon moves loweſt, ſilver ſun of night,
Diſperſing through the world her borrow'd light;
Who in three forms her head abroad doth range,
And only conſtant is in conſtant change.
Sad queen of ſilence, I ne'er ſee thy face
To wax, or wane, or ſhine with a full grace,
But ſtraight, amaz'd, on man I think, each day
His ſtate who changeth, or if he find ſtay,
It is in doleful anguiſh, cares, and pains,
And of his labours death is all the gains.
Immortal Monarch, can ſo fond a thought
Lodge in my breaſt, as to truſt thou firſt brought
Here in earth's ſhady cloiſter, wretched man,
To ſuck the air of woe, to ſpend life's ſpan
'Midſt ſighs and plaints, a ſtranger unto mirth,
To give himſelf his death rebucking birth?
By ſenſe and wit of creatures made king,
By ſenſe and wit to live their underling?
And what is worſt, have eaglets eyes to ſee
His own diſgrace, and know an high degree
Of bliſs, the place, if he might thereto climb,
And not live thralled to imperious time?
Or, dotard! ſhall I ſo from reaſon ſwerve,
To dim thoſe lights, which to our uſe do ſerve,
For thou doſt not them need, more nobly fram'd
Than us, that know their courſe, and have them nam'd?

No,

No, I ne'er think but we did them ſurpaſs
As far as they do aſteriſms of glaſs.
When thou us made, by treaſon high defil'd,
Thruſt from our firſt eſtate, we live exil'd,
Wand'ring this earth, which is of Death the lot,
Where he doth uſe the power which he hath got,
Indifferent umpire unto clowns and kings,
The ſupreme monarch of all mortal things.
When firſt this flow'ry orb was to us given,
It but a place diſvalu'd was to heaven:
Theſe creatures which now our ſovereigns are,
And as to rebels do denounce us war,
Then were our vaſſals; no tumultuous ſtorm,
No thunders, earthquakes, did her form deform;
The ſeas in tumbling mountains did not roar,
But like moiſt cryſtal whiſper'd on the ſhore;
No ſnake did trace her meads, nor ambuſh'd low'r
In azure curls beneath the ſweet ſpring flow'r;
The nightſhade, henbane, napel, aconite,
Her bowels then not bear, with death to ſmite
Her guiltleſs brood: thy meſſengers of grace,
As their high rounds, did haunt this lower place.
O joy of joys! with our firſt parents thou
To commune then didſt deign, as friends do now:
Againſt thee we rebell'd, and juſtly thus
Each creature rebelled againſt us;
Earth, reft of what did chief in her excel,
To all became a gaol, to moſt a hell:
In time's full term, until thy Son was given,
Who man with thee, earth reconcil'd with Heaven.

Whole

Whole and entire, all in thyſelf thou art;
All-where diffus'd, yet of this all no part:
For infinite, in making this fair frame,
Great without quantity, in all thou came;
And filling all, how can thy ſtate admit,
Or place or ſubſtance to be void of it?
Were worlds as many as the rays which ſtream
From day's bright lamp, or madding wits do dream,
They would not reel in aught, nor wand'ring ſtray,
But draw to thee, who could their centres ſtay;
Were but one hour this world disjoin'd from thee,
It in one hour to nought reduc'd ſhould be.
For it thy ſhadow is; and can they laſt,
If ſever'd from the ſubſtances them caſt?
O! only bleſs'd, and Author of all bliſs!
No, Bliſs itſelf, that all-where wiſhed is;
Efficient, exemplary, final Good,
Of thine own ſelf but only underſtood:
Light is thy curtain: thou art Light of light;
An ever-waking eye ſtill ſhining bright.
In-looking all, exempt of paſſive pow'r,
And change, in change ſince Death's pale ſhade doth low'r:
All times to thee are one; that which hath run,
And that which is not brought yet by the ſun,
To thee are preſent, who doſt always ſee
In preſent act, what paſt is, or to be.
Day-livers, we rememberance do loſe
Of ages worn, ſo miſeries us toſs,

(Blind and lethargick of thy heavenly grace,
Which ſin in our firſt parents did deface;
And even while embrions curſt by juſteſt doom)
That we neglect what gone is, or to come;
But thou in thy great archives ſcrolled haſt,
In parts and whole, whatever yet hath paſt,
Since firſt the marble wheels of time were roll'd,
As ever living, never waxing old,
Still is the ſame thy day and yeſterday,
An undivided now, a conſtant aye.

O! King, whoſe greatneſs none can comprehend,
Whoſe boundleſs goodneſs doth to all extend;
Light of all beauty, Ocean without ground,
That ſtanding, floweſt; giving, doſt abound;
Rich Palace, and In-dweller, ever bleſt,
Never not working, ever yet in reſt:
What wit cannot conceive, words ſay of thee,
Here where we as but in a mirror ſee,
Shadows of ſhadows, atoms of thy might,
Still owly-eyed when ſtaring on thy light;
Grant, that, releaſed from this earthly jail,
And freed from clouds, which here our knowledge veil,
In heaven's high temples where thy praiſes ring,
In ſweeter notes I may hear angels ſing.

GREAT God, whom we with humbled thoughts adore,
Eternal, infinite, almighty King,
Whoſe dwellings heaven tranſcend, whoſe throne before
Archangels ſerve, and ſeraphim do ſing;
Of nought who wrought all that with wond'ring eyes
We do behold within this various round;
Who makes the rocks to rock, to ſtand the ſkies;
At whoſe command clouds peals of thunder ſound:
Ah! ſpare us worms, weigh not how we, alas!
Evil to ourſelves, againſt thy laws rebel;
Waſh off thoſe ſpots, which ſtill in conſcience' glaſs,
Though we be loath to look, we ſee too well.
Deſerv'd revenge, Oh! do not, do not take:
If thou revenge, who ſhall abide thy blow?
Paſs ſhall this world, this world which thou didſt make,
Which ſhould not periſh till thy trumpet blow.
What ſoul is found whoſe parent's crime not ſtains?
Or what with its own ſins defil'd is not?
Though Juſtice rigour threaten, yet her reins
Let Mercy guide, and never be forgot.
Leſs are our faults, far, far than is thy love:
O! what can better ſeem thy grace divine,
Than they, who plagues deſerve, thy bounty prove?
And where thou ſhow'r may'ſt vengeance, there to ſhine!

Then look and pity; pitying, forgive
Us guilty ſlaves, or ſervants now in thrall;
Slaves, if, alas! thou look how we do live,
Or doing ill, or doing nought at all;
Of an ungrateful mind the foul effect.
But if thy gifts, which largely heretofore
Thou haſt upon us pour'd, thou doſt reſpect,
We are thy ſervants, nay, than ſervants more,
Thy children; yes, and children dearly bought:
But what ſtrange chance us of this lot bereaves?
Poor, worthleſs wights, how lowly are we brought!
Whom grace once children made, ſin hath made ſlaves.
Sin hath made ſlaves, but let thoſe bands grace break,
That in our wrongs thy mercies may appear:
Thy wiſdom not ſo mean is, pow'r ſo weak,
But thouſand ways they can make worlds thee fear.
O wiſdom boundleſs! O miraculous grace!
Grace, wiſdom which make wink dim Reaſon's eye!
And could heaven's King bring from his placeleſs place,
On this ignoble ſtage of care to die;
To die our death, and with the ſacred ſtream
Of blood and water guſhing from his ſide,
To make us clean of that contagious blame,
Firſt on us brought by our firſt parent's pride!
Thus thy great love and pity, heavenly King!
Love, pity, which ſo well our loſs prevent,
Of evil itſelf, lo! could all goodneſs bring,
And ſad beginning cheer with glad event.

O love

O love and pity! ill known of theſe times!
O love and pity! careful of our need!
O bounties! which our horrid acts and crimes,
Grown numberleſs, contend near to exceed.
Make this exceſſive ardour of thy love
So warm our coldneſs, ſo our lives renew,
That we from ſin, ſin may from us remove,
Wiſdom our will, faith may our wit ſubdue.
Let thy pure love burn up all worldly luſt,
Hell's candid poiſon killing our beſt part,
Which makes us joy in toys, adore frail duſt
Inſtead of thee, in temple of our heart.
Grant, when at laſt our ſouls theſe bodies leave,
Their loathſome ſhops of ſin and manſions blind,
And doom before thy royal ſeat receive,
A Saviour more than Judge they thee may find.

THE

WANDERING MUSES:

OR, THE

RIVER OF FORTH FEASTING.

BEING

A PANEGYRICK

TO THE

HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE JAMES,

King of *Great Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*.

TO

HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

IF in this ſtorm of joy and pompous throng,
This nymph, great King, doth come to thee ſo near,
That thy harmonious ears her accents hear,
Give pardon to her hoarſe and lowly ſong.
Fain would ſhe trophies to thy virtues rear:
But for this ſtately taſk ſhe is not ſtrong,
And her defects her high attempts do wrong:
Yet as ſhe could ſhe makes thy worth appear.
So in a map is ſhewn this flow'ry place;
So wrought in arras by a virgin's hand,
With heaven and blazing ſtars doth Atlas ſtand;
So drawn by charcoal is Narciſſus' face:
She like the morn may be to ſome bright ſun,
The day to perfect that's by her begun.

THE

THE

RIVER OF FORTH FEASTING.

WHAT bluſt'ring noiſe now interrupts my ſleeps?
What echoing ſhouts thus cleave my cryſtal deeps?
And ſeem to call me from my watr'ry court?
What melody, what ſounds of joy and ſport,
Are convey'd hither from each night-born ſpring?
With what loud rumours do the mountains ring,
Which in unuſual pomp on tip-toes ſtand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
Whence come theſe glitt'ring throngs, theſe meteors bright,
This golden people glancing in my ſight?
Whence doth this praiſe, applauſe, and love ariſe?
What load-ſtar eaſtward draweth thus all eyes?
Am I awake? Or have ſome dreams conſpir'd
To mock my ſenſe with what I moſt deſir'd?

View

View I that living face, ſee I thoſe looks,
Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by theſe banks of mine?
Then find I true what long I wiſh'd in vain;
My much-beloved prince is come again.
So unto them whoſe zenith is the pole,
When ſix black months are paſt, the ſun doth roll:
So after tempeſt to ſea-toſſed wights,
Fair Helen's brothers ſhew their clearing lights:
So comes Arabia's wonder from her woods,
And far, far off is ſeen by Memphis' floods;
The feather'd ſylvans, cloud-like, by her fly,
And with triumphing plaudits beat the ſky;
Nile marvels, Serap's prieſts entranced rave,
And in Mygdonian ſtone her ſhape engrave;
In laſting cedars they do mark the time
In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.

Let mother Earth now deck'd with flow'rs be ſeen,
And ſweet-breath'd zephyrs curl the meadows green:
Let heaven weep rubies in a crimſon ſhow'r,
Such as on India's ſhores they uſe to pour:
Or with that golden ſtorm the fields adorn,
Which Jove rain'd when his blue-eyed maid was born.
May never Hours the web of day out-weave,
May never Night riſe from her ſable cave!
Swell proud, my billows, faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their cauſes are:
For murmurs hoarſe ſound like Arion's harp,
Now delicately flat, now ſweetly ſharp.

And

And you, my nymphs, riſe from your moiſt repair,
Strew all your ſprings and grots with lilies fair:
Some ſwifteſt-footed, get them hence, and pray
Our floods and lakes come keep this holiday;
Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which ſee the riſing, or the ſetting ſun,
Which drink ſtern Grampus' miſts, or Ochel's ſnows:
Stone-rolling Tay, Tine tortoiſe-like that flows,
The pearly Don, the Deas, the fertile Spay,
Wild Neverne, which doth ſee our longeſt day;
Neſſe ſmoaking ſulphur, Leave with mountains crown'd,
Strange Loumond for his floating iſles renown'd;
The Iriſh Rian, Ken, the ſilver Aire,
The ſnaky Dun, the Ore with ruſhy hair,
The cryſtal-ſtreaming Nid, loud-bellowing Clyde,
Tweed, which no more our kingdoms ſhall divide;
Rank-ſwelling Annan, Lid with curled ſtreams,
The Eſkes, the Solway where they loſe their names;
To every one proclaim our joys and feaſts,
Our triumphs; bid all come and be our gueſts:
And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
Bid them bid ſea-gods keep this feſtival;
This day ſhall by our currents be renown'd;
Our hills about ſhall ſtill this day reſound:
Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
Let us with it henceforth begin our year.
To virgins, flow'rs, to ſun-burnt earth, the rain,
To mariners, fair winds amidſt the main;
Cool ſhades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not ſo pleaſing as thy bleſt return.

That

That day, dear prince, which robb'd us of thy ſight
(Day? No, but darkneſs and a duſky night)
Did fill our breaſts with ſighs, our eyes with tears,
Turn'd minutes to ſad months, ſad months to years:
Trees left to flouriſh, meadows to bear flow'rs,
Brooks hid their heads within their ſedgy bow'rs;
Fair Ceres curs'd our trees with barren froſt,
As if again ſhe had her daughter loſt:
The Muſes left our groves, and for ſweet ſongs
Sate ſadly ſilent, or did weep their wrongs:
You know it, meads; you murmuring woods it know,
Hills, dales, and caves, copartners of their woe;
And you it know, my ſtreams, which from their eine
Oft on your glaſs receiv'd their pearly brine:
O Naiads dear! ſaid they, Napæas fair!
O nymphs of trees! nymphs which on hills repair;
Gone are thoſe maiden glories, gone that ſtate,
Which made all eyes admire our bliſs of late.
As looks the heaven when never ſtar appears,
But ſlow and weary ſhroud them in their ſpheres,
While Tithon's wife emboſom'd by him lies,
And world doth languiſh in a mournful guiſe:
As looks a garden of its beauty ſpoil'd,
As woods in winter by rough Boreas foil'd,
As portraits ras'd of colours us'd to be;
So look'd theſe abject bounds depriv'd of thee.
While as my rills enjoy'd thy royal gleams,
They did not envy Tiber's haughty ſtreams,
Nor wealthy Tagus with his golden ore,
Nor clear Hydaſpes which on pearls doth roar,

Nor

Nor golden Gange that ſees the ſun new born,
Nor Achelous with his flow'ry horn,
Nor floods which near Elyſian fields do fall:
For why? Thy ſight did ſerve to them for all.
No place there is ſo deſert, ſo alone,
Even from the frozen to the torrid zone;
From flaming Hecla to great Quincey's lake,
Which thy abode could not moſt happy make:
All thoſe perfections which by bounteous Heaven
To divers worlds in divers times were given,
The ſtarry ſenate pour'd at once on thee,
That thou exemplar might'ſt to others be.
Thy life was kept till the three ſiſters ſpun
Their threads of gold, and then it was begun.
With chequer'd clouds when ſkies do look moſt fair,
And no diſorder'd blaſts diſturb the air;
When lilies do them deck in azure gowns,
And new-born roſes bluſh with golden crowns;
To prove how calm we under thee ſhould live,
What halcyonean days thy reign ſhould give;
And to two flow'ry diadems, thy right,
The heavens thee made a partner of the light.
Scarce waſt thou born, when join'd in friendly bands
Two mortal foes with other claſped hands;
With Virtue Fortune ſtrove, which moſt ſhould grace
Thy place for thee, thee for ſo high a place:
One vow'd thy ſacred breaſt not to forſake,
The other, on thee not to turn her back;
And that thou more her love's effects might'ſt feel,
For thee ſhe left her globe, and broke her wheel.

When

When years thee vigour gave, O then, how clear
Did ſmother'd ſparkles in bright flames appear!
Amongſt the woods to force the flying hart,
To pierce the mountain-wolf with feather'd dart;
See falcons climb the clouds, the fox enſnare,
Out-run the wind-out-running Dædale hare;
To breathe thy fiery ſteed on every plain,
And in meand'ring gyres him bring again;
The preſe thee making place, and vulgar things,
In admiration's air, on glory's wings:
O! Thou far from the common pitch didſt riſe,
With thy deſigns to dazzle Envy's eyes:
Thou ſought'ſt to know this all's eternal ſource,
Of ever-turning heavens the reſtleſs courſe;
Their fixed lamps, their lights, which wand'ring run,
Whence moon her ſilver hath, his gold the ſun;
If fate there be or no, if planets can,
By fierce aſpects, force the free will of man:
The light aſpiring fire, the liquid air,
The flaming dragons, comets with red hair,
Heaven's tilting lances, artillery, and bow,
Loud-ſounding trumpets, darts of hail and ſnow,
The roaring element, with people dumb,
The earth with what conceiv'd is in her womb,
What on her moves, were ſet unto thy ſight,
Till thou didſt find their cauſes, eſſence, might:
But unto nought thou ſo thy mind didſt ſtrain,
As to be read in man, and learn to reign;
To know the weight and Atlas of a crown,
To ſpare the humble, proud ones tumble down.

Whea

When from thoſe piercing cares which thrones inveſt,
As thorns the roſe, thou wearied would'ſt thee reſt,
With lute in hand, full of celeſtial fire,
To the Pierian groves thou didſt retire:
There, garlanded with all Urania's flow'rs,
In ſweeter lays than builded Thebes' tow'rs;
Or them which charm'd the dolphins in the main,
Or which did call Eurydice again;
Thou ſung'ſt away the hours, till from their ſphere
Stars ſeem'd to ſhoot, thy melody to hear.
The god with golden hair, the ſiſter maids,
Did leave their Helicon and Tempe's ſhades,
To ſee thine iſle; here loſt their native tongue,
And in thy world-divided language ſung.
Who of thine after-age can count the deeds,
With all that Fame in Time's huge annals reads;
How by example, more than any law,
This people fierce thou didſt to goodneſs draw;
How while the neighbour worlds, toſs'd by the Fates,
So many Phaetons had in their ſtates,
Which turn'd to heedleſs flames their burniſh'd thrones,
Thou, as enſpher'd, kept'ſt temperate thy zones;
In Afric ſhores, the ſands that ebb and flow,
The ſhady leaves on Arden's trees that grow,
He ſure may count, with all the waves that meet
To waſh the Mauritanian Atlas' feet.
Though crown'd thou wert not, nor a king by birth,
Thy worth deſerves the richeſt crown on earth.
Search this half-ſphere, and the Antarctic ground,
Where are ſuch wit and bounty to be found?

As into ſilent night, when near the Bear
The virgin huntreſs ſhines at full moſt clear,
And ſtrives to match her brother's golden light,
The hoſt of ſtars doth vaniſh in her ſight;
Arcturus dies; cool'd is the Lion's ire,
Po burns no more with Phaetontal fire;
Orion faints to ſee his arms grow black,
And that his flaming ſword he now doth lack:
So Europe's lights, all bright in their degree,
Loſe all their luſtre, parallel'd with thee.
By juſt deſcent thou from more kings doſt ſhine,
Than many can name men in all their line:
What moſt they toil to find, and finding hold,
Thou ſcorneſt, orient gems, and flatt'ring gold;
Eſteeming treaſure ſurer in men's breaſts,
Than when immur'd with marble, clos'd in cheſts:
No ſtormy paſſions do diſturb thy mind,
No miſts of greatneſs ever could thee blind:
Who yet hath been ſo meek? Thou life didſt give
To them who did repine to ſee thee live:
What prince by goodneſs hath ſuch kingdoms gain'd?
Who hath ſo long his people's peace maintain'd?
Their ſwords are turn'd to ſcythes, to coulters ſpears,
Some giant poſt their antique armour bears:
Now, where the wounded knight his life did bleed,
The wanton ſwain ſits piping on a reed;
And where the cannon did Jove's thunder ſcorn,
The gaudy huntſman winds his ſhrill-tun'd horn:
Her green locks Ceres doth to yellow dye;
The pilgrim ſafely in the ſhade doth lie;

Both

Both Pan and Pales careleſs keep their flocks;
Seas have no dangers, ſave the winds and rocks:
Thou art this Iſle's palladium; neither can
(Whiles thou doſt live!) it be o'erthrown by man.
Let others boaſt of blood and ſpoils of foes,
Fierce rapines, murders, iliads of woes;
Of hated pomp, and trophies reared fair,
Gore-ſpangled enſigns ſtreaming in the air;
Count how they make the Scythian them adore,
The Gaditan, and ſoldier of Aurore:
Unhappy boaſting! to enlarge their bounds,
That charge themſelves with cares, their friends with wounds;
Who have no law to their ambitious will,
But, man-plagues! born are human blood to ſpill:
Thou a true victor art, ſent from above
What others ſtrain by force to gain by love;
World-wand'ring Fame this praiſe to thee imparts,
To be the only monarch of all hearts.
They many fear, who are of many fear'd,
And kingdoms got by wrongs, by wrongs are tear'd;
Such thrones as blood doth raiſe, blood throweth down;
No guard ſo ſure as love unto a crown.
Eye of our weſtern world! Mars-daunting king!
With whoſe renown the earth's ſeven climates ring,
Thy deeds not only claim theſe diadems,
To which Thame, Litty, Tay, ſubject their ſtreams:
But to thy virtues rare, and gifts, is due
All that the planet of the year doth view;

Sure, if the world above did want a prince,
The world above to it would take thee hence.
That Murder, Rapine, Luſt, are fled to hell,
And in their rooms with us the Graces dwell;
That honour more than riches men reſpect,
That worthineſs than gold doth more effect;
That Piety unmaſked ſhews her face,
That Innocency keeps with power her place;
That long-exil'd Aſtrea leaves the heaven,
And turneth right her ſword, her weights holds even;
That the Saturnian world is come again,
Are wiſh'd effects of thy moſt happy reign.
That daily peace, love, truth, delights increaſe,
And diſcord, hate, fraud, with incumbers, ceaſe;
That men uſe ſtrength, not to ſhed others blood,
But uſe their ſtrength, now to do others good;
That fury is enchain'd, diſarmed wrath,
That, ſave by Nature's hand, there is no death;
That late grim foes, like brothers, other love,
That vultures prey not on the harmleſs dove;
That wolves with lambs do friendſhip entertain,
Are wiſh'd effects of thy moſt happy reign.
That towns increaſe, that ruin'd temples riſe,
That their wind-moving vanes do kiſs the ſkies;
That ignorance and ſloth hence run away,
That bury'd arts now rouſe them to the day;
That Hyperion far beyond his bed
Doth ſee our lions ramp, our roſes ſpread;
That Iber courts us, Tiber not us charms,
That Rhein with hence-brought beams his boſom warms;

That ill doth fear, and good doth us maintain,
Are wiſh'd effects of thy moſt happy reign.
O virtue's pattern! glory of our times!
Sent of paſt days to expiate the crimes;
Great king, but better far than thou art great,
Whom ſtate not honours, but who honours ſtate;
By wonder borne, by wonder firſt inſtall'd,
By wonder after to new kingdoms call'd;
Young, kept by wonder from home-bred alarms,
Old, ſav'd by wonder from pale traitors' harms;
To be for this thy reign, which wonders brings,
A king of wonder, wonder unto kings.
If Pict, Dane, Norman, thy ſmooth yoke had ſeen,
Pict, Dane, and Norman, had thy ſubjects been:
If Brutus knew the bliſs thy rule doth give,
Ev'n Brutus joy would under thee to live:
For thou thy people doſt ſo dearly love,
That they a father, more than prince, thee prove.
O days to be deſir'd! age happy thrice!
If you your heaven-ſent good could duly prize;
But we, half-palſy-ſick, think never right
Of what we hold, till it be from our ſight;
Prize only ſummer's ſweet and muſked breath,
When armed winters threaten us with death;
In pallid ſickneſs do eſteem of health,
And by ſad poverty diſcern of wealth:
I ſee an age, when after ſome few years,
And revolutions of the ſlow-pac'd ſpheres,
Theſe days ſhall be 'bove other far eſteem'd,
And like Auguſtus' palmy reign be deem'd.

The names of Arthur, fabulous Paladines,
Grav'n in Time's ſurly brow in wrinkled lines;
Of Henries, Edwards, famous for their fights,
Their neighbour conqueſts, orders new of knights,
Shall, by this prince's name, be paſt as far
As meteors are by the Idalian ſtar.
If grey-hair'd Proteus' ſongs the truth not miſs,
There is a land, hence diſtant many miles,
Out-reaching fiction and Atlantic iſles;
Which (homelings) from this little world we name,
That ſhall emblazon with ſtrange rites his fame;
Shall rear him ſtatues all of pureſt gold,
Such as men gave unto the gods of old;
Name by him temples, palaces, and towns,
With ſome great river, which their fields renowns.
This is that king, who ſhould make right each wrong,
Of whom the bards and myſtic ſybils ſung;
The man long promis'd, by whoſe glorious reign
This Iſle ſhould yet her ancient name regain,
And more of Fortunate deſerve the ſtyle,
Than thoſe where heavens with double ſummers ſmile.
Run on, great Prince! thy courſe in glory's way,
The end the life, the evening crowns the day;
Heap worth on worth, and ſtrongly ſoar above
Thoſe heights, which made the world thee firſt to love;
Surmount thyſelf, and make thine actions paſt
Be but as gleams or lightnings of thy laſt;
Let them exceed thoſe of thy younger time,
As far as autumn doth the flow'ry prime.

Through

Through this thy empire range, like world's bright eye,
That once each year ſurveys all earth and ſky;
Now glances on the ſlow and reſty Bears,
Then turns to dry the weeping Auſter's tears;
Hurries to both the poles, and moveth even
In the infigur'd circle of the heaven.
O! long, long haunt theſe bounds, which by thy ſight
Have now regain'd their former heat and light.
Here grow green woods, here ſilver brooks do glide,
Here meadows ſtretch them out with painted pride;
Embroid'ring all the banks, here hills aſpire
To crown their heads with the ethereal fire;
Hills, bulwarks of our freedom, giant walls,
Which never friends did ſlight, nor ſword made thralls:
Each circling flood to Thetis tribute pays,
Men here, in health, outlive old Neſtor's days:
Grim Saturn yet amongſt our rocks remains,
Bound in our caves, with many metal'd chains:
Bulls haunt our ſhades, like Leda's lover, white,
Which yet might breed Paſiphae delight;
Our flocks fair fleeces bear, with which, for ſport,
Endymion of old the moon did court;
High-palmed harts amidſt our foreſts run,
And, not impell'd, the deep-mouth'd hounds do ſhun;
The rough-foot hare ſafe in our buſhes ſhrouds,
And long-wing'd hawks do perch amidſt our clouds.
The wanton wood-nymphs of the verdant ſpring,
Blue, golden, purple flow'rs ſhall to thee bring;

Pomona's fruits the Paniſks, Thetis' gyrles
Thy Thule's amber, with the ocean pearls;
The Tritons, herdſmen of the glaſſy field,
Shall give thee what far-diſtant ſhores can yield;
The Serean fleeces, Erythrean gems,
Waſte Plata's ſilver, gold of Peru ſtreams,
Antarctic parrots, Æthiopian plumes,
Sabæan odours, myrrh, and ſweet perfumes:
And I myſelf, wrapt in a watchet gown
Of reeds and lilies, on mine head a crown,
Shall incenſe to thee burn, green altars raiſe,
And yearly ſing due Pæans to thy praiſe.
Ah! why ſhould Iſis only ſee thee ſhine?
Is not thy Forth, as well as Iſis, thine?
Though Iſis vaunt ſhe hath more wealth in ſtore,
Let it ſuffice thy Forth doth love thee more:
Though ſhe for beauty may compare with Seine,
For ſwans and ſea-nymphs with imperial Rheine;
Yet, for the title may be claim'd in thee,
Nor ſhe, nor all the world, can match with me.
Now, when, by honour drawn, thou ſhalt away
To her, already jealous of thy ſtay;
When in her amorous arms ſhe doth thee fold,
And dries thy dewy hairs with hers of gold,
Much aſking of thy fare, much of thy ſport,
Much of thine abſence, long, howe'er ſo ſhort,
And chides, perhaps, thy coming to the North,
Loath not to think on thy much-loving Forth:
O! love theſe bounds, where, of thy royal ſtem,
More than an hundred wore a diadem.

So

So ever gold and bays thy brows adorn,
So never time may ſee thy race out-worn;
So of thine own ſtill may'ſt thou be deſir'd,
Of ſtrangers fear'd, redoubted, and admir'd;
So memory thee praiſe, ſo precious hours
May character thy name in ſtarry flow'rs;
So may thy high exploits at laſt make even
With earth thy empire, glory with the heaven!

SPEECHES

SPEECHES

TO THE

HIGH AND EXCELLENT PRINCE

CHARLES,

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND IRELAND,

At his entering his CITY of EDINBURGH.

Delivered from the Pageants the 15th of June, 1633.

AN INTENDED

SPEECH

AT THE WEST GATE.

SIR,

IF Nature could ſuffer rocks to move, and abandon their natural places, this Town, founded on the ſtrength of rocks (now, by the all-cheering rays of your Majeſty's preſence, taking not only motion, but life), had, with her caſtle, temples, and houſes, moved toward you, and beſought you to acknowledge her yours, and her inhabitants your moſt humble and affectionate ſubjects; and to believe, how many ſouls are within her circuits, ſo many lives are devoted to your ſacred perſon and crown. And here, Sir, ſhe offers, by me, to the altar of your glory, whole hecatombs of moſt happy deſires, praying all things may prove proſperous unto you; that every virtue and heroic grace, which make a prince eminent, may, with a long and bleſſed government, attend you; your kingdoms flouriſhing abroad with bays, at home with olives; preſenting you, Sir (who are the ſtrong key

of

of this little world of Great Britain), with theſe keys, which caſt up the gates of her affection, and deſign you power to open all the ſprings of the hearts of theſe her moſt loyal citizens. Yet this is almoſt not neceſſary; for as the roſe at the far appearing of the morning ſun diſplayeth and ſpreadeth her purples, ſo at the very report of your happy return to this your native country, their hearts (as might be apparent, if they could have ſhined through their breaſts) were with joy and fair hopes made ſpacious; nor did they ever, in all parts, feel a more comfortable heat, than the glory of your preſence at this time darteth upon them.

The old forget their age, and look freſh and young at the ſight of ſo gracious a prince: the young bear a part in your welcome, deſiring many years of life, that they may ſerve you long; all have more joys than tongues; for, as the words of other nations far go beyond and ſurpaſs the affection of their hearts; ſo in this nation, the affection of their hearts is far above all they can expreſs by words. Deign then, Sir, from the higheſt of majeſty to look down on their lowneſs, and embrace it; accept the homage of their humble minds, accept their grateful zeal; and, for deeds, accept that great good-will which they have ever carried to the high deſerts of your anceſtors, and ſhall ever, to your own, and your royal race, whilſt theſe rocks ſhall be overſhadowed with buildings, theſe buildings inhabited by men, and while men ſhall be endued either with counſel or courage, or enjoy any piece of reaſon, ſenſe, or life.

THE

THE
SPEECH OF CALEDONIA,
REPRESENTING THE KINGDOM.

THE Heavens have heard our vows, our juſt deſires
Obtained are; no higher now aſpires
Our wiſhing thought, ſince to his native clime,
The flower of princes, honour of his time,
Encheering all our dales, hills, foreſts, ſtreams,
(As Phœbus doth the ſummer with his beams)
Is come, and radiant to us, in his train,
The golden age and virtues brings again!
Prince ſo much longed for! how thou becalm'ſt
Minds eaſeleſs anguiſh, every care embalm'ſt
With the ſweet odours of thy preſence! Now,
In ſwelling tides, joys every where do flow
By thine approach; and that the world may ſee
What unthought wonders do attend on thee,
This kingdom's angel I, who ſince that day
That ruthleſs Fate thy parent reft away,
And made a ſtar, appear'd not any where
To gratulate thy coming, come am here.
Hail! princes' phœnix, monarch of all hearts,
Sovereign of love and juſtice, who imparts
More than thou canſt receive! To thee this crown
Is due by birth: but more, it is thine own

By

By juſt deſert; and ere another brow
Than thine ſhould reach the fame, my floods ſhould flow
With hot vermilion gore, and every plain
Level the hills with carcaſes of ſlain,
This iſle become a Red Sea. Now how ſweet
Is it to me, when love and laws thus meet
To girt thy temples with this diadem,
My nurſelings ſacred fear, and deareſt gem,
Nor Roman, Saxon, Pict, by ſad alarms
Could thus acquire and keep; the heavens in arms
From us repel all perils; nor by wars
Aught here was won, ſave gaping wounds and ſcars:
Our Lion's climacteric now is paſt,
And crown'd with bays he rampeth free at laſt.
Here are no Serean fleeces, Peru gold,
Aurora's gems, nor wares by Tyrians ſold;
Towns ſwell not here with Babylonian walls,
Nor Nero's ſky-reſembling gold-ceil'd halls;
Nor Memphis' ſpires, nor Quinzaye's arched frames,
Captiving ſeas, and giving lands their names:
Faith, milk-white Faith! of old belov'd ſo well,
Yet in this corner of the world doth dwell
With her pure ſiſters, Truth, Simplicity;
Here baniſh'd Honour bears them company:
A Mars-adoring brood is here, their wealth,
Sound minds, and bodies of as ſound a health;
Walls here are men, who fence their cities more
Than Neptune, when he doth in mountains roar,
Doth guard this iſle, or all thoſe forts and tow'rs
Amphion's harp rais'd about Thebes' bow'rs.

Heaven's

Heaven's arch is oft their roof, the pleaſant ſhed
Of oak and plain oft ſerves them for a bed.
To ſuffer want, oft pleaſure to deſpiſe,
Run over panting mountains crown'd with ice,
Rivers o'ercome, the waſteſt lakes appal,
(Being to themſelves, oars, ſteerers, ſhip and all)
Is their renown: a brave all-daring race,
Courageous, prudent, doth this climate grace;
Yet the firm baſe on which their glory ſtands,
In peace, true hearts; in wars, is valiant hands,
Which here, great King! they offer up to thee,
Thy worth reſpecting as thy pedigree.
Though it be much to come of princely ſtem,
More is it to deſerve a diadem.

Vouchſafe, bleſt people, raviſh'd here with me,
To think my thoughts, and ſee what I do ſee.
A prince all-gracious, affable, divine,
Meek, wiſe, juſt, valiant, whoſe radiant ſhine
Of virtues, like the ſtars about the Pole
Gilding the night, enlight'neth every ſoul,
Your ſceptre ſways; a prince, born in this age
To guard the innocent from tyrants' rage;
To make peace proſper, juſtice to reflow'r,
In deſert hamlet, as in lordly bow'r;
A prince that, though of none he ſtands in awe,
Yet firſt ſubjects himſelf to his own law;
Who joys in good, and ſtill, as right directs,
His greatneſs meaſures by his good effects;
His people's pedeſtal, who riſing high,
To grace this throne, makes Scotland's name to fly

On halcyon's wings (her glory which reſtores)
Beyond the ocean to Columbus' ſhores:
God's ſacred picture in this man adore,
Honour his valour, zeal, his piety more;
High value what you hold, him deep engrave
In your heart's heart, from whom all good ye have:
For as moon's ſplendor from her brother ſprings,
The people's welfare ſtreameth from their kings.
Since your love's object doth immortal prove,
O! love this prince with an eternal love.

Pray that thoſe crowns his anceſtors did wear,
His temples long, more orient, may bear;
That good he reach by ſweetneſs of his ſway,
That ev'n his ſhadow may the bad affray;
That Heaven on him what he deſires beſtow,
That ſtill the glory of his greatneſs grow;
That your begun felicities may laſt,
That no Orion do with ſtorms them blaſt;
That victory his brave exploits attend,
Eaſt, weſt, or ſouth, where he his force ſhall bend,
Till his great deeds all former deeds ſurmount,
And quell the Nimrod of the Helleſpont;
That when his well-ſpent care all care becalms,
He may in peace ſleep in a ſhade of palms;
And rearing up fair trophies, that Heaven may
Extend his life to world's extremeſt day.

THE

SONG OF THE MUSES AT PARNASSUS.

AT length we ſee thoſe eyes,
Which cheer both earth and ſkies;
Now, ancient Caledon,
Thy beauties heighten, richeſt robes put on,
And let young joys to all thy parts ariſe.

Here, could thy Prince ſtill ſtay,
Each month ſhould turn to May;
We need nor ſtar, nor ſun,
Save him, to lengthen days, and joys begun:
Sorrow and Night to far climes haſte away.

Now majeſty and love
Combin'd are from above;
Prince never ſceptre ſway'd,
Lov'd ſubjects more, of ſubjects more obey'd,
Which may endure whilſt heaven's great orbs do move.

Joys, did you always laſt,
Life's ſpark you ſoon would waſte;
Grief follows ſweet delight,
As day is ſhadowed by ſable night,
Yet ſhall remembrance keep you ſtill, when paſt.

THE

SPEECHES

AT THE

HOROSCOPAL PAGEANT,

BY THE PLANETS.

ENDYMION.

ROUS'D from the Latmian cave, where many years
That empreſs of the loweſt of the ſpheres,
Who cheers the night, did keep me hid, apart
From mortal wights, to eaſe her love-ſick heart,
As young as when ſhe did me firſt incloſe,
As freſh in beauty as the morning roſe,
Endymion, that whilom kept my flocks
Upon Ionia's flow'ry hills and rocks,
And ſweet lays warbling to my Cynthia's beams,
Out-ſang the cygnets of Meander's ſtreams:
To whom, for guerdon, ſhe heaven's ſecret bars
Made open, taught the paths and pow'rs of ſtars:

By

By this dear Lady's ſtrict commandement,
To celebrate this day I here am ſent.
But whether is this heaven, which ſtars do crown,
Or are heaven's flaming ſplendours here come down
To beautify this nether world with me?
Such ſtate and glory did e'er ſhepherd ſee?
My wits my ſenſe miſtruſt, and ſtay amaz'd;
No eye on fairer objects ever gaz'd.
Sure this is heaven; for ev'ry wand'ring ſtar,
Forſaking thoſe great orbs where whirl'd they are,
All diſmal, ſad aſpects abandoning,
Are here met to ſalute ſome gracious king.
Nor is it ſtrange if they heaven's height neglect;
It of undoubted worth is the effect:
Then this it is, thy preſence, royal youth,
Hath brought them here within an azimuth,
To tell by me, their herald, coming things,
And what each Fate to her ſtern diſtaff ſings:
Heaven's volume to unclaſp, vaſt pages ſpread,
Myſterious golden cyphers clear to read.
Hear then the augur of thy future days,
And what the ſtarry ſenate of thee ſays;
For, what is firm decreed in heaven above,
In vain on earth ſtrive mortals to improve.

SATURN.

TO fair hopes to give reins now is it time,
And ſoar as high as juſt deſires may climb;
O halcyonian, clear, and happy day!
From ſorry wights let ſorrow fly away,
And vex Antarctic climes; great Britain's woes
Vaniſh, for joy now in her zenith glows.
The old Lucadian ſcythe-bearing ſire,
Though cold, for thee feels flames of ſweet deſire;
And many luſtres at a perfect height
Shall keep thy ſceptre's majeſty as bright,
And ſtrong in power and glory, every way,
As when thy peerleſs parent did it ſway;
Ne'er turning wrinkled in Time's endleſs length,
But one in her firſt beauty, youthful ſtrength,
Like thy rare mind, which ſtedfaſt as the Pole
Still fixed ſtands, however ſpheres do roll.
More to enhance with favours this thy reign,
His age of gold he ſhall reſtore again;
Love, Juſtice, Honour, Innocence renew,
Men's ſprights with white ſimplicity indue;
Make all to live in plenty's ceaſeleſs ſtore
With equal ſhares, none wiſhing to have more.
No more ſhall cold the ploughmen's hopes beguile,
Skies ſhall on earth with lovely glances ſmile;
Which ſhall, untill'd, each flower and herb bring forth,
And lands to gardens turn, of equal worth;
Life (long) ſhall not be thrall'd to mortal dates:
Thus Heavens decree, ſo have ordain'd the Fates.

JOVE.

JOVE.

DELIGHT of Heaven! ſole honour of the Earth!
Jove (courting thine aſcendant) at thy birth
Proclaimed thee a King, and made it true,
That to thy worth great monarchies are due:
He gave thee what was good, and what was great,
What did belong to love, and what to ſtate;
Rare gifts, whoſe ardours burn the hearts of all;
Like tinder, when flint's atoms on it fall.
The Tramontane, which thy fair courſe directs,
Thy counſels ſhall approve by their effects;
Juſtice, kept low by giants, wrongs, and jars,
Thou ſhalt relieve, and crown with gliſtering ſtars;
Whom nought, ſave law of force, could keep in awe,
Thou ſhalt turn clients to the force of law;
Thou arms ſhalt brandiſh for thine own defence,
Wrongs to repel, and guard weak innocence,
Which to thy laſt effort thou ſhalt uphold,
As oak the ivy which it doth enfold.
All overcome, at laſt thyſelf o'ercome,
Thou ſhalt make Paſſion yield to Reaſon's doom:
For ſmiles of Fortune ſhall not raiſe thy mind,
Nor ſhall diſaſters make it e'er declin'd:
True Honour ſhall reſide within thy court,
Sobriety and Truth there ſtill reſort;
Keep promis'd faith, thou ſhalt all treacheries
Deteſt, and fawning paraſites deſpiſe;
Thou, others to make rich, ſhalt not make poor
Thyſelf, but give, that thou may'ſt ſtill give more:

Thou ſhalt no paranymph raiſe to high place,
For frizzled locks, quaint pace, or painted face:
On gorgeous raiments, womanizing toys,
The works of worms, and what a moth deſtroys,
The maze of fools, thou ſhalt no treaſure ſpend,
Thy charge to immortality ſhall tend;
Raiſe palaces, and temples vaulted high;
Rivers o'eraich; of hoſpitality
And ſciences the ruin'd inns reſtore;
With walls and ports encircle Neptune's ſhore;
To new-found worlds thy fleets make hold their courſe,
And find of Canada the unknown ſource;
People thoſe lands which paſs Arabian fields
In fragrant woods, and muſk which zephyr yields.
Thou, fear'd of none, ſhalt not thy people fear,
Thy people's love thy greatneſs ſhall up-rear:
Still rigour ſhall not ſhine, and mercy lower;
What love can do, thou ſhalt not do by power;
New and vaſt taxes thou ſhalt not extort,
Load heavy thoſe thy bounty ſhould ſupport.
Thou ſhalt not ſtrike the hinge nor maſter-beam
Of thine eſtate; but errors in the ſame,
By harmleſs juſtice, graciouſly reform.
Delighting more in calm than roaring ſtorm,
Thou ſhalt govern in peace, as did thy ſire;
Keep, ſave thine own, and kingdoms new acquire
Beyond Alcides' pillars, and thoſe bounds
Where Alexander gain'd the eaſtern crowns,
Till thou the greateſt be among the Greats:
Thus Heavens ordain, ſo have decreed the Fates.

MARS.

MARS.

SON of tne Lion! thou of loathſome bands
Shalt free the earth, and whate'er thee withſtands
Thy noble paws ſhall tear; the God of Thrace
Shall be thy ſecond; and before thy face,
To Truth and Juſtice whilſt thou trophies rears,
Armies ſhall fall diſmay'd with panic fears.
As when Aurora in ſky's azure liſts
Makes ſhadows vaniſh, doth diſperſe the miſts,
And in a twinkling with her opal light
Night's horrors checketh, putting ſtars to flight:
More to inflame thee to this noble taſk,
To thee he here reſigns his ſword and caſque.
A wall of flying caſtles, armed pines,
Shall bridge thy ſea; like heaven with ſteel that ſhines
To aid Earth's tenants by foul yokes oppreſt,
And fill with fears the great King of the Weſt:
To thee already Victory diſplays
Her garlands twin'd with olive, oak, and bays;
Thy triumphs finiſh ſhall all old debates:
Thus Heavens decree, ſo have ordain'd the Fates.

SUN.

SUN.

WEALTH, wiſdom, glory, pleaſure, ſtouteſt hearts,
Religion, laws, Hyperion imparts
To thy juſt reign, which ſhall far, far ſurpaſs
Of emperors, kings, the beſt that ever was:
Look how he dims the ſtars; thy glories' rays
So darken ſhall the luſtre of theſe days:
For in fair Virtue's zodiac thou ſhalt run,
And in the heaven of worthies be the ſun.
No more contemn'd ſhall hapleſs Learning lie;
The maids of Pindus ſhall be raiſed high;
For bay and ivy which their brows enroll'd,
Thou ſhalt 'em deck with gems and ſhining gold;
Thou open ſhalt Parnaſſus' cryſtal gates;
Thus Heavens ordain, ſo do decree the Fates.

VENUS.

THE Acidalian Queen amidſt thy bays
Shall twine her myrtles, grant thee pleaſant days;
She did make clear thy houſe, and, with her light,
Of churliſh ſtars put back the diſmal ſpight;
The hymenean bed fair brood ſhall grace,
Which on the earth continue ſhall their race;
While Flora's treaſure ſhall the meads endear;
While ſweet Pomona roſe-cheek'd fruits ſhall bear;
While Phœbus' beams her brother's emulates:
Thus Heavens decree, ſo have ordain'd the Fates.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

GREAT Atlas' nephew ſhall the works of peace,
The ſprings of plenty, tillage, trade, increaſe;
And arts, in time's gulphs loſt, again reſtore
To their perfection; nay, find many more,
More perfect artiſts: Cyclops in their forge
Shall mould thoſe brazen Typhons, which diſgorge
From their hard bowels metal, flame, and ſmoke,
Muffling the air up in a ſable cloke.
Geryons, harpies, dragons, ſphinges ſtrange
Wheel, where in ſpacious gires the fume doth range;
The ſea ſhrinks at the blow, ſhake doth the ground,
The world's vaſt chambers doth the ſound rebound;
The Stygian porter leaveth off to bark,
Black Jove, appall'd, doth ſhroud him in the dark;
Many a Typhis, in adventures toſs'd,
By new-found ſkill ſhall many a maiden coaſt
With thy ſail-winged Argoſes find out,
Which, like the ſun, ſhall run the earth about;
And far beyond his paths ſcore wavy ways,
To Cathay's lands by Hyperborean ſeas;
He ſhall endue thee, both in peace and war,
With wiſdom, which than ſtrength is better far;
Wealth, honour, arms, and arts ſhall grace thy ſtates:
Thus Heavens ordain, ſo do decree the Fates.

THE

THE MOON.

O HOW the fair Queen with the golden maids,
The ſun of night, thy happy fortunes aids!
Though turban'd princes for a badge her wear,
To them ſhe wains, to thee would full appear;
Her hand-maid Thetis daily walks the round
About thy Delos, that no force it wound;
Then when thou left'ſt it, and abroad didſt ſtray,
Dear pilgrim, ſhe did ſtrew with flowers thy way;
And, turning foreign force and counſel vain,
Thy guard and guide return'd thee home again;
To thee ſhe kingdoms, years, bliſs did divine,
Quailing Meduſa's grim ſnakes with her ſhine.
Beneath thy reign Diſcord (fell miſchief's forge,
The bane of people, ſtate and kingdom's ſcourge),
Pale Envy (with the cockatrice's eye,
Which ſeeing kills, but ſeen doth forthwith die),
Malice, Deceit, Rebellion, Impudence,
Beyond the Garamants ſhall pack them hence,
With every monſter that thy glory hates:
Thus Heavens decree, ſo have ordain'd the Fates.

ENDYMION.

THAT heretofore to thy heroic mind
Hopes did not anſwer as they were deſign'd,
O do not think it ſtrange: times were not come,
And theſe fair ſtars had not pronounc'd their doom
The Deſtinies did on that day attend,
When to this northern region thou ſhouldſt lend
Thy cheerful preſence, and, charg'd with renown,
Set on thy brows the Caledonian crown.
Thy virtues now thy juſt deſire ſhall grace,
Stern chance ſhall change, and to deſert give place.
Let this be known to all the Fates, admit
To their grave counſel, and to every wit
That courts Heaven's inſide: this let Sybils know,
And thoſe mad Corybants who dance and glow
On Dindimus' high tops with frantic fire:
Let this be known to all Apollo's choir,
And People: let it not be hid from you,
What mountains' noiſe and floods proclaim as true.
Wherever Fame abroad his praiſe ſhall ring,
All ſhall obſerve, and ſerve this bleſſed King.

The End of King CHARLES's Entertainment at *Edinburgh*, 1633.

A PAS-

A

PASTORAL ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH

OF

S. W. A.

IN ſweeteſt prime and blooming of his age,
Dear Alcon, raviſh'd from this mortal ſtage,
The ſhepherds mourn'd, as they him lov'd before.
Among the rout, him Idmon did deplore;
Idmon, who, whether ſun in eaſt did riſe,
Or dive in weſt, pour'd torrents from his eyes
Of liquid cryſtal; under hawthorn ſhade,
At laſt to trees and flocks this plaint he made:
Alcon! delight of Heaven, deſire of Earth,
Off-ſpring of Phœbus, and the Muſes' birth,
The Graces' darling, Adon of our plains,
Flame of the faireſt nymphs the earth ſuſtains!
What pow'r of thee hath us bereft? what Fate,
By thy untimely fall, would ruinate

Our hopes? O Death! what treaſure in one hour
Haſt thou diſperſed! how doſt thou devour
What we on earth hold deareſt! All things good,
Too envious Heavens, how blaſt ye in the bud!
The corn the greedy reapers cut not down
Before the fields with golden ears it crown;
Nor doth the verdant fruits the gardener pull;
But thou art cropt before thy years were full.
With thee, ſweet youth! the glories of our fields
Vaniſh away, and what contentments yields.
The lakes their ſilver look, the woods their ſhades,
The ſprings their cryſtal want, their verdure meads,
The years their early ſeaſons, cheerful days;
Hills gloomy ſtand, now deſolate of rays:
Their amorous whiſpers zephyrs not us bring,
Nor do air's choriſters ſalute the ſpring;
The freezing winds our gardens do deflow'r.
Ah Deſtinies, and you whom ſkies embow'r,
To his fair ſpoils his ſpright again yet give,
And, like another phœnix, make him live!
The herbs, though cut, ſprout fragrant from their ſtems,
And make with crimſon bluſh our anadems:
The ſun, when in the weſt he doth decline,
Heaven's brighteſt tapers at his funerals ſhine;
His face, when waſh'd in the Atlantic ſeas,
Revives, and cheers the welkin with new rays:
Why ſhould not he, ſince of more pure a frame,
Return to us again, and be the ſame?

But,

But, wretch! what wiſh I? To the winds I ſend
Theſe plaints and pray'rs: Deſtinies cannot lend
Thee more of time, nor Heavens conſent will thus
Thou leave their ſtarry world to dwell with us;
Yet ſhall they not thee keep amidſt their ſpheres
Without theſe lamentations and tears.
Thou waſt all virtue, courteſy, and worth;
And, as ſun's light is in the moon ſet forth,
World's ſupreme excellence in thee did ſhine:
Nor, though eclipſed now, ſhalt thou decline,
But in our memories live, while dolphins ſtreams,
Shall haunt, whilſt eaglets ſtare on Titan's beams,
Whilſt ſwans upon their cryſtal tombs ſhall ſing,
Whilſt violets with purple paint the ſpring.
A gentler ſhepherd flocks did never feed
On Albion's hills, nor ſing to oaten reed.
While what ſhe found in thee my muſe would blaze,
Grief doth diſtract her, and cut ſhort thy praiſe.
How oft have we, environ'd by the throng
Of tedious ſwains, the cooler ſhades among,
Contemn'd Earth's glow-worm Greatneſs, and the chace
Of Fortune ſcorn'd, deeming it diſgrace
To court inconſtancy! How oft have we
Some Chloris' name grav'n in each virgin tree;
And, finding favours fading, the next day
What we had carv'd we did deface away.
Woful remembrance! Nor time nor place
Of thy abodement ſhadows any trace;

But

But there to me thou ſhin'ſt: late glad deſires,
And ye once roſes, how are ye turn'd briars!
Contentments paſſed, and of pleaſures chief,
Now are ye frightful horrors, hells of grief!
When from thy native ſoil Love had thee driven,
(Thy ſafe return prefigurating) a heaven
Of flattering hopes did in my fancy move;
Then little dreaming it ſhould atoms prove.
Theſe groves preſerve will I, theſe loved woods,
Theſe orchards rich with fruits, with fiſh theſe floods;
My Alcon will return, and once again
His choſen exiles he will entertain;
The populous city holds him, amongſt harms
Of ſome fierce Cyclops, Circe's ſtronger charms.
Theſe banks, ſaid I, he viſit will, and ſtreams;
Theſe ſilent ſhades, ne'er kiſs'd by courting beams.
Far, far, off I will meet him, and I firſt
Shall him approaching know, and firſt be bleſt
With his aſpect; I firſt ſhall hear his voice,
Him find the ſame he parted, and rejoice
To learn his paſſed perils; know the ſports
Of foreign ſhepherds, fawns, and fairy courts.
No pleaſure like the fields, an happy ſtate
The ſwains enjoy, ſecure from what they hate:
Free of proud cares they innocently ſpend
The day, nor do black thoughts their eaſe offend;
Wiſe Nature's darlings, they live in the world
Perplexing not themſelves how it is hurl'd.
Theſe hillocks Phœbus loves, Ceres theſe plains,
Theſe ſhades the Sylvans; and here Pales ſtrains

Milk in the pails; the maids which haunt the ſprings
Dance on theſe paſtures; here Amintas ſings:
Heſperian gardens, Tempe's ſhades, are here,
Or what the Eaſtern Inde and Weſt hold dear.
Come then, dear youth! the wood-nymphs twine thee boughs
With roſe and lily to impale thy brows.
Thus ignorant I mus'd, not conſcious yet
Of what by Death was done, and ruthleſs Fate:
Amidſt theſe trances Fame thy loſs doth ſound,
And through my ears gives to my heart a wound.
With ſtretch'd-out arms I ſought thee to embrace,
But claſp'd, amaz'd, a coffin in thy place;
A coffin of our joys which had the truſt,
Which told that thou wert come, but chang'd to duſt!
Scarce, ev'n when felt, could I believe this wrack,
Nor that thy time and glory Heavens would break.
Now, ſince I cannot ſee my Alcon's face,
And find nor vows nor prayers to have place
With guilty ſtars, this mountain ſhall become
To me a ſacred altar, and a tomb
To famous Alcon. Here, as days, months, years
Do circling glide, I ſacrifice will tears;
Here ſpend my remnant time, exil'd from mirth,
Till Death at laſt turn monarch of my earth.
Shepherds on Forth, and you by Doven rocks,
Which uſe to ſing and ſport, and keep your flocks,
Pay tribute here of tears! ye never had
To aggravate your moans a cauſe more ſad:

And

And to their ſorrows hither bring your mands,
Charged with ſweeteſt flow'rs, and with pure hands,
Fair nymphs, the bluſhing hyacinth and roſe
Spread on the place his relics doth incloſe;
Weave garlands to his memory, and put
Over his hearſe a verſe in cypreſs cut:
Virtue did die, goodneſs but harm did give,
After the noble Alcon ceas'd to live:
Friendſhip an earthquake ſuffer'd; loſing him
Love's brighteſt conſtellation turned dim.

MISCELLANIES.

A PASTORAL SONG.

PHILLIS and DAMON.

PHIL. SHEPHERD, doſt thou love me well?
DAM. Better than weak words can tell.
PHIL. Like to what, good ſhepherd, ſay?
DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
PHIL. O how ſtrange theſe words I find!
Yet to ſatisfy my mind,
Shepherd, without mocking me,
Have I any love from thee?
Like to what, good ſhepherd, ſay?
DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
PHIL. Better anſwer had it been,
To ſay thou lov'ſt me as thine eyne.
DAM. Wo is me! theſe I love not,
For by them love entrance got,
At that time they did behold,
Thy ſweet face and locks of gold.
PHIL. Like to what, dear ſhepherd, ſay?
DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
PHIL. Once, dear ſhepherd, ſpeak more plain,
And I ſhall not aſk again;
Say, to end this gentle ſtrife,
Doſt thou love me as thy life?
DAM. No, for it is turn'd a ſlave
To ſad annoys, and what I have

Of

Of life by love's ſtronger force
Is 'reft, and I'm but a dead corſe.
PHIL. Like to what, good ſhepherd, ſay?
DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
PHIL. Learn I pray this, like to thee,
And ſay, I love as I do me.
DAM. Alas! I do not love myſelf,
For I'm ſplit on beauty's ſhelf.
PHIL. Like to what, good ſhepherd, ſay?
DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.

ALL good hath left this age, all tracks of ſhame;
Mercy is baniſhed, and Pity dead;
Juſtice, from whence it came, to heav'n is fled;
Religion, maim'd, is thought an idle name.
Faith to Diſtruſt and Malice hath giv'n place;
Envy, with poiſon'd teeth, hath Friendſhip torn;
Renowned Knowledge is a deſpis'd ſcorn;
Now evil 'tis, all evil not t' embrace.
There is no life, ſave under ſervile bands;
To make Deſert a vaſſal to their crimes,
Ambition with Avarice joins hands:
O ever ſhameful, O moſt ſhameleſs times!
Save that ſun's light we ſee, of good here tell,
This earth we court ſo much were very hell.

DOTH then the world go thus, doth all thus move?
Is this the juſtice which on earth we find?
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind?
Are theſe your influences, Pow'rs above?

Thoſe ſouls which Vice's moody miſts moſt blind,
Blind Fortune, blindly, moſt their friend doth prove;
And they who thee, poor idol Virtue! love,
Ply like a feather toſs'd by ſtorm and wind.
Ah! if a Providence doth ſway this All,
Why ſhould beſt minds groan under moſt diſtreſs?
Or why ſhould Pride Humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppreſs?
Heav'ns! hinder, ſtop this fate; or grant a time
When good may have, as well as bad, their prime.

A REPLY.

WHO do in good delight,
That ſov'reign juſtice ever doth reward;
And though ſometime it ſmite,
Yet it doth them regard:
For ev'n amidſt their grief
They find a ſtrong relief,
And death itſelf can work them no deſpite.
Again, in evil who joy,
And do in it grow old,
In midſt of mirth are charg'd with ſin's annoy,
Which is in conſcience ſcroll'd;
And when their life's frail thread is cut by time,
They puniſhment find equal to each crime.

LOOK how in May the roſe,
At ſulphur's azure fumes,
In a ſhort ſpace her crimſon bluſh doth loſe,

And,

And, all amaz'd, a pallid white aſſumes.
So time our beſt conſumes,
Makes youth and beauty paſs,
And what was pride turns horror in our glaſs.

TO

A SWALLOW BUILDING NEAR THE STATUE OF MEDEA.

FOND Progne, chattering wretch,
That is Medea! there
Wilt thou thy younglings hatch?
Will ſhe keep thine, her own who could not ſpare?
Learn from her frantic face
To ſeek ſome fitter place.
What other may'ſt thou hope for, what deſire,
Save Stygian ſpells, wounds, poiſon, iron, fire?

VENUS ARMED.

TO practice new alarms
In Jove's great court above,
The wanton Queen of Love
Of ſleeping Mars put on the horrid arms;
Where gazing in a glaſs
To ſee what thing ſhe was,
To mock and ſcoff the blue-eyed maid did move;
Who ſaid, Sweet queen, thus ſhould you have been dight
When Vulcan took you napping with your knight.

THE BOAR'S HEAD.

AMIDST a pleaſant green
Which ſun did ſeldom ſee,
Where play'd Anchiſes with the Cyprian Queen,
The head of a wild boar hung on a tree:
And, driven by Zephyrs' breath,
Did fall, and wound the lovely youth beneath;
On whom yet ſcarce appears
So much of blood as Venus' eyes ſhed tears.
But, ever as ſhe wept, her anthem was,
Change, cruel change, alas!
My Adon, whilſt thou liv'd, was by thee ſlain;
Now dead, this lover muſt thou kill again?

TO AN OWL.

ASCALAPHUS, tell me,
So may night's curtain long time cover thee,
So ivy ever may
From irkſome light keep thy chamber and bed;
And, in moon's liv'ry clad,
So may'ſt thou ſcorn the choriſters of day—
When plaining thou doſt ſtay
Near to the ſacred window of my dear,
Doſt ever thou her hear
To wake, and ſteal ſwift hours from drowſy ſleep?
And, when ſhe wakes, doth e'er a ſtolen ſigh creep
Into thy liſtening ear?
If that deaf god doth yet her careleſs keep,
In louder notes my grief with thine expreſs,
Till by thy ſhrieks ſhe think on my diſtreſs.

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

NOW Daphnis' arms did grow
In ſlender branches; and her braided hair,
Which like gold waves did flow,
In leafy twigs was ſtretched in the air;
The grace of either foot
Transform'd was to a root;
A tender bark enwraps her body fair.
He who did cauſe her ill
Sore wailing ſtood, and from his blubber'd eyne
Did ſhow'rs of tears upon the rind diſtil,
Which, water'd thus, did bud and turn more green.
O deep deſpair! O heart-appalling grief!
When that doth woe increaſe ſhould bring relief.

THE BEAR OF LOVE.

IN woods and deſart bounds
A beaſt abroad doth roam;
So loving ſweetneſs and the honey-comb,
It doth deſpiſe the arms of bees and wounds:
I, by like pleaſure led,
To prove what heav'ns did place
Of ſweet on your fair face,
Whilſt therewith I am fed,
Reſt careleſs (bear of love) of helliſh ſmart,
And how thoſe eyes afflict and wound my heart.

FIVE

FIVE SONNETS

FOR

GALATEA.

STREPHON, in vain thou bring'ſt thy rhimes and ſongs,
Deck'd with grave Pindar's old and wither'd flow'rs;
In vain thou count'ſt the fair Europa's wrongs,
And her whom Jove deceiv'd in golden ſhow'rs.
Thou haſt ſlept never under myrtle's ſhed;
Or, if that paſſion hath thy ſoul oppreſs'd,
It is but for ſome Grecian miſtreſs dead,
Of ſuch old ſighs thou doſt diſcharge thy breaſt;
How can true love with fables hold a place?
Thou who with fables doſt ſet forth thy love,
Thy love a pretty fable needs muſt prove:
Thou ſueſt for grace, in ſcorn more to diſgrace.
I cannot think thou wert charm'd by my looks,
O no! thou learn'ſt thy love in lovers' books.

II.

NO more with candid words infect mine ears;
Tell me no more how that you pine in anguiſh;
When ſound you ſleep, no more ſay that you languiſh;
No more in ſweet deſpite ſay you ſpend tears.
Who hath ſuch hollow eyes as not to ſee,
How thoſe that are hair-brain'd boaſt of Apollo,
And bold give out the Muſes do them follow,
Though in Love's library, yet no lovers be.

If

If we, poor ſouls! leaſt favour but them ſhew,
That ſtraight in wanton lines abroad is blaz'd;
Their names doth ſoar on our fame's overthrow;
Mark'd is our lightneſs, whilſt their wits are prais'd.
In ſilent thoughts who can no ſecret cover,
He may, ſay we, but not well, be a lover.

III.

YE who with curious numbers, ſweeteſt art,
Frame Dedal nets our beauty to ſurpriſe,
Telling ſtrange caſtles builded in the ſkies,
And tales of Cupid's bow and Cupid's dart;
Well, howſoe'er ye act your feigned ſmart,
Moleſting quiet ears with tragic cries,
When you accuſe our chaſtity's beſt part,
Nam'd cruelty, ye ſeem not half too wiſe;
Yea, ye yourſelves it deem moſt worthy praiſe,
Beauty's beſt guard; that dragon, which doth keep
Heſperian fruit, the ſpur in you does raiſe,
That Delian wit that otherways may ſleep,
To cruel nymphs your lines do fame afford,
Oft many pitiful, not one poor word.

IV.

IF it be love, to wake out all the night,
And watchful eyes drive out in dewy moans,
And, when the ſun brings to the world his light,
To waſte the day in tears and bitter groans;
If it be love, to dim weak reaſon's beam
With clouds of ſtrange deſire, and make the mind
In helliſh agonies a heav'n to dream,
Still ſeeking comforts where but griefs we find;

If

If it be love, to ſtain with wanton thought
A ſpotleſs chaſtity, and make it try
More furious flames than his whoſe cunning wrought
That brazen bull, where he intomb'd did fry;
Then ſure is love the cauſer of ſuch woes,
Be ye our lovers, or our mortal foes.

V.

AND would you then ſhake off Love's golden chain,
With which it is beſt freedom to be bound?
And, cruel! do you ſeek to heal the wound
Of love, which hath ſuch ſweet and pleaſant pain?
All that is ſubject unto Nature's reign
In ſkies above, or on this lower round,
When it its long and far-ſought end hath found,
Doth in decadens fall and ſlack remain.
Behold the Moon, how gay her face doth grow
Till ſhe kiſs all the Sun, then doth decay!
See how the ſeas tumultuouſly do flow
Till they embrace lov'd banks, then poſt away;
So is 't with love; unleſs you love me ſtill,
O do not think I'll yield unto your will!

SONNET.

CARE's charming ſleep, ſon of the ſable night,
Brother to death, in ſilent darkneſs born,
Deſtroy my languiſh ere the day be light,
With dark forgetting of my care's return;
And let the day be long enough to mourn
The ſhipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth;

Let

Let wat'ry eyes ſuffice to wail their ſcorn,
Without the troubles of the night's untruth.
Ceaſe, dreams, fond image of my fond deſires!
To model forth the paſſions of to-morrow;
Let never riſing ſun approve your tears,
To add more grief to aggravate my ſorrow:
Still let me ſleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's diſdain.

TO THAUMANTIA, SINGING.

IS it not too, too much
Thou late didſt to me prove
A baſiliſk of love,
And didſt my wits bewitch?
Unleſs, to cauſe more harm,
Made ſyren too thou with thy voice me charm?
Ah! though thou ſo my reaſon didſt controul,
That to thy looks I could not prove a mole,
Yet do me not that wrong,
As not to let me turn aſp to thy ſong.

UPON A GLASS.

IF thou wouldſt ſee threads purer than the gold,
Where love his wealth doth ſhew,
But take this glaſs, and thy fair hair behold.
If whiteneſs thou wouldſt ſee more white than ſnow,
And read on wonder's book,
Take but this glaſs, and on thy forehead look.

Wouldſt

Wouldſt thou in winter ſee a crimſon roſe,
Whoſe thorns do hurt each heart,
Look but in glaſs how thy ſweet lips do cloſe.
Wouldſt thou ſee planets which all good impart,
Or meteors divine,
But take this glaſs, and gaze upon thine eyne.
No—planets, roſe, ſnow, gold, cannot compare
With you, dear eyes, lips, brows, and amber hair!

OF A BEE.

AS an audacious knight,
Come with ſome foe to fight,
His ſword doth brandiſh, makes his armour ring;
So this proud bee, at home perhaps a king,
Did buzzing fly about,
And, tyrant, after thy fair lip did ſting.
O champion ſtrange as ſtout!
Who haſt by nature found
Sharp arms, and trumpet ſhrill, to ſound and wound.

OF THE SAME.

O Do not kill that bee
That thus hath wounded thee!
Sweet, it was no deſpite,
But hue did him deceive:
For when thy lips did cloſe,
He deemed them a roſe.
What wouldſt thou further crave?
He wanting wit, and blinded with delight,
Would fain have kiſs'd, but mad with joy did bite.

OF A KISS.

AH! of that cruel bee
Thy lips have ſuck'd too much;
For when they mine did touch,
I found that both they hurt and ſweeten'd me:
This by the ſting they have,
And that they of the honey do receive:
Dear kiſs! elſe by what art
Couldſt thou at once both pleaſe and wound my heart?

IDMON TO VENUS.

IF, Acidalia's queen,
Thou quench in me thy torch,
And with the ſame Thaumantia's heart ſhalt ſcorch,
Each year a myrtle tree
Here I do vow to conſecrate to thee:
And, when the meads grow green,
I will of ſweeteſt flowers
Weave thouſand garlands to adorn thy bow'rs.

A LOVER'S PLAINT.

IN midſt of ſilent night,
When men, birds, beaſts, do reſt,
With love and fear poſſeſt,
To Heav'n, and Flore, I count my heavy plight.
Again, with roſeate wings
When morn peeps forth, and Philomela ſings,
Then,

Then, void of all relief,
Do I renew my grief:
Day follows night, night day, whilſt ſtill I prove
That Heaven is deaf, Flore careleſs of my love.

HIS FIREBRAND.

LEAVE, page, that ſlender torch,
And in this gloomy night
Let only ſhine the light
Of Love's hot brandon, which my heart doth ſcorch:
A ſigh, or blaſt of wind,
My tears, or drops of rain,
May that at once make blind;
Whilſt this like Ætna burning ſhall remain.

DAPHNIS' VOW.

WHEN ſun doth bring the day
From the Heſperian ſea,
Or moon her coach doth roll
Above the northern pole,
When ſerpents cannot hiſs,
And lovers ſhall not kiſs,
Then may it be, but in no time till then,
That Daphnis can forget his Orienne.

THE STATUE OF VENUS SLEEPING.

BREAK not my ſweet repoſe,
Thou, whom free will, or chance, brings to this place;
Let lids theſe comets cloſe,
O do not ſeek to ſee their ſhining grace:

For

For when mine eyes thou ſeeſt, they thine will blind;
And thou ſhalt part, but leave thy heart behind.

ANTHEA'S GIFT.

THIS virgin lock of hair
To Idmon Anthea gives,
Idmon, for whom ſhe lives,
Though oft ſhe mix his hopes with cold deſpair:
This now; but, abſent if he conſtant prove,
With gift more dear ſhe vows to meet his love.

TO THAUMANTIA.

COME, let us live, and love,
And kiſs, Thaumantia mine;
I ſhall the elm be, be to me the vine;
Come, let us teach new billing to the dove:
Nay, to augment our bliſs,
Let ſouls e'en other kiſs.
Let Love a workman be,
Undo, diſtemper, and his cunning prove,
Of kiſſes three make one, of one make three:
Though moon, ſun, ſtars, be bodies far more bright,
Let them not vaunt they match us in delight.

A LOVER'S DAY AND NIGHT.

BRIGHT meteor of day,
For me in Thetis' bow'rs for ever ſtay;
Night, to this flow'ry globe
Ne'er ſhew for me thy ſtar-embroider'd robe.

My night, my day, do not proceed from you,
But hang on Mira's brow:
For when ſhe low'rs, and hides from me her eyes,
'Midſt cleareſt day I find black night ariſe;
When ſmiling ſhe again thoſe twins doth turn,
In midſt of night I find noon's torch to burn.

THE STATUE OF ADONIS.

WHEN Venus, 'longſt that plain,
This Parian Adon ſaw,
She ſigh'd, and ſaid, What pow'r breaks Deſtine's law,
World-mourned boy, and makes thee live again?
Then with ſtretch'd arms ſhe ran him to enfold.
But when ſhe did behold
The boar whoſe ſnowy tuſks did threaten death,
Fear cloſed up her breath.
Who can but grant then that theſe ſtones do live,
Sith this bred love, and that a wound did give?

CLORUS TO A GROVE.

OLD oak, and you thick grove,
I ever ſhall you love,
With theſe ſweet-ſmelling briers:
For briers, oak, grove, ye crowned my deſires,
When underneath your ſhade
I left my woe, and Flore her maidenhead.

A COUPLET

A COUPLET ENCOMIASTIC.

LOVE, Cypris, Phœbus, will feed, deck, and crown,
Thy heart, brows, verſe, with flames, with flow'rs, renown.

ANOTHER.

THY Muſe not-able, full, il-luſtred rhymes,
Make thee the poetaſter of our times.

UPON A BAY TREE NOT LONG SINCE GROWING IN THE RUINS OF VIRGIL's TOMB.

THOSE ſtones which once had truſt
Of Maro's ſacred duſt,
Which now of their firſt beauty ſpoil'd are ſeen,
That they due praiſe not want,
Inglorious and remain,
A Delian tree (fair Nature's only plant)
Now courts, and ſhadows with her treſſes green:
Sing Io Pæan, ye of Phœbus' train;
Though envy, av'rice, time, your tombs throw down,
With maiden laurels Nature will them crown.

FLORA's FLOWER.

VENUS doth love the roſe;
Apollo thoſe dear flow'rs
Which were his paramours;
The queen of ſable ſkies
The ſubtile lunaries:
But Flore likes none of thoſe;
For fair to her no flow'r ſeems ſave the lily;
And why? Becauſe one letter turns it P——.

MELAMPUS's EPITAPH.

ALL that a dog could have
The good Melampus had:
Nay, he had more than what in beaſts we crave,
For he could play the brave;
And often, like a Thraſo ſtern, go mad:
And if ye had not ſeen, but heard him bark,
Ye would have ſworn he was your pariſh clerk.

THE HAPPINESS OF A FLEA.

HOW happier is that Flea,
Which in thy breaſt doth play,
Than that pied butterfly
Which courts the flame, and in the ſame doth die!
That hath a light delight,
Poor fool! contented only with a ſight;
When this doth ſport, and ſwell with deareſt food,
And, if he die, he knight-like dies in blood.

OF

OF THE SAME.

POOR flea! then thou didſt die;
Yet by ſo fair a hand,
That thus to die was deſtine to command:
Thou didſt die, yet didſt try
A lover's laſt delight,
To vault on virgin plains, her kiſs and bite:
Thou diedſt, yet haſt thy tomb
Between thoſe paps, O dear and ſtately room!
Flea happier far, more bleſt,
Than Phœnix burning in his ſpicy neſt.

LINA'S VIRGINITY.

WHO Lina weddeth, ſhall moſt happy be;
For he a maid ſhall find,
Though maiden none be ſhe,
A girl or boy beneath her waiſt confin'd:
And though bright Ceres' locks be never ſhorn,
He ſhall be ſure this year to lack no corn.

LOVE NAKED.

AND would ye, lovers, know
Why Love doth naked go?
Fond, waggiſh, changeling lad!
Late whilſt Thaumantia's voice
He wond'ring heard, it made him ſo rejoice,
That he o'erjoy'd ran mad:
And in a frantic fit threw clothes away,
And ſince from lip and lap hers cannot ſtray.

NIOBE.

WRETCH'D Niobe I am;
Let wretches read my caſe,
Not ſuch who with a tear ne'er wet their face.
Seven daughters of me came,
And ſons as many, which one fatal day,
Orb'd mother! took away.
Thus reft by heavens unjuſt,
Grief turn'd me ſtone, ſtone too me doth entomb;
Which if thou doſt miſtruſt,
Of this hard rock but ope the flinty womb,
And here thou ſhalt find marble, and no duſt.

CHANGE OF LOVE.

ONCE did I weep and groan,
Drink tears, draw loathed breath,
And all for love of one
Who did affect my death:
But now, thanks to diſdain!
I live reliev'd of pain.
For ſighs I ſinging go,
I burn not as before—no, no, no, no!

WILD BEAUTY.

IF all but ice thou be,
How doſt thou thus me burn?
Or how at fire which thou doſt raiſe in me,
Sith ice, thyſelf in ſtreams doſt thou not turn?

But

But rather, plaintful caſe!
Of ice art marble made, to my diſgrace.
O miracle of love, not heard till now!
Cold ice doth burn, and hard by fire doth grow.

CONSTANT LOVE.

TIME makes great ſtates decay,
Time doth May's pomp diſgrace,
Time draws deep furrows in the faireſt face,
Time wiſdom, force, renown, doth take away;
Time doth conſume the years,
Time changes works in heaven's eternal ſpheres;
Yet this fierce tyrant, which doth all devour,
To leſſen love in me ſhall have no pow'r.

TO CHLORIS.

SEE, Chloris, how the clouds
Tilt in the azure liſts;
And how with Stygian miſts
Each horned hill his giant forehead ſhrouds.
Jove thund'reth in the air;
The air, grown great with rain
Now ſeems to bring Deucalion's days again:
I ſee thee quake: come, let us home repair;
Come, hide thee in mine arms,
If not for love, yet to ſhun greater harms.

THYRSIS IN DISPRAISE OF BEAUTY.

THAT which ſo much the doting world doth prize,
Fond ladies only care, and ſole delight,
Soon-fading beauty, which of hues doth riſe,

Is but an abject let of Nature's might;
Moſt woful wretch, whom ſhining hair and eyes
Lead to love's dungeon, traitor'd by a ſight,
Moſt woful! for he might with greater eaſe
Hell's portals enter, and pale Death appeaſe.

As in delicious meads beneath the flowr's,
And the moſt wholeſome herbs that May can ſhew,
In cryſtal curls the ſpeckled ſerpent low'rs;
As in the apple, which moſt fair doth grow,
The rotten worm is clos'd, which it devours;
As in gilt cups, with Gnoſſian wine which flow,
Oft poiſon pompouſly doth hide its ſours;
So lewdneſs, falſehood, miſchief them advance,
Clad with the pleaſant rays of beauty's glance.

Good thence is chas'd where beauty doth appear;
Mild lowlineſs, with pity, from it fly;
Where beauty reigns, as in their proper ſphere,
Ingratitude, diſdain, pride, all deſcry;
The flow'r and fruit, which virtue's tree ſhould bear,
With her bad ſhadow beauty maketh die:
Beauty a monſter is, a monſter hurl'd
From angry heaven, to ſcourge this lower world.

As fruits which are unripe, and ſour of taſte,
To be confect'd more fit than ſweet we prove;
For ſweet, in ſpite of care, themſelves will waſte,
When they long kept the appetite do move:
So, in the ſweetneſs of his nectar, Love
The foul confects, and ſeaſons of his feaſt:
Sour is far better, which we ſweet may make,
Than ſweet, which ſweeter ſweetneſs will not take.

Foul

Foul may my lady be; and may her noſe,
A Tenerif, give umbrage to her chin;
May her gay mouth, which ſhe no time may cloſe,
So wide be, that the moon may turn therein:
May eyes and teeth be made conform to thoſe;
Eyes ſet by chance and white, teeth black and thin:
May all what ſeen is, and is hid from ſight,
Like unto theſe rare parts be framed right.

I ſhall not fear thus, though ſhe ſtray alone,
That others her purſue, entice, admire;
And, though ſhe ſometime counterfeit a groan,
I ſhall not think her heart feels uncouth fire;
I ſhall not ſtyle her ruthleſs to my moan,
Nor proud, diſdainful, wayward to deſire:
Her thoughts with mine will hold an equal line,
I ſhall be hers, and ſhe ſhall all be mine.

EURYMEDON's PRAISE OF MIRA.

GEM of the mountains, glory of our plains!
Rare miracle of nature, and of love!
Sweet Atlas, who all beauty's heavens ſuſtains,
No, beauty's heaven, where all her wonders move;
The ſun, from eaſt to weſt who all doth ſee,
On this low globe ſees nothing like to thee.

One phœnix only liv'd ere thou waſt born,
And earth but did one Queen of Love admire,
Three Graces only did the world adorn,
But thrice three Muſes ſung to Phœbus' lyre;
Two phœnixes be now, Love's Queens are two,
Four Graces, Muſes ten, all made by you.

For

For thoſe perfections which the bounteous heaven
To divers worlds in divers times aſſign'd,
With thouſands more, to thee at once were given,
Thy body fair, more fair they made thy mind:
And, that thy like no age ſhould more behold,
When thou waſt fram'd, they after brake the mould.

Sweet are the bluſhes on thy face which ſhine,
Sweet are the flames which ſparkle from thine eyes,
Sweet are his torments who for thee doth pine,
Moſt ſweet his death for thee who ſweetly dies;
For, if he die, he dies not by annoy,
But too much ſweetneſs and abundant joy.

What are my ſlender lays to ſhew thy worth!
How can baſe words a thing ſo high make known?
So wooden globes bright ſtars to us ſet forth,
So in a cryſtal is ſun's beauty ſhewn:
More of thy praiſes if my muſe ſhould write,
More love and pity muſt the ſame indite.

THAUMANTIA AT THE DEPARTURE OF IDMON.

FAIR Dian, from the height
Of heaven's firſt orb who chear'ſt this lower place,
Hide now from me thy light;
And, pitying my caſe,
Spread with a ſcarf of clouds thy bluſhing face.

Come

Come with your doleful ſongs,
Night's ſable birds, which plain when others ſleep;
Come, ſolemnize my wrongs,
And concert to me keep,
Sith heaven, earth, hell, are ſet to cauſe me weep.

This grief yet I could bear,
If now by abſence I were only pin'd;
But, ah! worſe evil I fear;
Men abſent prove unkind,
And change, unconſtant like the moon, their mind.

If thought had ſo much pow'r
Of thy departure, that it could me ſlay;
How will that ugly hour
My feeble ſenſe diſmay,
"Farewel, ſweet heart," when I ſhall hear thee ſay!

Dear life! ſith thou muſt go,
Take all my joy and comfort hence with thee;
And leave with me thy woe,
Which, until I thee ſee,
Nor time, nor place, nor change ſhall take from me.

ERYCINE AT THE DEPARTURE OF ALEXIS.

AND wilt thou then, Alexis mine, depart,
And leave theſe flow'ry meads and cryſtal ſtreams,
Theſe hills as green as great with gold and gems,
Which

Which court thee with rich treaſure in each part?
Shall nothing hold thee? Not my loyal heart,
That burſts to loſe the comforts of thy beams?
Nor yet this pipe, which wildeſt ſatyrs tames?
Nor lambkins wailing, nor old Dorus' ſmart?
O ruthleſs ſhepherd! foreſts ſtrange among
What canſt thou elſe but fearful dangers find?
But, ah! not thou, but honour, doth me wrong;
O cruel honour! tyrant of the mind.
This ſaid ſad Erycine, and all the flowers
Impearled as ſhe went with eyes' ſalt ſhowers.

COMPARISON
OF HIS
THOUGHTS to PEARLS.

WITH open ſhells in ſeas, on heavenly dew
A ſhining oyſter luſciouſly doth feed;
And then the birth of that etherial ſeed
Shews, when conceiv'd, if ſkies look dark or blue:
So do my thoughts, celeſtial twins! of you,
At whoſe aſpect they firſt begin and breed,
When they came forth to light, demonſtrate true
If ye then ſmil'd, or low'r'd in mourning weed.
Pearls then are orient fram'd, and fair in form,
If heavens in their conceptions do look clear;
But if they thunder, or do threat a ſtorm,
They ſadly dark and cloudy do appear:
Right ſo my thoughts, and ſo my notes do change;
Sweet if ye ſmile, and hoarſe if ye look ſtrange.

ALL

ALL CHANGETH.

THE angry winds not aye
Do cuff the roaring deep;
And, though heavens often weep,
Yet do they ſmile for joy when comes diſmay;
Froſts do not ever kill the pleaſant flow'rs;
And love hath ſweets when gone are all the ſours.
This ſaid a ſhepherd, cloſing in his arms
His dear, who bluſh'd to feel love's new alarms.

SILENUS TO KING MIDAS.

THE greateſt gift that from their lofty thrones
The all-governing pow'rs to man can give,
Is, that he never breathe; or, breathing once,
A ſuckling end his days, and leave to live;
For then he neither knows the woe nor joy
Of life, nor fears the Stygian lake's annoy.

TO HIS AMOROUS THOUGHT.

SWEET wanton thought, who art of beauty born,
And who on beauty feed'ſt, and ſweet deſire,
Like taper fly, ſtill circling, and ſtill turn
About that flame, that all ſo much admire,
That heavenly fair which doth out-bluſh the morn,
Thoſe ivory hands, thoſe threads of golden wire,
Thou ſtill ſurroundeſt, yet dar'ſt not aſpire;

Sure

Sure thou doſt well that place not to come near,
Nor ſee the majeſty of that fair court;
For if thou ſaw'ſt what wonders there reſort,
The pure intelligence that moves that ſphere,
Like ſouls aſcending to thoſe joys above,
Back never wouldſt thou turn, nor thence remove.
What can we hope for more? what more enjoy?
Since faireſt things thus ſooneſt have their end,
And as on bodies ſhadows do attend,
Soon all our bliſs is follow'd with annoy:
Yet ſhe's not dead, ſhe lives where ſhe did love;
Her memory on earth, her ſoul above.

PHILLIS

ON THE

DEATH OF HER SPARROW.

AH! if ye aſk, my friends, why this ſalt ſhow'r
My blubber'd eyes upon this paper pour,
Gone is my ſparrow! he whom I did train,
And turn'd ſo toward, by a cat is ſlain:
No more with trembling wings ſhall he attend
His watchful miſtreſs. Would my life could end!
No more ſhall I him hear chirp pretty lays;
Have I not cauſe to loath my tedious days?
A Dedalus he was to catch a fly;
Nor wrath nor rancour men in him could ſpy.
To touch or wrong his tail if any dar'd,
He pinch'd their fingers, and againſt them warr'd:

Then

Then might that creſt be ſeen ſhake up and down,
Which fixed was unto his little crown;
Like Hector's, Troy's ſtrong bulwark, when in ire
He rag'd to ſet the Grecian fleet on fire.
But ah, alas! a cat this prey eſpies,
Then with a leap did thus our joys ſurpriſe.
Undoubtedly this bird was kill'd by treaſon,
Or otherways had of that fiend had reaſon.
Thus was Achilles by weak Paris ſlain,
And ſtout Camilla fell by Aruns vain;
So that falſe horſe, which Pallas rais'd 'gainſt Troy,
King Priam and that city did deſtroy.
Thou, now whoſe heart is big with this frail glory,
Shalt not live long to tell thy honour's ſtory.
If any knowledge reſteth after death
In ghoſts of birds, when they have left to breathe,
My darling's ghoſt ſhall know in lower place
The vengeance falling on the cattiſh race.
For never cat nor catling I ſhall find,
But mew ſhall they in Pluto's palace blind.
Ye who with gaudy wings, and bodies light,
Do dint the air, turn hitherwards your flight.
To my ſad tears comply theſe notes of yours,
Unto his idol bring an harv'ſt of flow'rs;
Let him accept from us, as moſt divine
Sabæan incenſe, milk, food, ſweeteſt wine;
And on a ſtone let us theſe words engrave:
"Pilgrim, the body of a ſparrow brave
"In a fierce glutt'nous cat's womb clos'd remains,
"Whoſe ghoſt now graceth the Elyſian plains."

ON THE

PORTRAIT

OF THE

COUNTESS OF PERTH.

SONNET.

THE goddeſs that in Amathus doth reign
With ſilver trammels, ſapphire-colour'd eyes,
When naked from her mother's cryſtal plain
She firſt appear'd unto the wond'ring ſkies;
Or when, the golden apple to obtain,
Her bluſhing ſnow amazed Ida's trees—
Did never look in half ſo fair a guiſe,
As ſhe here drawn (all other ages ſtain).
O God, what beauties to inflame the ſoul,
And hold the hardeſt hearts in chains of gold!
Fair locks, ſweet face, love's ſtately capitol,
Pure neck, which doth that heavenly frame uphold!
If virtue would to mortal eyes appear,
To raviſh ſenſe, ſhe would your beauty wear.

SONNET.

IF heaven, the ſtars, and nature did her grace
With all perfections found the moon above,
And what excelleth in this lower place
Found place in her to breed a world of love;

If

If angels gleams ſhine on her faireſt face,
Which makes heaven's joy on earth the gazer prove,
And her bright eyes (the orbs which beauty move)
As Phœbus dazzle in his glorious race;
What pencil paint, what colour to the ſight
So ſweet a ſhape can ſhew? The bluſhing Morn
The red muſt lend, the Milky-way the white,
And Night the ſtars which her rich crown adorn.
To draw her right then, and make all agree,
The heaven the table, Zeuxis Jove muſt be.

ON THE SAME DRAWN WITH A PENCIL.

SONNET.

WHEN with brave art the curious painter drew
This heavenly ſhape, the hand why made he bear,
With golden veins, that flow'r of purple hue,
Which follows on the planet of the year?
Was it to ſhew how in our hemiſphere
Like him ſhe ſhines? nay, that effects more true
Of pow'r and wonder do in her appear,
While he but flow'rs, and ſhe doth minds ſubdue?
Or would he elſe to virtue's glorious light,
Her conſtant courſe make known? or is 't that he
Doth parallel her bliſs with Clitra's plight?
Right ſo; and thus he reading in her eye
Some lover's end, to grace what he did grave,
For cypreſs tree this mourning flow'r he gave.

MADRIGAL.

IF light be not beguil'd,
And eyes right play their part,
This flow'r is not of art, but faireſt nature's child;
And though, when Titan's from our world exil'd,
She doth not look, her leaves, his loſs to moan,
To wonder earth finds now more ſuns than one.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

THE Scottiſh kirk the Engliſh *church* do name;
The Engliſh church the Scots a *kirk* do call;
Kirk and not *church*, *church* and not *kirk*, O ſhame!
Your *kappa* turn in *chi*, or periſh all.
Aſſemblies meet, poſt biſhops to the court:
If theſe two nations fight, 'tis ſtrangers ſport.

II.

AGAINST the King, ſir, now why would you fight?
Forſooth, becauſe he dubb'd me not a knight.
And ye, my lords, why arm ye 'gainſt king Charles?
Becauſe of lords he would not make us earls.
Earls, why do ye lead forth theſe warlike bands?
Becauſe we will not quit the church's lands.
Moſt holy churchmen, what is your intent?
The king our ſtipends largely did augment.

Commons,

Commons, to tumult thus why are you driven?
Prieſts us perſuade it is the way to heaven.
Are theſe juſt cauſe of war; good people, grant?
Ho! Plunder! thou ne'er ſwore our covenant.

Give me a thouſand covenants; I'll ſubſcrive
Them all, and more, if more ye can contrive
Of rage and malice; and let every one
Black treaſon bear, not bare rebellion.
I'll not be mock'd, hiſs'd, plunder'd, baniſh'd hence,
For more years ſtanding for a * * * * prince.
His caſtles all are taken, and his crown,
His ſword, and ſceptre, enſigns of renown,
With that lieutenant Fame did ſo extol;
And captives carried to the capital.
I'll not die martyr for a mortal thing;
'Tis 'nough to be confeſſor for a king.
Will this you give contentment, honeſt men?
I've written *rebels*—pox upon the pen!

III.

THE king a negative voice moſt juſtly hath,
Since the kirk hath found out a negative faith.

IV.

IN parliament one voted for the king;
The crowd did murmur he might for it ſmart;
His voice again being heard, was no ſuch thing;
For that which was miſtaken, was a fart.

V.

BOLD Scots, at Barnnockburn ye kill'd your king,
Then did in parliament approve the fact;
And would ye Charles to ſuch a nonplus bring,
To authorize rebellion by an Act?
Well, what ye crave, who knows but granted may be?
But, if he do't, cauſe ſwaddle him for a baby.

VI.

A REPLY.

SWADDLED is the baby, and almoſt two years
(His ſwaddling time) did neither cry nor ſtir;
But ſtar'd, ſmil'd, did lie ſtill, void of all fears,
And ſleep'd, though barked at by every cur:
Yea, had not wak'd, if Leſly, that hoarſe nurſe,
Had not him hardly rock'd—old wives him curſe!

VII.

THE king nor band nor hoſt had him to follow,
Of all his ſubjects; they were given to thee,
Leſly. Who is the greateſt? By Apollo,
The emperor thou; ſome Palſegrave ſcarce ſeems he.
Couldſt thou pull lords, as we do biſhops, down,
Small diſtance were between thee and a crown.

VIII.

VIII.

WHEN lately Pym deſcended into hell,
Ere he the cups of Lethe did carouſe,
What place that was, he called loud to tell;
To whom a devil—This is the Lower Houſe.

IX.

THE STATUE OF ALCIDES.

FLORA, upon a time,
Naked Alcides' ſtatue did behold;
And with delight admir'd each am'rous limb;
Only one fault, ſhe ſaid, could be of't told.
For, by right ſymmetry,
The craftſman had him wrong'd;
To ſuch tall joints a taller club belong'd—
The club hung by his thigh.
To which the ſtatuary did reply:
Fair nymph, in ancient days, your * * * by far
Were not ſo hugely vaſt as now they are.

X.

GREAT lies they tell, preach our church can not err;
Leſs lies, who ſay the king's not head of her;
Great lies, who cry we may ſhed other's blood,
Leſs lies, who ſwear dumb biſhops are not good;
Great lies they vent, ſay we for God do fight,
Leſs lies, who gueſs the king does nothing right;
Great lies and leſs lies all our aims deſcry;
To pulpits ſome, to camp the reſt apply.

XI.

A SPEECH

At the KING's Entry into the TOWN of LINLITHGOW;

PRONOUNCED BY MR. JAMES WISEMAN, SCHOOLMASTER there,

Incloſed in a Plaſter made in the Figure of a LION.

THRICE, royal Sir, here I do you beſeech,
Who art a lion, to hear a lion's ſpeech.
A miracle; for, ſince the days of Æſop,
No lion till theſe times his voice dar'd raiſe up
To ſuch a majeſty: then, king of men,
The king of beaſts ſpeaks to thee from his den;
Who, though he now incloſed be in plaſter,
When he was free, was Lithgow's wiſe ſchool-maſter.

XII.

A COUNTRY maid Amazon-like did ride,
To fit more ſure, with leg on either ſide:
Her mother, who her ſpied, ſaid that ere long
She ſhould juſt penance ſuffer for that wrong;
For when time ſhould on her more years beſtow,
That horſes hair between her thighs would grow.
Scarce winter twice was come, as was her told,
When ſhe found all to frizzle there with gold;
Which firſt made her afraid, then turn'd her ſick,
And forc'd her keep her bed almoſt a week.

At laſt her mother calls, who ſcarce for laughter
Could hear the pleaſant ſtory of her daughter;
But, that this phrenzy ſhould no more her vex,
She ſwore thus bearded were their weaker ſex;
Which when denied, Think not, ſaid ſhe, I ſcorn;
Behold the place, poor fool, where thou waſt born.
The girl that ſeeing cried, now void of pain,
Ah! mother, you have ridden on the mane!

XIII.

GOD's judgments ſeldom uſe to ceaſe, unleſs
The ſins which them procur'd men do confeſs.
Our cries are Baal's prieſts, our faſting vain;
Our pray'rs not heard, nor anſwer'd us again:
Till perjury, wrong, rebellion, be confeſt,
Think not on peace, nor to be freed of peſt.

XIV.

THE king gives yearly to his ſenate gold;
Who can deny but juſtice then is ſold?

XV.

HERE Rixus lies, a novice in the laws,
Who 'plains he came to hell without a cauſe.

THE CHARACTER OF AN ANTI-COVENANTER, OR MALIGNANT.

WOULD you know theſe royal knaves,
Of free men would turn us ſlaves;
Who our union do defame
With rebellion's wicked name?
Read theſe verſes, and ye 'll ſpring 'em,
Then on gibbets ſtraight cauſe hing 'em.

They complain of ſin and folly;
In theſe times ſo paſſing holy,
They their ſubſtance will not give,
Libertines that we may live.
Hold thoſe ſubjects too, too wanton,
Under an old king dare canton.

Neglect they do our circ'lar tables,
Scorn our acts and laws as fables;
Of our battles talk but meekly,
With four ſermons pleas'd are weekly;
Swear king Charles is neither papiſt,
Arminian, Lutheran, or atheiſt.

But that in his chamber pray'rs,
Which are pour'd 'midſt ſighs and tears,
To avert God's fearful wrath,
Threat'ning us with blood and death;
Perſuade they would the multitude,
This king too holy is and good.

They

They avouch we 'll weep and groan
When hundred kings we ſerve for one;
That each ſhire but blood affords,
To ſerve th' ambition of young lords;
Whoſe debts ere now had been redoubled,
If the ſtate had not been troubled.

Slow they are our oath to ſwear,
Slower for it arms to bear:
They do concord love, and peace,
Would our enemies embrace,
Turn men proſelytes by the word,
Not by muſket, pike, and ſword.

They ſwear that for religion's ſake
We may not maſſacre, burn, ſack:
That the beginning of theſe pleas,
Sprang from the ill-ſped A B C's.
For ſervants that it is not well
Againſt their maſters to rebel.

That that devotion is but ſlight,
Doth force men firſt to ſwear, then fight.
That our confeſſion is indeed
Not the Apoſtolic Creed;
Which of negations we contrive,
Which Turk and Jew may both ſubſcrive.

That monies ſhould men's daughters marry,
They on frantic war miſcarry.
Whilſt dear the ſoldiers they pay,
At laſt who will ſnatch all away.
And, as times turn worſe and worſe,
Catechiſe us by the purſe.

That

That debts are paid with bold ſtern looks;
That merchants pray on their 'compt books;
That Juſtice dumb and ſullen frowns,
To ſee in croſlets hang'd her gowns;
That preachers' ordinary theme
Is 'gainſt monarchy to declaim.

That, ſince leagues we 'gan to ſwear,
Vice did ne'er ſo black appear;
Oppreſſion, bloodſhed, ne'er more rife,
Foul jars between the man and wife;
Religion ſo contemn'd was never,
Whilſt all are raging in a fever.

They tell by devils, and ſome ſad chance,
That that deteſtable league of France,
Which coſt ſo many thouſand lives,
And two kings, by religious knives,
Is amongſt us, though few deſcry;
Though they ſpeak truth, yet ſay they lie.

He who ſays that night is night,
That cripple folk walk not upright,
That the owls into the ſpring
Do not nightingales out-ſing,
That the ſeas we may not plough,
Ropes make of the rainy bow,
That the foxes keep not ſheep,
That men waking do not ſleep,
That all's not gold doth gold appear—
Believe him not, although he ſwear.

To ſuch ſyrens ſtop your ear,
Their ſocieties forbear.

Ye

Ye may be toſſed like a wave,
Verity may you deceive;
Juſt fools they may make of you;
Then hate them worſe than Turk or Jew.

Were it not a dangerous thing,
Should we again obey the king;
Lords loſe ſhould ſovereignty,
Soldiers haſte back to Germany;
Juſtice ſhould in our towns remain,
Poor men poſſeſs their own again;
Brought out of hell that word of Plunder,
More terrible than devil, or thunder,
Should with the covenant fly away,
And charity amongſt us ſtay;
Peace and plenty ſhould us nouriſh,
True religion 'mongſt us flouriſh?

When you find theſe lying fellows,
Take and flower with them the gallows.
On others you may too lay hold,
In purſe or cheſt, if they have gold.
Who wiſe or rich are in this nation,
Malignants are by proteſtation.

THE FIVE SENSES.

1. SEEING.

FROM ſuch a face, whoſe excellence
May captivate my ſovereign's ſenſe,
And make him (Phœbus like) his throne,
Reſign to ſome young Phaëton,

Whoſe

Whoſe ſkilleſs and unſtayed hand
May prove the ruin of the land,
Unleſs great Jove, down from the ſky,
Beholding earth's calamity,
Strike with his hand that cannot err
The proud uſurping charioter;
And cure, though Phœbus grieve, our woe—
From ſuch a face as can work ſo,
Whereſoever thou 'ſt a being,
Bleſs my Sovereign and his Seeing.

2. HEARING.

FROM jeſts prophane and flattering tongues,
From bawdy tales and beaſtly ſongs,
From after-ſupper ſuits, that fear
A parliament or council's ear;
From Spaniſh treaties, that may wound
The country's peace, the goſpel's ſound;
From Job's falſe friends, that would entice
My ſovereign from heaven's paradiſe;
From prophets ſuch as Achab's were,
Whoſe flatterings ſoothe my ſovereign's ear;
His frowns more than his Maker's fearing,
Bleſs my Sovereign and his Hearing.

3. TASTING.

FROM all fruit that is forbidden,
Such for which old Eve was chidden;
From bread of labours, ſweat, and toil;
From the poor widow's meal and oil;

From

From blood of innocents oft wrangled
From their eſtates, and from that's ſtrangled;
From the candid poiſon'd baits
Of Jeſuits, and their deceits;
Italian ſallads, Romiſh drugs,
The milk of Babel's proud whore's dugs;
From wine, that can deſtroy the brain;
And from the dangerous figs of Spain;
At all banquets, and all feaſting,
Bleſs my Sovereign and his Taſting.

4. FEELING.

FROM prick of conſcience, ſuch a ſting
As ſlays the ſoul, heav'n bleſs the king;
From ſuch a bribe as may withdraw
His thoughts from equity or law;
From ſuch a ſmooth and beardleſs chin
As may provoke or tempt to ſin;
From ſuch a hand, whoſe moiſt palm may
My ſovereign lead out of the way;
From things polluted and unclean,
From all things beaſtly and obſcene;
From that may ſet his ſoul a reeling,
Bleſs my Sovereign and his Feeling.

5. SMELLING.

WHERE myrrh and frankincenſe are thrown,
The altar's built to gods unknown,
O let my ſovereign never dwell;
Such damn'd perfumes are fit for hell.

Let

Let no ſuch ſcent his noſtrils ſtain;
From ſmells that poiſon can the brain
Heav'ns ſtill preſerve him. Next I crave,
Thou wilt be pleas'd, great God! to ſave
My ſov'reign from a Ganymede,
Whoſe whoriſh breath hath pow'r to lead
His Excellence which way it liſt—
O let ſuch lips be never kiſs'd!
From a breath ſo far excelling,
Bleſs my Sovereign and his Smelling.

THE ABSTRACT.

SEEING.

AND now, juſt God, I humbly pray,
That thou wilt take the ſlime away
That keeps my ſovereign's eyes from ſeeing
The things that will be our undoing.

HEARING.

THEN let him hear, good God, the ſounds
As well of men as of his hounds.

TASTE.

GIVE him a taſte, and truly too,
Of what his ſubjects undergo.

FEELING AND SMELLING.

GIVE him a feeling of their woes,
And then no doubt his royal noſe

Will

Will quickly ſmell the raſcals forth,
Whoſe black deeds have eclips'd his worth:
They found, and ſcourg'd for their offences,
Heavens bleſs my Sovereign and his Senſes.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA

INTER VITARVAM ET NEBERNAM.

NYMPHÆ, quæ colitis highiſſima monta Fifæa,
Seu vos Pitten-wema tenent, ſeu Crelia crofta,
Sive Anſtræa domus, ubi nat Haddocus in undis,
Codlineuſque ingens, ubi Fleucca & Sketta pererrant
Per coſtam, & ſcopulis Lobſter monifootus in udis
Creepat, & in mediis ludit Whitenius undis:
Et vos Skipperii, ſoliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foris, iterumque redire,
Linquite ſkellatas botas, ſhippaſque picatas,
Whiſtlanteſque ſimul fechtam memorate bloodæam,
Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda Deûm, quoque Nympharum Cockelſhelearum,
Maia ubi Sheepiſeda, atque ubi Solgooſifera Baſſa
Swellant in pelago, cum Sol bootatus Edenum
Poſtabat radiis madidis & ſhouribus atris,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Quo viſo ad fechtæ noiſam cecidere volucres.
Ad terram cecidere grues, pliſh-plaſhque dedere
Solgooſæ in pelago, prope littora Bruntiliana;
Sea-ſutor obſtupuit, ſummique in margine ſaxi
Scartavit præluſtre caput, wingaſque flapavit.

Quodque

Quodque magis, alte volitans Heronius ipſe
Ingeminans clig-clag mediis ſhitavit in undis.
Namque a principio ſtoriam tellabimus omnem,
Muckrelium ingentem turbam Vitarva per agros
Nebernæ marchare fecit, & dixit ad illos,
" Ite hodie armati greppis, drivate caballos
" Nebernæ per crofta, atque ipſas ante feneſtras.
" Quod ſi forte ipſa Neberna venerit extra,
" Warrantabo omnes, & vos bene defendebo."
Hic aderant Geordy Akinhedius, & little Johnus,
Et Jamy Richæus, & ſtout Michel Henderſonus,
Qui jolly tryppas ante alios danſare ſolebat,
Et bobbare bene, & laſſas kiſſare bonæas;
Duncan Olyphantus, valde ſtalvartus, & ejus
Filius eldeſtus jolyboyus, atque oldmoudus,
Qui pleugham longo gaddo drivare ſolebat;
Et Rob Gib, wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchin,
Et ploucky-fac'd Waty Strang, atque inkneed Alcknda Atken,
Et Willy Dick, heavy-arſtus homo, pigerrimus omnium,
Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque favorem,
Valde lethus pugnare, ſed hunc Corngrevius heros
Noutheadum vocavit, atque illum forcit ad arma.
Inſuper hic aderant Tom. Taylor, & Hen. Watſonus,
Et Tomy Gilchriſtus, & fool Jocky Robinſonus,
Andrew Alſhenderus, & Jamy Tomſonus, & unus
Norland bornus homo, valde valde Anticovenanter,
Nomine Gordonus, valde blackmoudus, & alter
(Deil ſtick it! ignoro nomen) ſlavry beardius homo,
Qui pottas dightavit, & aſſas jecerat extra.

Denique

Denique præ reliquis Geordeum affatur, & inquit,
Geordi mi formane, inter ſtoutiſſimus omnes,
Huc ades & crook ſaddelos, hemmaſquue, creileſque,
Brechemmeſque ſimul omnes bindato jumentis;
Amblentemque meum naggum, fattumqne mariti
Curſorem, & reliquos trottantes ſumito averos.
In cartis yokkato omnes, extrahito muckam
Croſta per & riggas, atque ipſas ante feneſtras
Nebernæ; & aliquid ſin ipſa contra loquatur,
In ſydis tu pone manus, & dicito fart jade.
Nec mora, formannus cunctos ſlankavit averos,
Workmannoſque ad workam omnes vocavit, & illi
Extemplo cartas bene ſillavere jigantes:
Whiſtlavere viri, workhorſoſque ordine ſwieros,
Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
Fartavere omnes, & ſic turba horrida muſtrat,
Haud aliter quam ſi cum multis Spinola troupis
Proudus ad Oſtendam marchaſſet fortiter urbem:
Interea ante alios dux Piper Laius heros
Præcedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam
Incipit Harlai cunctis ſonare batellum.
Tunc Neberna furens yettam ipſa egreſſa, videnſque
Muck-cartas tranſire viam, valde angria facta
Non tulit affrontam tantam; verum, agmine facto,
Convocat extemplo Barowmannos atque Ladæos,
Iackmannumque, Hiremannos, Pleughdriviters, atque
Pleughmannos
Tumlanteſque ſimul reekoſo ex kitchine boyos,
Hunc qui dirtiferas terſit cum diſhclouty diſhas,
Hunc qui gruelias ſcivit bene lickere plettas,

Et ſaltpannifumos, & widebricatos fiſheros,
Hellæoſque etiam ſalteros duxit ab antris,
Coalheughos nigri girnantes more Divelli,
Lifeguardamque ſibi ſævas vocat improba laſſas,
Maggæam magis doctam milkare cowæas,
Et doctum ſweepare flooras, & ſternere beddas,
Quæque novit ſpinnare, & longas ducere threedas;
Nanſæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,
Yellantemque Elpen, longo bardamque Anapellam,
Fartantemque ſimul Gyllam, gliedamque Katæam
Egregie indutam blacko caput ſooty clouto;
Mammæamque ſimul vetulam, quæ ſciverat apte
Infantum teneras blande oſculari er arſas;
Quæque lanam cardare ſolet greaſyfingria Betty.
Tum deum hungræos ventres Neberna gruelis
Farſit, & guttas rawſuinibus implet amaris,
Poſtea newbarmæ ingentem dedit omnibus hauſtum,
Staggravere omnes, grandeſque ad ſidera riftas
Barmifumi attollunt, & ſic ad prælia marchant.
Nec mora marchavit foras longo ordine turma,
Ipſa prior Neberna ſuis ſtout facta ribaldis,
Ruſtæum manibus geſtans furibunda gulæum:
Tandem muckreilios vocat ad pell-mellia flaidos.
" Ite, ait, uglæi fellows, ſi quis modo poſthac
" Muckifer has noſtras tentet croſſare feneſtras,
" Juro quod ego ejus longum extrahabo thrapellum,
" Et totam rivabo faciem, luggaſque gulæo hoc
" Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo
" Heartbloodum fluere in terram." Sic verba finivit.
Obſtupit Vitarva diu dirtfluida, ſed inde

Couragium

Couragium accipiens, muckreilos ordine cunctos
Middini in medio faciem turnare coëgit.
O qualem primo fleuram guſtaſſes in ipſo
Battelli onſetto! Pugnat muckreillius heros
Fortiter, & muckam per poſteriora cadentem
In creilibus ſhoolare ardet. Sic dirta volavit.
O quale hoc hurly hurly fuit, ſi forte vidiſſes
Pypantes arſes, & flavo ſanguine breeckas
Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia faintas!
O qualis firy fary fuit, namque alteri nemo
Ne vel footbreddum yerdæ yieldare volebat,
Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque hardhearta caterva!
Tum vero è medio muckdryvſter profilit unus
Gallantæus homo, & greppam minatur in ipſam
Nebernam (quoniam miſere ſcaldaverat omnes),
Dirtavitque totam peticotam gutture thicko,
Pearlineaſque ejus ſkirtas, ſilkamque gownæam,
Váſquineamque rubram muckſherda begariavit.
Et tunc ille fuit valde faintheartus, & ivit
Valde procul, metuens ſhottam woundumque profundum.
Sed nec valde procul fuerat revengia in illum;
Extemplo Gillæa ferox invaſit, & ejus
In faciem girnavit atrox, & tigrida facta
Boublentem grippans berdam, ſic dixit ad illum:
Vade domum, filthæe nequam, aut te interficiabo.
Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit Gilly whippum,
Ingentemque manu ſherdam levavit, & omnem
Gallantæi hominis gaſhbeardam beſmeariavit;
Sume tibi hoc, inquit, ſneeſing valde operativum,
Pro premio, ſwingere, tuo; tum denique fleido
Ingentem Gillywamphra dedit, validamque nevellam,

Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem
Ambobus fugere ex oculis; ſic Gylla triumphat.
Obſtupuit bombaizdus homo; backumque repente
Turnavit, veluti naſus bloodaſſet; et, O fy!
Ter quater exclamat, et O quam fœde neezavit!
Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungrius homo,
Lauſavitque ſupra atque infra, miſerabile viſu,
Et luggas necko imponens, ſic cucurit abſens;
Non audens gimpare iterum, nemworſa tuliſſet.
Hæc Neberna videns yellavit turpia verba,
Et fy, fy! exclamat, prope nunc victoria loſta eſt.
Nec mora, terribilem ſillavit dira canonem,
Elatiſque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
Barytonam emiſit, veluti Monſmegga cracaſſet.
Tum vero quackarunt hoſtes, flightamque repente
Sumpſerunt; retroſpexit Jackmannus, & ipſe
Sheepheadus metuit ſonitumque ictumque buleti.
Quod ſi king Spanius, Philippus nomine, ſeptem
Hiſce conſimiles habuiſſet forte canones
Batterare Sluiſſam, Sluiſſam dingaſſet in aſſam.
Aut ſi tot magnus Ludivocus forte dediſſet
Ingentes fartas ad mœnia Montalbana,
Ipſam continuo townam dingaſſet in yerdam.
Exit corngrevius, wracco omnia tendere videns,
Conſiliumque meum ſi non accipitis, inquit,
Pulchras ſcartabo facies, & vos worrſabo:
Sed needlo per ſeuſtram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes ſtobbatus, greitans vokanſque grivate,
Barlafumle clamat, & dixit, O Deus! O God!
Quid meltis? Sic fraya fuit, ſic guiſa peracta eſt,
Una nec interea ſpilata eſt droppa cruoris.

EPI-

EPITAPHS.

ON A DRUNKARD.

NOR amaranths nor roſes do bequeath
Unto this hearſe, but tamariſts and wine;
For that ſame thirſt, though dead, yet doth him pine,
Which made him ſo carouſe while he drew breath.

ON ONE NAMED *MARGARET*.

IN ſhells and gold pearls are not kept alone,
A Margaret here lies beneath a ſtone;
A Margaret that did excel in worth
All thoſe rich gems the Indies both ſend forth;
Who, had ſhe liv'd when good was lov'd of men,
Had made the Graces four, the Muſes ten;
And forc'd thoſe happy times her days that claim'd,
From her, to be the Age of Pearl ſtill nam'd;
She was the richeſt jewel of her kind,
Grac'd with more luſtre than ſhe left behind,
All goodneſs, virtue, bounty; and could cheer
The ſaddeſt minds: now Nature knowing here
How things but ſhewn, then hidden, are lov'd beſt,
This Margaret 'ſhrin'd in this marble cheſt.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

THIS beauty fair, which death in duſt did turn,
And clos'd ſo ſoon within a coffin ſad,
Did paſs like lightning, like the thunder burn,
So little life, ſo much of worth it had.
Heav'ns, but to ſhew their might, here made it ſhine;
And, when admir'd, then in the world's diſdain,
O tears! O grief! did call it back again,
Leſt earth ſhould vaunt ſhe kept what was divine.
What can we hope for more, what more enjoy,
Sith faireſt things thus ſooneſt have their end;
And, as on bodies ſhadows do attend,
Sith all our bliſs is follow'd with annoy?
She is not dead, ſhe lives where ſhe did love,
Her memory on earth, her ſoul above.

ARETINUS's EPITAPH.

HERE Aretine lies, moſt bitter gall,
Who whilſt he liv'd ſpoke evil of all;
Only of God the arrant Scot
Nought ſaid, but that he knew him not.

VERSES ON THE LATE WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE.

I.

THE doubtful fears of change ſo fright my mind,
Though raiſed to the higheſt joy in love,
As in this ſlippery ſtate more grief I find
Than they who never ſuch a bliſs did prove;

But,

But, fed with ling'ring hopes of future gain,
Dream not what 'tis to doubt a loſer's pain.

II.

Deſire a ſafer harbour is than fear,
And not to riſe leſs danger than to fall;
The want of jewels we far better bear,
Than, ſo poſſeſt, at once to loſe them all:
Unſatisfied hopes time may repair,
When ruin'd faith muſt finiſh in deſpair.

III.

Alas! ye look but up the hill on me,
Which ſhews to you a fair and ſmooth aſcent;
The precipice behind ye cannot ſee,
On which high fortunes are too pronely bent:
If there I ſlip, what former joy or bliſs
Can heal the bruiſe of ſuch a fall as this?

E. P.

A REPLY.

I.

WHO love enjoys, and placed hath his mind
Where fairer virtues faireſt beauties grace;
Then in himſelf ſuch ſtore of worth doth find,
That he deſerves to find ſo good a place;
To chilling fears how can he be ſet forth
Whoſe fears condemn his own, doubt others worth?

II.

Deſire, as flames of zeal, fear, horrors meets,
They riſe who fall of falling never prov'd.
Who is ſo dainty, ſatiate with ſweets,
To murmur when the banquet is remov'd?

The faireſt hopes time in the bud deſtroys,
When ſweet are memories of ruin'd joys.

III.

It is no hill, but heaven, where you remain;
And whom deſert advanced hath ſo high
To reach the guerdon of his burning pain,
Muſt not repine to fall, and falling die:
His hopes are crown'd. What years of tedious breath
Can them compare with ſuch a happy death?

UPON THE DEATH OF
JOHN EARL OF LAUDERDALE.

OF thoſe rare worthies who adorn'd our North,
And ſhone like conſtellations, thou alone
Remainedſt laſt, great Maitland! charg'd with worth
Second in Virtue's theatre to none.
But finding all eccentric in our times,
Religion into ſuperſtition turn'd,
Juſtice ſilenc'd, exiled, or in-urn'd;
Truth, Faith, and Charity reputed crimes;
The young men deſtinate by ſword to fall,
And trophies of their country's ſpoils to rear;
Strange laws the ag'd and prudent to appal,
And forc'd ſad yokes of tyranny to bear;
And for no great nor virtuous minds a room—
Diſdaining life, thou ſhouldſt into thy tomb.

II.

WHEN miſdevotion every where ſhall take place,
And lofty orators, in thund'ring terms,
Shall move you, people, to ariſe in arms,
And churches hallow'd policy deface;
When you ſhall but one general ſepulchre
(As Averroes did one general ſoul)
On high, on low, on good, on bad confer,
And your dull predeceſſors rites controul—
Ah! ſpare this monument, great gueſts! it keeps
Three great Juſticiars, whom true worth did raiſe;
The Muſes' darlings, whoſe loſs Phœbus weeps;
Beſt men's delight, the glory of their days.
More we would ſay, but fear, and ſtand in awe
To turn idolaters, and break your law.

III.

DO not repine, bleſs'd ſoul, that humble wits
Do make thy worth the matter of their verſe:
No high-ſtrain'd muſe our times and ſorrows fits;
And we do ſigh, not ſing, to crown thy hearſe.
The wiſeſt prince e'er manag'd Britain's ſtate
Did not diſdain, in numbers clear and brave,
The virtues of thy ſire to celebrate,
And fix a rich memorial on his grave.
Thou didſt deſerve no leſs; and here in jet,
Gold, touch, braſs, porphyry, or Parian ſtone,
That by a prince's hand no lines are ſet
For thee—the cauſe is, now this land hath none.
Such giant moods our parity forth brings,
We all will nothing be, or all be kings.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF
A NOBLEMAN IN SCOTLAND,
BURIED AT AITHEN.

AITHEN, thy pearly coronet let fall;
Clad in ſad robes, upon thy temples ſet
The weeping cypreſs, or the ſable jet.

Mourn this thy nurſeling's loſs, a loſs which all
Apollo's choir bemoans, which many years
Cannot repair, nor influence of ſpheres.

Ah! when ſhalt thou find ſhepherd like to him,
Who made thy banks more famous by his worth,
Than all thoſe gems thy rocks and ſtreams ſend forth?

His ſplendour others glow-worm light did dim:
Sprung of an ancient and a virtuous race,
He virtue more than many did embrace.

He fram'd to mildneſs thy half-barbarous ſwains;
The good man's refuge, of the bad the fright,
Unparallell'd in friendſhip, world's delight!

For hoſpitality along thy plains
Far-fam'd a patron; and a pattern fair
Of piety; the Muſes' chief repair;

Moſt debonnaire, in courteſy ſupreme;
Lov'd of the mean, and honour'd by the great;
Ne'er daſh'd by Fortune, nor caſt down by Fate;
To preſent and to after times a theme.

Aithen, thy tears pour on this ſilent grave,
And drop them in thy alabaſter cave,
And Niobe's imagery here become;
And, when thou haſt diſtilled here a tomb,
Enchaſe in it thy pearls, and let it bear,
"Aithen's beſt gem and honour ſhrin'd lies here."

FAME, regiſter of time,
Write in thy ſcroll that I,
Of wiſdom lover, and ſweet poeſy,
Was cropped in my prime;
And ripe in worth, though green in years, did die.

JUSTICE, Truth, Peace, and Hoſpitality,
Friendſhip, and Love, being reſolv'd to die,
In theſe lewd times, have choſen here to have
With juſt, true, pious ——— their grave;
Them cheriſh'd he ſo much, ſo much did grace,
That they on earth would chuſe none other place.

WHEN Death, to deck his trophies, ſtopt thy breath,
Rare ornament and glory of theſe parts!
All with moiſt eyes might ſay, and ruthful hearts,
That things immortal vaſſal'd were to death.

What good in parts on many ſhar'd we ſee,
From Nature, gracious Heaven, or Fortune flow;
To make a maſter-piece of worth below,
Heaven, Nature, Fortune gave in groſs to thee.

In honour, bounty, rich—in valour, wit,
In courteſy; born of an ancient race;
With bays in war, with olives crown'd in peace;
Match'd great with offspring for great actions fit.

No ruſt of times, nor change, thy virtue wan
With times to change; when truth, faith, love, decay'd,
In this new age, like Fate thou fixed ſtaid,
Of the firſt world an all-ſubſtantial man.

As erſt this kingdom given was to thy ſire,
The prince his daughter truſted to thy care,
And well the credit of a gem ſo rare
Thy loyalty and merit did require.

Years cannot wrong thy worth, that now appeare
By others ſet as diamonds among pearls;
A queen's dear foſter, father to three earls,
Enough on earth to triumph are o'er years.

Life

Life a ſea voyage is, death is the haven,
And freight with honour there thou haſt arriv'd;
Which thouſands ſeeking, have on rocks been driven:
That good adorns thy grave which with thee liv'd.

For a frail life, which here thou didſt enjoy,
Thou now a laſting haſt, freed of annoy.

TO THE

OBSEQUIES

OF THE

BLESSED PRINCE JAMES,

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

LET holy David, Solomon the wiſe,
That king whoſe breaſt Egeria did inflame,
Auguſtus, Helen's ſon, great in all eyes,
Do homage low to thy mauſolean frame;
And bow before thy laurel's anadem;
Let all thoſe ſacred ſwans, which to the ſkies
By never-dying lays have rais'd their name,
From north to ſouth, where ſun doth ſet and riſe.
Religion, orphan'd, waileth o'er thy urn;
Juſtice weeps out her eyes, now truly blind;
To Niobes the remnant virtues turn;
Fame but to blaze thy glories ſtays behind
I'th' world, which late was golden by thy breath,
Is iron turn'd, and horrid by thy death.

FOND

FOND wight, who dream'ſt of greatneſs, glory, ſtate;
And worlds of pleaſures, honours, doſt deviſe;
Awake, learn how that here thou art not great
Nor glorious: by this monument turn wiſe.

One it enſhrineth ſprung of ancient ſtem,
And (if that blood nobility can make)
From which ſome kings have not diſdain'd to take
Their proud deſcent, a rare and matchleſs gem.

A beauty here it holds by full aſſurance,
Than which no blooming roſe was more refin'd,
Nor morning's bluſh more radiant ever ſhin'd;
Ah! too, too like to morn and roſe at laſt!

It holds her who in wit's aſcendant far
Did years and ſex tranſcend; to whom the heaven
More virtue than to all this age had given;
For virtue meteor turn'd, when ſhe a ſtar.

Fair mirth, ſweet converſation, modeſty,
And what thoſe kings of numbers did conceive
By Muſes nine, and Graces more than three,
Lie clos'd within the compaſs of this grave.

Thus death all earthly glories doth confound,
Lo! how much worth a little duſt doth bound.

FAR

FAR from theſe banks exiled be all joys,
Contentments, pleaſures, muſic (care's relief)!
Tears, ſighs, plaints, horrors, frightments, ſad annoys,
Inveſt theſe mountains, fill all hearts with grief.

Here, nightingales and turtles, vent your moans;
Amphriſian ſhepherd, here come feed thy flock,
And read thy Hyacinth amidſt our groans;
Plain, Echo, thy Narciſſus from our rocks.

Loſt have our meads their beauty, hills their gems,
Our brooks their cryſtal, groves their pleaſant ſhade:
The faireſt flow'r of all our anadems
Death cropped hath; the Leſbia chaſte is dead!

Thus ſigh'd the Tyne, then ſhrunk beneath his urn;
And meads, brooks, rivers, hills, about did mourn.

THE flow'r of virgins, in her prime of years,
By ruthleſs Deſtinies is ta'en away,
And rap'd from earth, poor earth! before this day
Which ne'er was rightly nam'd a vale of tears.

Beauty to heaven is fled, ſweet modeſty
No more appears; ſhe whoſe harmonious ſounds
Did raviſh ſenſe, and charm mind's deepeſt wounds,
Embalm'd with many a tear now low doth lie!

FAIR

Fair hopes now vaniſh'd are. She would have grac'd
A prince's marriage-bed! but, lo! in heaven
Bleſt paramours to her were to be given!
She liv'd an angel, now is with them plac'd.

Virtue is but a name abſtractly trimm'd,
Interpreting what ſhe was in effect;
A ſhadow from her frame which did reflect,
A portrait by her excellences limn'd.

Thou whom free-will or chance hath hither brought,
And read'ſt, here lies a branch of Maitland's ſtem,
And Seyton's offspring; know that either name
Deſigns all worth yet reach'd by human thought.

Tombs elſewhere uſe life to their gueſts to give,
Theſe aſhes can frail monuments make live.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

LIKE to the garden's eye, the flow'r of flow'rs,
With purple pomp that dazzle doth the ſight;
Or, as among the leſſer gems of night,
The uſher of the planet of the hours;
Sweet maid, thou ſhinedſt on this world of ours,
Of all perfections having trac'd the heighſt;
Thine outward frame was fair, fair inward pow'rs,
A ſapphire lanthorn, and an incenſe light.
Hence the enamour'd heaven, as too, too good
On earth's all-thorny ſoil long to abide,

Tranſ-

Tranſplanted to their fields ſo rare a bud,
Where from thy ſun no cloud thee now can hide.
Earth moan'd her loſs, and wiſh'd ſhe had the grace
Not to have known, or known thee longer ſpace.

HARD laws of mortal life!
To which made thralls we come without conſent,
Like tapers, lighted to be early ſpent,
Our griefs are always rife,
When joys but halting march, and ſwiftly fly,
Like ſhadows in the eye:
The ſhadow doth not yield unto the ſun,
But joys and life do waſte e'en when begun.

WITHIN the cloſure of this narrow grave
Lie all thoſe graces a good wife could have:
But on this marble they ſhall not be read,
For then the living envy would the dead

THE daughter of a king of princely parts,
In beauty eminent, in virtues chief;
Loadſtar of love, and loadſtone of all hearts,
Her friends' and huſband's only joy, now grief;
Is here pent up within a marble frame,
Whoſe parallel no times, no climates claim.

VERSES frail records are to keep a name,
Or raiſe from duſt men to a life of fame;
The ſport and ſpoil of ignorance; but far
More frail the frames of touch and marble are,
Which envy, avarice, time, ere long confound,
Or miſdevotion equals with the ground.
Virtue alone doth laſt, frees man from death;
And, though deſpis'd and ſcorned here beneath,
Stands grav'n in angels' diamantine rolls,
And blazed in the courts above the poles.
Thou waſt fair virtue's temple, they did dwell,
And live ador'd in thee; nought did excel,
But what thou either didſt poſſeſs or love,
The Graces' darling, and the maids of Jove;
Courted by Fame for bounties, which the Heaven
Gave thee in great; which, if in parcels given,
Too many ſuch we happy ſure might call;
How happy then waſt thou, who enjoy'dſt them all?
A whiter ſoul ne'er body did inveſt,
And now, ſequeſter'd, cannot be but bleſt;
Enrob'd in glory, midſt thoſe hierarchies
Of that immortal people of the ſkies,
Bright ſaints and angels, there from cares made free,
Nought doth becloud thy ſovereign good from thee.
Thou ſmil'ſt at earth's confuſions and jars,
And how for Centaurs' children we wage wars:
Like honey flies, whoſe rage whole ſwarms conſumes,
Till duſt thrown on them makes them veil their plumes.

Thy

Thy friends to thee a monument would raiſe,
And limn thy virtues; but dull grief thy praiſe
Breaks in the entrance, and our taſk proves vain;
What duty writes, that woe blots out again:
Yet Love a pyramid of ſighs thee rears,
And doth embalm thee with farewels and tears.

ROSE.

THOUGH marble porphyry, and mourning touch,
May praiſe theſe ſpoils, yet can they not too much;
For beauty laſt, and this ſtone doth cloſe,
Once earth's delight, Heaven's care, a pureſt roſe.
And, Reader, ſhouldſt thou but let fall a tear
Upon it, other flow'rs ſhall here appear,
Sad violets and hyacinths, which grow
With marks of grief, a public loſs to ſhow.

II.

Relenting eye, which deigneſt to this ſtone
To lend a look, behold here laid in one,
The living and the dead interr'd; for dead
The turtle in its mate is; and ſhe fled
From earth, her choos'd this place of grief
To bound thoughts, a ſmall and ſad relief.
His is this monument, for hers no art
Could frame; a pyramid rais'd of his heart.

III.

Inſtead of epitaphs and airy praiſe,
This monument a lady chaſte did raiſe
To her lord's living fame; and after death
Her body doth unto this place bequeath,
To reſt with his, till God's ſhrill trumpet ſound,
Though time her life, no time her love could bound.

TO

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

With the AUTHOR's Epitaph.

THOUGH I have twice been at the doors of death,
And twice found ſhut thoſe gates which ever mourn,
This but a lightning is, truce ta'en to breathe,
For late-born ſorrows augur fleet return.

Amidſt thy ſacred cares, and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou ſhalt hear wand'ring fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal ſpoils,
And that on earth I am but a ſad name;

If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliſs, thoſe joys heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
To grave this ſhort remembrance on my grave:

Here Damon lies, whoſe ſongs did ſometime grace
The murmuring Eſk:—may roſes ſhade the place.

DIVINE

DIVINE POEMS.

A TRANSLATION.

I.

AH, ſilly ſoul! what wilt thou ſay
When He, whom earth and heaven obey,
Comes man to judge in the laſt day?

II.

When He a reaſon aſks, why grace
And goodneſs thou wouldſt not embrace,
But ſteps of vanity didſt trace!

III.

That day of terror, vengeance, ire,
Now to prevent thou ſhouldſt deſire,
And to thy God in haſte retire.

IV.

With wat'ry eyes, and ſigh-ſwoll'n heart,
O beg, beg in his love a part,
Whilſt conſcience with remorſe doth ſmart.

V.

That dreaded day of wrath and ſhame
In flames ſhall turn this world's huge frame,
As ſacred prophets do proclaim.

VI.

O! with what grief ſhall earthlings groan
When that great Judge, ſet on his throne,
Examines ſtrictly every one!

VII.

Shrill-founding trumpets through the air
Shall from dark ſepulchres each where
Force wretched mortals to appear.

VIII.

Nature and Death amaz'd remain
To find their dead ariſe again,
And proceſs with their Judge maintain.

IX.

Diſplay'd then open books ſhall lie,
Which all thoſe ſecret crimes deſcry
For which the guilty world muſt die.

X.

The Judge enthron'd, whom bribes not gain,
The cloſeſt crimes appear ſhall plain,
And none unpuniſhed remain.

XI.

O! who then pity ſhall poor me?
Or who mine advocate ſhall be?
When ſcarce the juſteſt paſs ſhall free.

XII.

All wholly holy, dreadful King,
Who freely life to thine doſt bring,
Of mercy ſave me, mercy's ſpring!

XIII.

Then, ſweet Jeſu, call to mind
How of thy pains I was the end,
And favour let me that day find.

XIV. In

XIV.

In ſearch of me Thou, full of pain,
Didſt ſweat blood, death on croſs ſuſtain:
Let not theſe ſuff'rings be in vain.

XV.

Thou ſupreme Judge, moſt juſt and wiſe,
Purge me from guilt, which on me lies,
Before that day of thine aſſize.

XVI.

Charg'd with remorſe, lo! here I groan,
Sin makes my face a bluſh take on;
Ah! ſpare me, proſtrate at thy throne.

XVII.

Who Mary Magdalen didſt ſpare,
And lend'ſt the thief on croſs thine ear,
Shew me fair hopes I ſhould not fear.

XVIII.

My prayers imperfect are and weak,
But worthy of thy grace them make,
And ſave me from hell's burning lake.

XIX.

On that great day, at thy right hand,
Grant I amongſt thy ſheep may ſtand,
Sequeſter'd from the goatiſh band.

XX.

When that the reprobates are all
To everlaſting flames made thrall,
O to thy choſen, Lord, me call!

XXI.

That I one of thy company,
With thoſe whom thou doſt juſtify,
May live bleſt in eternity.

SONNETS.

TOO long I follow'd have my fond deſire,
And too long painted on the ocean ſtreams;
Too long refreſhment ſought amidſt the fire,
Purſu'd thoſe joys which to my ſoul are blames.
Ah! when I had what moſt I did admire,
And ſeen of life's delights the laſt extremes,
I found all but a roſe hedg'd with a brier,
A nought, a thought, a maſquerade of dreams.
Henceforth on thee, my only good, I'll think;
For only thou canſt grant what I do crave;
Thy nail my pen ſhall be; thy blood, mine ink;
Thy winding-ſheet, my paper; ſtudy, grave:
And, till my ſoul forth of this body flee,
No hope I'll have but only, only thee.

TO ſpread the azure canopy of heaven,
And ſpangle it all with ſparks of burning gold;
To place this pond'rous globe of earth ſo even,
That it ſhould all, and nought ſhould it uphold;
With motions ſtrange t' endue the planets ſeven,
And Jove to make ſo mild, and Mars ſo bold;
To temper what is moiſt, dry, hot, and cold,
Of all their jars that ſweet accords are given;

Lord,

Lord, to thy wiſdom's nought, nought to thy might:
But that thou ſhouldſt, thy glory laid aſide,
Come baſely in mortality to 'bide,
And die for thoſe deſerv'd an endleſs night;
A wonder is, ſo far above our wit,
That angels ſtand amaz'd to think on it.

WHAT hapleſs hap had I for to be born
In theſe unhappy times, and dying days,
Of this now doting world, when good decays,
Love's quite extinct, and virtue's held a ſcorn!
When ſuch are only priz'd by wretched ways,
Who with a golden fleece them can adorn;
When avarice and luſt are counted praiſe,
And braveſt minds live, orphan like, forlorn!
Why was not I born in that golden age,
When gold was not yet known, and thoſe black arts
By which baſe worldlings vilely play their parts,
With horrid acts ſtaining earth's ſtately ſtage?
To have been then, O heaven! 't had been my bliſs;
But bleſs me now, and take me ſoon from this.

ASTREA in this time
Now doth not live, but is fled up to heaven;
Or if ſhe live, it is not without crime
That ſhe doth uſe her power,
And ſhe is no more virgin, but a whore;

Whore,

Whore, proſtitute for gold:
For ſhe doth never hold her balance even;
And when her ſword is roll'd,
The bad, injurious, falſe, ſhe not o'erthrows,
But on the innocent lets fall her blows.

WHAT ſerves it to be good? Goodneſs by thee,
The holy-wiſe, is thought a fool to be;
For thee, the man to temperance inclin'd
Is held but of a baſe and abject mind;
The continent is thought, for thee, but cold:
Who yet was good, that ever died old?
The pitiful, who others fears to kill,
Is kill'd himſelf, and goodneſs doth him ill;
The meek and humble man who cannot brave,
By thee is to ſome giant's brood made ſlave.
Poor Goodneſs, thine thou to ſuch wrongs ſet'ſt forth,
That, O! I fear me, thou art nothing worth.
And when I look to earth, and not to heaven,
Ere I were turned dove, I would be raven.

BRIGHT portals of the ſky,
Emboſs'd with ſparkling ſtars;
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold;

Looſe all your bolts and ſprings,
Ope wide your leaves of gold;
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.
Scarf'd in a roſy cloud,
He doth aſcend the air;
Straight doth the moon him ſhroud
With her reſplendent hair:
The next encryſtall'd light
Submits to him its beams;
And he doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty ſtreams.
He towers thoſe golden bounds
He did to ſun bequeath;
The higher wand'ring rounds
Are found his feet beneath:
The Milky-way comes near,
Heaven's axle ſeems to bend,
Above each turning ſphere
That, rob'd in glory, Heaven's King may aſcend.
O Well-ſpring of this All!
Thy Father's image vive;
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reaſon, live!
The ſoul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of heaven,
All truth, love, beauty, good,
To Thee, to Thee, be praiſes ever given.
What was diſmarſhall'd late
In this thy noble frame,
And loſt the prime eſtate,
Hath re-obtain'd the ſame,

Is now moſt perfect ſeen;
Streams, which diverted were
(And, troubled, ſtray'd unclean)
From their firſt ſource, by Thee home turned are.
By Thee, that blemiſh old
Of Eden's leprous prince,
Which on his race took hold,
And him exil'd from thence,
Now put away is far;
With ſword, in ireful guiſe,
No cherub more ſhall bar
Poor man the entrance into Paradiſe.
By Thee, thoſe ſpirits pure,
Firſt children of the light,
Now fixed ſtand, and ſure,
In their eternal right;
Now human companies
Renew their ruin'd wall;
Fall'n man, as Thou mak'ſt riſe,
Thou giv'ſt to angels, that they ſhall not fall.
By Thee, that prince of ſin,
That doth with miſchief ſwell,
Hath loſt what he did win,
And ſhall endungeon'd dwell;
His ſpoils are made the prey,
His fanes are ſack'd and torn,
His altars raz'd away,
And what ador'd was late, now lies a ſcorn.
Theſe manſions pure and clear,
Which are not made by hands,
Which once by him 'joy'd were,

And his, then not ſtain'd, bands,
Now forfeit'd, diſpoſſeſt,
And headlong from them thrown,
Shall Adam's heirs make bleſt,
By Thee, their great Redeemer, made their own.
O! Well-ſpring of this All!
Thy Father's image vive;
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reaſon, live!
Whoſe work is but to will;
God's co-eternal Son,
Great Baniſher of ill,
By none but Thee could theſe great deeds be done.
Now each ethereal gate
To him hath open'd been;
And Glory's King in ſtate
His palace enters in:
Now come is this High Prieſt
In the moſt holy place,
Not without blood addreſt,
With glory heaven, the earth to crown with grace.
Stars, which all eyes were late,
And did with wonder burn,
His name to celebrate,
In flaming tongues them turn;
Their orby cryſtals move
More active than before,
And entheate from above,
Their Sovereign Prince laud, glorify, adore.

The

The choirs of happy ſouls,
Wak'd with that muſic ſweet,
Whoſe deſcant care controuls,
Their Lord in triumph meet;
The ſpotleſs ſp'rits of light
His trophies do extol,
And, arch'd in ſquadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his capitol.
O glory of the heaven!
O ſole delight of earth!
To thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth;
Of mankind lover true,
Endurer of his wrong,
Who doſt the world renew,
Still be thou our ſalvation, and our ſong.
From top of Olivet ſuch notes did riſe,
When man's Redeemer did tranſcend the ſkies.

MORE oft than once Death whiſper'd in mine ear,
Grave what thou hear'ſt in diamond and gold;
I am that monarch whom all monarchs fear,
Who have in duſt their far-ſtretch'd pride uproll'd.
All, all is mine beneath moon's ſilver ſphere;
And nought, ſave Virtue, can my power withhold:
This, not believ'd, experience true thee told,
By danger late when I to thee came near.

As

As bugbear then my viſage I did ſhow,
That of my horrors thou right uſe might'ſt make,
And a more ſacred path of living take:
Now ſtill walk armed for my ruthleſs blow;
Truſt flattering life no more, redeem time paſt,
And live each day, as if it were thy laſt.

THE SHADOW OF THE JUDGMENT.

ABOVE thoſe boundleſs bounds, where ſtars do move,
The ceiling of the cryſtal round above,
And rainbow-ſparkling arch of diamond clear,
Which crowns the azure of each underſphere,
In a rich manſion, radiant with light,
To which the ſun is ſcarce a taper bright,
Which, though a body, yet ſo pure is fram'd,
That almoſt ſpiritual it may be nam'd,
Where bliſs aboundeth, and a laſting May,
All pleaſures heightening, flouriſheth for aye,
The King of Ages dwells. About his throne,
Like to thoſe beams day's golden lamp hath on,
Angelic ſplendours glance, more ſwift than aught
Reveal'd to ſenſe, nay, than the winged thought,
His will to practiſe: here do ſeraphim
Burn with immortal love; there cherubim,
With other noble people of the light,
As eaglets in the ſun, delight their ſight;
Heaven's ancient denizens, pure active powers,
Which, freed of death, that cloiſter high embowers,

Ethereal

Ethereal princes, ever-conquering bands,
Bleſt ſubjects, acting what their king commands;
Sweet choriſters, by whoſe melodious ſtrains
Skies dance, and earth untir'd their brawl ſuſtains.
Mixed among whoſe ſacred legions dear,
The ſpotleſs ſouls of humanes do appear,
Diveſting bodies which did cares diveſt,
And there live happy in eternal reſt.
Hither, ſurcharg'd with grief, fraught with annoy,
(Sad ſpectacle into that place of joy!)
Her hair diſorder'd, dangling o'er her face,
Which had of pallid violets the grace;
The crimſon mantle, wont her to adorn,
Caſt looſe about, and in large pieces torn;
Sighs breathing forth, and from her heavy eyne,
Along her cheeks diſtilling cryſtal brine,
Which downward to her ivory breaſt was driven,
And had bedew'd the milky-way of heaven,
Came Piety: at her left hand near by,
A wailing woman bare her company,
Whoſe tender babes her ſnowy neck did clip,
And now hang on her pap, now by her lip:
Flames glanc'd her head above, which once did glow,
But late look pale, a poor and ruthful ſhow!
She, ſobbing, ſhrunk the throne of God before,
And thus began her caſe to him deplore:
Forlorn, wretch'd, deſolate! to whom ſhould I
My refuge have, below or in the ſky,
But unto thee? See, all-beholding King,
That ſervant, no, that darling thou didſt bring
On earth, loſt man to ſave from hell's abime,
And raiſe unto thoſe regions above time;

Who

Who made thy name ſo truly be implor'd,
And by the reverend ſoul ſo long ador'd,
Her baniſh'd now ſee from theſe lower bounds;
Behold her garments' ſhreds, her body's wounds:
Look how her ſiſter Charity there ſtands,
Proſcrib'd on earth, all maim'd by wicked hands:
Miſchief there mounts to ſuch an high degree,
That there now none is left that cares for me.
There dwells idolatry, there atheiſm reigns;
There man in dumb, yet roaring, ſins him ſtains;
So fooliſh, that he puppets will adore
Of metal, ſtone, and birds, beaſts, trees, before
He once will to Thy holy ſervice bow,
And yield Thee homage. Ah, alas! yet now
To thoſe black ſp'rits which thou doſt keep in chains
He vows obedience, and with ſhameful pains
Infernal horrors courts; caſe fond and ſtrange!
To bane than bliſs deſiring more the change.
Thy Charity, of graces once the chief,
Did long time find in hoſpitals relief;
Which now lie levell'd with the loweſt ground,
Where ſad memorials ſcarce are of them found.
Then (vagabonding) temples her receiv'd,
Where my poor cells afforded what ſhe crav'd;
But now thy temples raz'd are, human blood
Thoſe places ſtains, late where thy altars ſtood:
Times are ſo horrid, to implore thy name
That it is held now on the earth a blame.
Now doth the warrior, with his dart and ſword,
Write laws in blood, and vent them for thy word:

Religion, faith pretending to make known,
All have, all faith, religion quite o'erthrown!
Men awleſs, lawleſs live; moſt woful caſe!
Men no more men, a God-contemning race.

Scarce had ſhe ſaid, when, from the nether world
(Like to a lightning through the welkin hurl'd,
That ſcores with flames the way, and every eye
With terror dazzles as it ſwimmeth by),
Came Juſtice; to whom angels did make place,
And Truth her flying footſteps ſtraight did trace.
Her ſword was loſt, the precious weights ſhe bare
Their beam had torn, ſcales rudely bruiſed were:
From off her head was reft her golden crown;
In rags her veil was rent, and ſtar-ſpangl'd gown;
Her tear-wet locks hang'd o'er her face, which made
Between her and the Mighty King a ſhade;
Juſt wrath had rais'd her colour (like the morn
Portending clouds moiſt embryos to be born),
Of which, ſhe taking leave, with heart ſwoll'n great,
Thus ſtrove to 'plain before the throne of ſtate.

Is not the earth thy workmanſhip, great King?
Didſt thou not all this All from nought once bring
To this rich beauty, which doth on it ſhine;
Beſtowing on each creature of thine
Some ſhadow of thy bounty? Is not man
Thy vaſſal, plac'd to ſpend his life's ſhort ſpan
To do thee homage? And then didſt not thou
A queen inſtall me there, to whom ſhould bow
Thy earth's indwellers, and to this effect
Put in my hand thy ſword? O high neglect!

Now

Now wretched earthlings, to thy great diſgrace,
Perverted have my pow'r, and do deface
All reverent tracts of juſtice; now the earth
Is but a frame of ſhame, a funeral hearth,
Where every virtue hath conſumed been,
And nought (no, not their duſt) reſts to be ſeen:
Long hath it me abhorr'd, long chaſed me;
Expell'd at laſt, here I have fled to Thee,
And forthwith rather would to hell repair,
Than earth, ſince juſtice execute is there.
All live on earth by ſpoil, the hoſt his gueſt
Betrays; the man of her lies in his breaſt
Is not aſſur'd; the ſon the father's death
Attempts; and kindred kindred reave of breath
By lurking means, of ſuch age few makes ſick,
Since hell diſgorg'd her baneful arſenic.
Whom murders, foul aſſaſſinates defile,
Moſt who the harmleſs innocents beguile,
Who moſt can ravage, rob, ranſack, blaſpheme,
Is held moſt virtuous, hath a worthy's name;
So on embolden'd malice they rely,
That, madding, thy great puiſſance they defy:
Erſt man reſembled thy portrait, foil'd by ſmoke
Now like thy creature hardly doth he look.
Old Nature here (ſhe pointed where there ſtood
An aged lady in a heavy mood)
Doth break her ſtaff, denying human race
To come of her, things born to her diſgrace!
The dove the dove, the ſwan doth love the ſwan;
Nought ſo relentleſs unto man as man.

O! if thou mad'ſt this world, govern'ſt it all,
Deſerved vengeance on the earth let fall:
The period of her ſtanding perfect is;
Her hour-glaſs not a minute ſhort doth miſs.
The end, O Lord, is come; then let no more
Miſchief ſtill triumph, bad the good devour;
But of thy word ſince conſtant, true thou art,
Give good their guerdon, wicked due deſert.
She ſaid: throughout the ſhining palace went
A murmur ſoft, ſuch as afar is ſent
By muſked zephyrs' ſighs along the main;
Or when they curl ſome flow'ry lee and plain:
One was their thought, one their intention, will;
Nor could they err, Truth there reſiding ſtill:
All, mov'd with zeal, as one with cries did pray,
Haſten, O Lord! O haſten the laſt day!
Look how a generous prince, when he doth hear
Some loving city, and to him moſt dear,
Which wont with gifts and ſhows him entertain
(And, as a father's, did obey his reign),
A rout of ſlaves and raſcal foes to wrack,
Her buildings overthrow, her riches ſack,
Feels vengeful flames within his boſom burn,
And a juſt rage all reſpects overturn:
So ſeeing earth, of angels once the inn,
Manſion of ſaints, deflower'd all by ſin,
And quite confus'd, by wretches here beneath,
The world's great Sovereign moved was to wrath.
Thrice did he rouſe himſelf, thrice from his face
Flames ſparkle did throughout the heavenly place.

The

The ſtars, though fixed, in their rounds did quake;
The earth, and earth-embracing ſea, did ſhake:
Carmel and Hæmus felt it; Athos' tops
Affrighted ſhrunk; and near the Ethiops,
Atlas, the Pyrenees, the Apennine,
And lofty Grampius, which with ſnow doth ſhine.
Then to the ſynod of the ſp'rits he ſwore,
Man's care ſhould end, and time ſhould be no more;
By his own Self he ſwore of perfect worth,
Straight to perform his word ſent angels forth.
There lies an iſland, where the radiant ſun,
When he doth to the northern tropics run,
Of ſix long moneths makes one tedious day;
And when through ſouthern ſigns he holds his way,
Six moneths turneth in one loathſome night
(Night neither here is fair, nor day hot-bright,
But half white, and half more); where, ſadly clear,
Still coldly glance the beams of either Bear—
The froſty Groen-land. On the lonely ſhore
The ocean in mountains hoarſe doth roar,
And over-tumbling, tumbling over rocks,
Caſts various rainbows, which in froth he chokes:
Gulphs all about are ſhrunk moſt ſtrangely ſteep,
Than Nilus' cataracts more vaſt and deep.
To the wild land beneath to make a ſhade,
A mountain lifteth up his creſted head:
His locks are icicles, his brows are ſnow;
Yet from his burning bowels deep below,
Comets, far-flaming pyramids, are driven,
And pitchy meteors, to the cope of heaven.

No ſummer here the lovely graſs forth brings,
Nor trees, no, not the deadly cypreſs ſprings.
Cave-loving Echo, daughter of the Air,
By human voice was never waken'd here:
Inſtead of night's black bird, and plaintful owl,
Infernal furies here do yell and howl.
A mouth yawns in this height ſo black obſcure
With vapours, that no eye it can endure:
Great Ætna's caverns never yet did make
Such ſable damps, though they be hideous black;
Stern horrors here eternally do dwell,
And this gulf deſtine for a gate to hell:
Forth from this place of dread, earth to appal,
Three furies ruſhed at the angel's call.
One with long treſſes doth her viſage maſk,
Her temples clouding in a horrid caſk;
Her right hand ſwings a brandon in the air,
Which flames and terror hurleth every where;
Pond'rous with darts, her left doth bear a ſhield,
Where Gorgon's head looks grim in ſable field:
Her eyes blaze fire and blood, each hair 'ſtills blood,
Blood thrills from either pap, and where ſhe ſtood
Blood's liquid coral ſprang her feet beneath;
Where ſhe doth ſtretch her arm is blood and death.
Her Stygian head no ſooner ſhe uprears,
When earth of ſwords, helms, lances, ſtraight appears
To be deliver'd; and from out her womb,
In flame-wing'd thunders, artillery doth come;
Floods ſilver ſtreams do take a bluſhing dye,
The plains with breathleſs bodies buried lie;

Rage,

Rage, wrong, rape, ſacrilege, do her attend,
Fear, diſcord, wrack, and woes which have no end:
Town is by town, and prince by prince withſtood;
Earth turns an hideous ſhamble, a lake of blood.

The next with eyes ſunk hollow in her brains,
Lean face, ſnarl'd hair, with black and empty veins,
Her dry'd-up bones ſcarce cover'd with her ſkin,
Bewraying that ſtrange ſtructure built within;
Thigh-bellyleſs, moſt ghaſtly to the ſight,
A waſted ſkeleton reſembleth right.
Where ſhe doth roam in air faint do the birds,
Yawn do earth's ruthleſs brood and harmleſs herds,
The wood's wild forragers do howl and roar,
The humid ſwimmers die along the ſhore:
In towns, the living do the dead up-eat,
Then die themſelves, alas! and wanting meat;
Mothers not ſpare the birth of their own wombs,
But turn thoſe neſts of life to fatal tombs.

Laſt did a ſaffron-colour'd hag come out,
With uncomb'd hair, brows banded all about
With duſky clouds, in ragged mantle clad,
Her breath with ſtinking fumes the air beſpread;
In either hand ſhe held a whip, whoſe wires
Still'd poiſon, blaz'd with Phlegethontal fires.
Relentleſs, ſhe each ſtate, ſex, age, defiles,
Earth ſtreams with gores, burns with envenom'd boils;
Where ſhe repairs, towns do in deſerts turn,
The living have no pauſe the dead to mourn;
The friend, ah! dares not lock the dying eyes
Of his belov'd; the wife the huſband flies;

Men baſiliſks to men prove, and by breath,
Than lead or ſteel, bring worſe and ſwifter death:
No cypreſs, obſequies, no tomb they have;
The ſad heaven moſtly ſerves them for a grave.
  Theſe over earth tumultuouſly do run,
South, North, from riſing to the ſetting ſun;
They ſometime part, yet, than the winds more fleet,
Forthwith together in one place they meet.
Great Quinzay, ye it know, Suſania's pride,
And you where ſtately Tiber's ſtreams do glide;
Memphis, Parthenope, ye too it know,
And where Euripus' ſeven-fold tide doth flow:
Ye know it, empreſſes, on Thames, Rhone, Seine;
And ye, fair queens, by Tagus, Danube, Rhine;
Though they do ſcour the earth, roam far and large,
Not thus content, the angels leave their charge:
We of her wreck theſe ſlender ſigns may name,
By greater they the judgment do proclaim.
  This center's center with a mighty blow
One bruiſeth, whoſe crack'd concaves louder low,
And rumble, than if all th' artillery
On earth diſcharg'd at once were in the ſky;
Her ſurface ſhakes, her mountains in the main
Turn topſy-turvy, of heights making plain:
Towns them ingulph; and late where towers did ſtand
Now nought remaineth but a waſte of ſand:
With turning eddies ſeas ſink under ground,
And in their floating depths are valleys found;
Late where with foamy creſts waves tilted waves,
Now fiſhy bottoms ſhine, and moſſy caves.

The

The mariner caſts an amazed eye
On his wing'd firs, which bedded he finds lie,
Yet can he ſee no ſhore; but whilſt he thinks,
What hideous crevice that huge current drinks,
The ſtreams ruſh back again with ſtorming tide,
And now his ſhips on cryſtal mountains glide,
Till they be hurl'd far beyond ſeas and hope,
And ſettle on ſome hill or palace top;
Or, by triumphant ſurges over-driven,
Shew earth their entrails, and their keels the heaven.
Sky's cloudy tables ſome do paint, with fights
Of armed ſquadrons, juſtling ſteeds and knights,
With ſhining croſſes, judge, and ſapphire throne,
Arraigned criminals to howl and groan,
And plaints ſent forth are heard: new worlds ſeen ſhine
With other ſuns and moons, falſe ſtars decline,
And dive in ſeas; red comets warm the air,
And blaze, as other worlds were judged there.
Others the heavenly bodies do diſplace,
Make ſun his ſiſter's ſtranger ſteps to trace;
Beyond the courſe of ſpheres he drives his coach,
And near the cold Arcturus doth approach;
The Scythian amaz'd is at ſuch beams,
The Mauritanian to ſee icy ſtreams;
The ſhadow which ere while turn'd to the Weſt,
Now wheels about, then reeleth to the Eaſt:
New ſtars above the eighth heaven ſparkle clear,
Mars chops with Saturn, Jove claims Mars's ſphere;
Shrunk nearer earth, all blacken'd now and brown,
In maſk of weeping clouds appears the moon.

There

There are no ſeaſons, Autumn, Summer, Spring,
All are ſtern Winter, and no birth forth bring:
Red turns the ſky's blue curtain o'er this globe,
As to propine the Judge with purple robe.
At firſt, entranc'd, with ſad and curious eyes,
Earth's pilgrims ſtare on thoſe ſtrange prodigies:
The ſtar-gazer this round finds truly move
In parts and whole, yet by no ſkill can prove
The firmament's ſtay'd firmneſs. They which dream
An everlaſtingneſs in world's vaſt frame,
Think well ſome region where they dwell may wrack,
But that the whole nor time nor force can ſhake;
Yet, frantic, muſe to ſee heaven's ſtately lights,
Like drunkards, wayleſs reel amidſt their heights.
Such as do nations govern, and command
Vaſts of the ſea and emperies of land,
Repine to ſee their countries overthrown,
And find no foe their fury to make known:
Alas! they ſay, what boots our toils and pains,
Of care on earth is this the furtheſt gains?
No riches now can bribe our angry fate;
O no! to blaſt our pride the heavens do threat:
In duſt now muſt our greatneſs buried lie,
Yet is it comfort with the world to die.
As more and more the warning ſigns increaſe,
Wild dread deprives loſt Adam's race of peace;
From out their grand-dame earth they fain would fly,
But whither know not, heavens are far and high;
Each would bewail and mourn his own diſtreſs;
But public cries do private tears ſuppreſs:

Laments,

Laments, plaints, ſhrieks of woe, diſturb all ears,
And fear is equal to the pain it fears.
Amidſt this maſs of cruelty and ſlights,
This galley full of God-deſpiſing wights,
This jail of ſin and ſhame, this filthy ſtage,
Where all act folly, miſery, and rage;
Amidſt thoſe throngs of old prepar'd for hell,
Thoſe numbers which no Archimede can tell,
A ſilly crew did lurk, a harmleſs rout,
Wand'ring the earth, which God had choſen out
To live with Him (few roſes which did blow
Among thoſe weeds earth's garden overgrow,
A dew of gold ſtill'd on earth's ſandy mine,
Small diamonds in world's rough rocks which ſhine),
By purple tyrants which purſu'd and chas'd,
Liv'd recluſes, in lonely iſlands plac'd;
Or did the mountains haunt, and foreſts wild,
Which they than towns more harmleſs found and mild;
Where many an hymn they, to their Maker's praiſe,
Teach'd groves and rocks, which did reſound their lays.
Nor ſword, nor famine, nor plague-poiſoning air,
Nor prodigies appearing every where,
Nor all the ſad diſorder of this All,
Could this ſmall handful of the world appal;
But as the flow'r, which during winter's cold
Runs to the root, and lurks in ſap uproll'd,
So ſoon as the great planet of the year
Begins the Twins' dear manſion to clear,

Lifts

Lifts up its fragrant head, and to the field
A ſpring of beauty and delight doth yield:
So at thoſe ſigns and apparitions ſtrange,
Their thoughts, looks, geſtures, did begin to change;
Joy makes their hands to clap, their hearts to dance,
In voice turns muſic, in their eyes doth glance.
What can, ſay they, theſe changes elſe portend,
Of this great frame, ſave the approaching end?
Paſt are the ſigns, all is perform'd of old,
Which the Almighty's heralds us foretold.
Heaven now no longer ſhall of God's great power
A turning temple be, but fixed tower;
Burn ſhall this mortal maſs amidſt the air,
Of Divine Juſtice turn'd a trophy fair;
Near is the laſt of days, whoſe light embalms
Paſt griefs, and all our ſtormy cares becalms.
O happy day! O cheerful, holy day!
Which night's ſad ſables ſhall not take away!
Farewel complaints, and ye yet doubtful thought
Crown now your hopes with comforts long time ſought;
Wip'd from our eyes now ſhall be every tear,
Sighs ſtopt, ſince our ſalvation is ſo near.
What long we long'd for, God at laſt hath given,
Earth's choſen bands to join with thoſe of heaven.
Now noble ſouls a guerdon juſt ſhall find,
And reſt and glory be in one combin'd;
Now, more than in a mirror, by theſe eyne,
Even face to face, our Maker ſhall be ſeen.
O welcome wonder of the ſoul and ſight!
O welcome object of all true delight!

Thy

Thy triumphs and return we did expect,
Of all paſt toils to reap the dear effect:
Since thou art juſt, perform thy holy word;
O come ſtill hop'd for, come long wiſh'd for, Lord.
While thus they pray, the heavens in flames appear,
As if they ſhew fire's elemental ſphere;
The earth ſeems in the ſun, the welkin gone;
Wonder all huſhes; ſtraight the air doth groan
With trumpets, which thrice louder ſounds do yield
Than deaf'ning thunders in the airy field.
Created nature at the clangor quakes;
Immur'd with flames, earth in a palſy ſhakes,
And from her womb the duſt in ſeveral heaps
Takes life, and muſt'reth into human ſhapes:
Hell burſts, and the foul priſoners there bound
Come howling to the day, with ſerpents crown'd.
Millions of angels in the lofty height,
Clad in pure gold, and the electre bright,
Uſhering the way ſtill where the Judge ſhould move,
In radiant rainbows vault the ſkies above;
Which quickly open, like a curtain driven,
And beaming glory ſhews the KING OF HEAVEN.
What Perſian prince, Aſſyrian moſt renown'd,
What Scythian with conquering ſquadrons crown'd,
Ent'ring a breached city, where conſpire
Fire to dry blood, and blood to quench out fire;
Where cutted carcaſſes quick members reel,
And by their ruin blunt the reeking ſteel,
Reſembleth now the ever-living King?
What face of Troy which doth with yelling ring,

And

And Grecian flames tranſported in the air;
What dreadful ſpectacle of Carthage fair;
What picture of rich Corinth's tragic wrack,
Or of Numantia the hideous ſack;
Or theſe together ſhewn, the image, face,
Can repreſent of earth, and plaintful caſe,
Which muſt lie ſmoking in the world's vaſt womb,
And to itſelf both fuel be and tomb?

Near to that ſweet and odoriferous clime,
Where the all-cheering emperor of time
Makes ſpring the caſſia, nard, and fragrant balms,
And every hill, and Collin crowns with palms;
Where incenſe ſweats, where weeps the precious myrrh,
And cedars overtop the pine and fir;
Near where the aged phœnix, tir'd of breath,
Doth build her neſt, and takes new life in death;
A valley into wide and open fields
Far it extendeth * * * * *

The reſt is wanting.

HYMNS.

I.

SAVIOUR of mankind! Man Emanuel!
Who ſinleſs died for ſin, who vanquiſh'd hell,
The firſt fruits of the grave, whoſe life did give
Light to our darkneſs, in whoſe death we live—
O ſtrengthen thou my faith, correct my will,
That mine may thine obey: protect me ſtill,

So

So that the latter death may not devour
My ſoul ſeal'd with thy ſeal; ſo in the hour
When thou, whoſe body ſanctified thy tomb,
(Unjuſtly judg'd) a glorious judge ſhalt come,
To judge the world with juſtice; by that ſign
I may be known and entertain'd for thine.

II.

HIM, whom the earth, the ſea, and ſky
Worſhip, adore, and magnify,
And doth this threefold engine ſteer,
Mary's pure cloſet now doth bear:

Whom ſun and moon, and creatures all,
Serving at times, obey his call,
Pouring from heaven his ſacred grace,
I' th' virgin's bowels hath ta'en place.

Mother moſt bleſt by ſuch a dower,
Whoſe Maker, Lord of higheſt power,
Who this wide world in hand contains,
In thy womb's ark himſelf reſtrains.

Bleſt by a meſſage from heaven brought,
Fertile with Holy Ghoſt full fraught,
Of nations the deſired King,
Within thy ſacred womb doth ſpring.

Lord, may thy glory ſtill endure,
Who born waſt of a virgin pure;
The Father's and the Sp'rit's love,
Which endleſs worlds may not remove.

III. JESU,

III.

JESU, our prayers with mildneſs hear,
Who art the crown which virgins decks,
Whom a pure maid did breed and bear,
The ſole example of her ſex.

Thou feeding there where lilies ſpring,
While round about the virgins dance,
Thy ſpouſe doſt to glory bring,
And them with high rewards advance.

The virgins follow in thy ways
Whitherſoever thou doſt go,
They trace thy ſteps with ſongs of praiſe,
And in ſweet hymns thy glory ſhew.

Cauſe thy protecting grace, we pray,
In all our ſenſes to abound,
Keeping from them all harms which may
Our ſouls with foul corruption wound.

Praiſe, honour, ſtrength, and glory great,
To God the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
While time laſts, and when time is done.

IV.

BENIGN Creator of the ſtars,
Eternal Light of faithful eyes,
Chriſt, whoſe redemption none debars,
Do not our humble prayers deſpiſe.

Who for the ſtate of mankind griev'd,
That it by death deſtroy'd ſhould be,
Haſt the diſeaſed world reliev'd,
And given the guilty remedy.

When th' evening of the world drew near,
Thou as a bridegroom deign'ſt to come
Out of thy wedding chamber dear,
Thy Virgin Mother's pureſt womb:

To the ſtrong force of whoſe high reign
All knees are bow'd with geſture low,
Creatures which heav'n or earth contain
With rev'rence their ſubjection ſhew.

O holy Lord! we thee deſire,
Whom we expect to judge all faults,
Preſerve us, as the times require,
From our deceitful foes' aſſaults.

Praiſe, honour, ſtrength, and glory great,
To God the Father, and the Son,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Whilſt time laſts, and when time is done,

HYMN FOR SUNDAY.

O BLEST Creator of the light,
Who bringing forth the light of days,
With the firſt work of ſplendour bright
The world didſt to beginning raiſe;

Who morn with evening join'd in one
Commandedſt ſhould be call'd the day:
The foul confuſion now is gone;
O hear us when with tears we pray:

Leſt that the mind, with fears full fraught,
Should loſe beſt life's eternal gains,
While it hath no immortal thought,
But is enwrapt in ſinful chains.

O may it beat the inmoſt ſky,
And the reward of life poſſeſs!
May we from hurtful actions fly,
And purge away all wickedneſs!

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son, who like pow'r haſt,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilſt times and ages laſt.

HYMN FOR MONDAY.

GREAT Maker of the heavens wide,
Who, leſt things mix'd ſhould all confound,
The floods and waters didſt divide,
And didſt appoint the heav'ns their bound;

Ordering where heav'nly things ſhall ſtay,
Where ſtreams ſhall run on earthly ſoil,
That waters may the flames allay,
Leſt they the globe of earth ſhould ſpoil.

Sweet

Sweet Lord, into our minds infuſe
The gift of everlaſting grace,
That no old faults which we did uſe
May with new frauds our ſouls deface.

May our true faith obtain the light,
And ſuch clear beams our hearts poſſeſs,
That it vain things may baniſh quite,
And that no falſehood it oppreſs.
Dear Father, grant what we entreat, &c.

HYMN FOR TUESDAY.

GREAT Maker of man's earthly realm,
Who didſt the ground from waters take
Which did the troubled land o'erwhelm,
And it immovable didſt make;

That there young plants might fitly ſpring,
While it with golden flow'rs attir'd
Might forth ripe fruit in plenty bring,
And yield ſweet fruit by all deſir'd:

With fragrant greenneſs of thy grace,
Our blaſted ſouls of wounds releaſe,
That tears foul ſins away may chaſe,
And in the mind bad motions ceaſe.

May it obey thy heav'nly voice,
And never drawing near to ill,
T' abound in goodneſs may rejoice,
And may no mortal ſin fulfil.
Dear Father, &c.

HYMN FOR WEDNESDAY.

O HOLY God of heav'nly frame,
Who mak'ſt the pole's wide center bright,
And paint'ſt the ſame with ſhining flame,
Adorning it with beauteous light;

Who framing, on the fourth of days,
The fiery chariot of the ſun,
Appoint'ſt the moon her changing rays,
And orbs in which the planets run;

That thou might'ſt by a certain bound
'Twixſt night and day diviſion make;
And that ſome ſure ſign might be found
To ſhew when months beginning take;

Men's hearts with lightſome ſplendour bleſs,
Wipe from their minds polluting ſpots,
Diſſolve the bond of guiltineſs,
Throw down the heaps of ſinful blots.
Dear Father, &c.

HYMN FOR THURSDAY.

O GOD, whoſe forces far extend,
Who creatures which from waters ſpring
Back to the flood doſt partly ſend,
And up to th' air doſt partly bring;

Some in the waters deeply div'd,
Some playing in the heav'ns above,

That

That natures from one ſtock deriv'd
May thus to ſeveral dwellings move:

Upon thy ſervants grace beſtow,
Whoſe ſouls thy bloody waters clear,
That they no ſinful falls may know,
Nor heavy grief of death may bear;

That ſin no ſoul oppreſt may thrall,
That none be lifted high with pride,
That minds caſt downwards do not fall,
Nor raiſed up may backward ſlide.

Dear Father, &c.

HYMN FOR FRIDAY.

GOD, from whoſe work mankind did ſpring,
Who all in rule doſt only keep,
Bidding the dry land forth to bring
All kind of beaſts which on it creep;

Who haſt made ſubject to man's hand
Great bodies of each mighty thing,
That, taking life from thy command,
They might in order ſerve their King;

From us thy ſervants, Lord, expel
Thoſe errors which uncleanneſs breeds,
Which either in our manners dwell,
Or mix themſelves among our deeds.

Give the rewards of joyful life;
The plenteous gifts of grace increaſe;
Diſſolve the cruel bonds of ſtrife;
Knit faſt the happy league of peace.
Dear Father, &c.

HYMN FOR SATURDAY.

O TRINITY! O bleſſed light!
O Unity, moſt principal!
The fiery ſun now leaves our ſight;
Cauſe in our hearts thy beams to fall:

Let us with ſongs of praiſe divine
At morn and evening thee implore;
And let our glory, bow'd to thine,
Thee glorify for evermore.

To God the Father glory great,
And glory to his only Son,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Both now, and ſtill while ages run.

HYMN UPON THE NATIVITY.

CHRIST, whoſe redemption all doth free,
Son of the Father, who alone,
Before the world began to be,
Didſt ſpring from him by means unknown;

Thou

Thou his clear brightneſs, thou his light,
Thou everlaſting hope of all,
Obſerve the pray'rs which in thy ſight
Thy ſervants through the world let fall.

O deareſt Saviour, bear in mind,
That of our body thou, a child,
Didſt whilom take the natural kind,
Born of the Virgin undefil'd.

This much the preſent day makes known,
Paſſing the circuit of the year,
That thou from thy high Father's throne
The world's ſole ſafety didſt appear.

The higheſt heaven, the earth, and ſeas,
And all that is within them found,
Becauſe he ſent thee us to eaſe,
With mirthful ſongs his praiſe reſound.

We alſo, who redeemed are
With thy pure blood from ſinful ſtate,
For this thy birth-day will prepare
Now hymns this feaſt to celebrate.

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee,
Whom the unſpotted Virgin bore;
And glory to thee, Father, be,
And th' Holy Ghoſt, for evermore.

HYMN UPON THE INNOCENTS.

HAIL you, ſweet babes! that are the flow'rs,
Whom, when you life begin to taſte,
The enemy of Chriſt devours,
As whirlwinds down the roſes caſt:

Firſt ſacrifice to Chriſt you went,
Of offer'd lambs a tender ſort;
With palms and crowns, you innocent
Before the ſacred alter ſport.

UPON THE SUNDAYS IN LENT.

HYMN.

O MERCIFUL Creator, hear
Our pray'rs to thee devoutly bent,
Which we pour forth with many a tear
In this moſt holy faſt of Lent.

Thou mildeſt ſearcher of each heart,
Who know'ſt the weakneſs of our ſtrength,
To us forgiving grace impart,
Since we return to thee at length.

Much have we ſinned, to our ſhame;
But ſpare us, who our ſins confeſs;
And, for the glory of thy name,
To our ſick ſouls afford redreſs.

Grant

Grant that the fleſh may be ſo pin'd
By means of outward abſtinence,
As that the ſober watchful mind
May faſt from ſpots of all offence.

Grant this, O bleſſed Trinity!
Pure Unity, to this incline—
That the effects of faſts may be
A grateful recompence for thine.

ON THE ASCENSION DAY.

O JESU, who our ſouls doſt ſave,
On whom our love and hopes depend;
God from whom all things being have,
Man when the world drew to an end;

What clemency thee vanquiſh'd ſo,
Upon thee our foul crimes to take,
And cruel death to undergo,
That thou from death us free might make?

Let thine own goodneſs to thee bend,
That thou our ſins may'ſt put to flight;
Spare us—and, as our wiſhes tend,
O ſatisfy us with thy ſight!

May'ſt thou our joyful pleaſures be,
Who ſhall be our expected gain;
And let our glory be in thee,
While any ages ſhall remain.

HYMN

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

CREATOR, Holy Ghoſt, deſcend;
Viſit our minds with thy bright flame;
And thy celeſtial grace extend
To fill the hearts which thou didſt frame:

Who Paraclete art ſaid to be,
Gift which the higheſt God beſtows;
Fountain of life, fire, charity,
Ointment whence ghoſtly bleſſing flows.

Thy ſevenfold grace thou down doſt ſend,
Of God's right hand thou finger art;
Thou, by the Father promiſed,
Unto our mouths doſt ſpeech impart.

In our dull ſenſes kindle light;
Infuſe thy love into our hearts;
Reforming with perpetual light
Th' infirmities of fleſhly parts.

Far from our dwelling drive our foe,
And quickly peace unto us bring;
Be thou our guide, before to go,
That we may ſhun each hurtful thing.

Be pleaſed to inſtruct our mind,
To know the Father and the Son;
The Spirit who them both doth bind
Let us believe while ages run.

To God the Father glory great,
And to the Son who from the dead
Aroſe, and to the Paraclete,
Beyond all time imagined.

ON THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD,

THE SIXTH OF AUGUST.

A HYMN.

ALL you that ſeek Chriſt, let your ſight
Up to the height directed be,
For there you may the ſign moſt bright
Of everlaſting glory ſee.

A radiant light we there behold,
Endleſs, unbounded, lofty, high;
Than heaven or that rude heap more old
Wherein the world confus'd did lie.

The Gentiles this great prince embrace;
The Jews obey this king's command,
Promis'd to Abraham and his race
A bleſſing while the world ſhall ſtand.

By mouths of prophets free from lyes,
Who ſeal the witneſs which they bear,
His Father bidding teſtifies
That we ſhould him believe and hear.

Glory

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee,
Who haſt appear'd upon this day;
And glory to the Father be,
And to the Holy Ghoſt, for aye.

ON THE FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

TO thee, O Chriſt! thy Father's light,
Life, virtue, which our heart inſpires,
In preſence of thine angels bright,
We ſing with voice and with deſires:
Ourſelves we mutually invite,
To melody with anſwering choirs.

With reverence we theſe ſoldiers praiſe,
Who near the heavenly throne abide;
And chiefly him whom God doth raiſe,
His ſtrong celeſtial hoſt to guide—
Michael, who by his power diſmays
And beateth down the Devil's pride.

PETER, AFTER THE DENIAL OF HIS MASTER.

LIKE to the ſolitary pelican,
The ſhady groves I haunt, and deſerts wild,
Amongſt wood's burgeſſes; from ſight of man,
From earth's delight, from mine own ſelf exil'd.

But

But that remorſe, which with my fall began,
Relenteth not, nor is by change turn'd mild;
But rends my ſoul, and, like a famiſh'd child,
Renews its cries, though nurſe does what ſhe can.
Look how the ſhrieking bird that courts the night
In ruin'd wall doth lurk, and gloomy place:
Of ſun, of moon, of ſtars, I ſhun the light,
Not knowing where to ſtay, what to embrace:
How to heaven's lights ſhould I lift theſe of mine,
Sith I denied him who made them ſhine!

ON THE VIRGIN MARY.

THE woful Mary, 'midſt a blubber'd band
Of weeping virgins, near unto the tree
Where God death ſuffer'd, man from death to free,
Like to a plaintful nightingale did ſtand,
Which ſees her younglings reſt before her eyes,
And hath nought elſe to guard them, ſave her cries:
Love thither had her brought, and miſbelief
Of theſe ſad news, which charg'd her mind to fears;
But now her eyes, more wretched than her tears,
Bear witneſs (ah, too true!) of feared grief:
Her doubts made certain did her hopes deſtroy,
Abandoning her ſoul to black annoy.
Long fixing downcaſt eyes on earth, at laſt
She longing them did raiſe (O torturing ſight!)
To view what they did ſhun, their ſole delight
Imbrued in his own blood, and naked plac'd

To

To ſinful eyes; naked, ſave that black veil
Which heaven him ſhrouded with, that did bewail.
It was not pity, pain, grief, did poſſeſs
The mother, but an agony more ſtrange:
Cheeks' roſes in pale lilies ſtraight did change;
Her ſp'rits, as if ſhe bled his blood, turn'd leſs.
When ſhe him ſaw, woe did all words deny,
And grief her only ſuffer'd ſigh, O my!
O my dear Lord and Son! then ſhe began;
Immortal birth, tho' of a mortal born;
Eternal bounty, which doth heav'n adorn;
Without a mother, God; a father, man!
Ah! what haſt thou deſerv'd? what haſt thou done,
Thus to be treat? Woe's me, my ſon, my ſon!
Who bruis'd thy face, the glory of this All?
Who eyes engor'd, load-ſtars to Paradiſe?
Who, as thou wert a trimmed ſacrifice,
Did with that cruel crown thy brows impale?
Who rais'd thee, whom ſo oft the angels ſerv'd,
Between thoſe thieves who that foul death deſerv'd?
Was it for this thou bred waſt in my womb?
Mine arms a cradle ſerv'd thee to repoſe?
My milk thee fed, as morning dew the roſe?
Did I thee keep till this ſad time ſhould come,
That wretched men ſhould nail thee to a tree,
And I a witneſs of thy pangs muſt be?
It is not long, the way's beſtrew'd with flow'rs,
With ſhouts to echoing heav'ns and mountains roll'd,

Since,

Since, as in triumph, I thee did behold
In royal pomp approach proud Sion's tow'rs:
  Lo, what a change! Who did thee then embrace,
  Now at thee ſhake their heads, inconſtant race!
Eternal Father! from whoſe piercing eye
Hid nought is found that in this All is form'd,
Deign to vouchſafe a look unto this round,
This round, the ſtage of a ſad tragedy:
  Look but if thy dear pledge thou here canſt know,
  On an unhappy tree a ſhameful ſhow!
Ah! look if this be he, Almighty King,
Before heav'ns ſpangled were with ſtars of gold,
Ere world a center had it to uphold,
Whom from eternity thou forth didſt bring;
  With virtue, form, and light who did adorn
  Sky's radiant globes—ſee where he hangs a ſcorn!
Did all my prayers tend to this? Is this
The promiſe that celeſtial herald made
At Nazareth, when full of joy he ſaid,
I happy was, and from thee did me bleſs?
  How am I bleſt? No, moſt unhappy I
  Of all the mothers underneath the ſky.
How true and of choice oracles the choice
Was that bleſt Hebrew, whoſe dear eyes in peace
Mild death did cloſe ere they ſaw this diſgrace,
When he foreſpake with more than angel's voice;
The Son ſhould (malice ſign) be ſet apart,
  Then that a ſword ſhould pierce the mother's heart!

But whither doſt thou go, life of my ſoul?
O ſtay a little till I die with thee!
And do I live thee languiſhing to ſee?
And cannot grief frail laws of life controul?
If grief prove weak, come, cruel ſquadrons, kill
The Mother, ſpare the Son, he knows no ill:
He knows no ill; thoſe pangs, baſe men, are due
To me, and all the world, ſave him alone;
But now he doth not hear my bitter moan;
Too late I cry, too late I plaints renew:
Pale are his lips, down doth his head decline,
Dim turn thoſe eyes once wont ſo bright to ſhine.
The heavens which in their manſions conſtant move,
That they may not ſeem guilty of this crime,
Benighted have the golden eye of time.
Ungrateful earth, canſt thou ſuch ſhame approve,
And ſeem unmov'd, this done upon thy face?
Earth trembled then, and ſhe did hold her peace.

COMPLAINT OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

THE mother ſtood, with grief confounded,
Near the croſs; her tears abounded,
While her dear ſon hanged was,
Through whoſe ſoul her ſighs forth venting,
Sadly mourning and lamenting,
Sharpeſt points of ſwords did paſs:
O how ſad and how diſtreſs'd
Was the mother, ever-bleſs'd,

Who

Who God's only Son forth brought!
She in grief and woes did languiſh,
Quaking to behold what anguiſh
To her noble Son was wrought.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

JERUSALEM, that place divine,
The viſion of ſweet peace is nam'd,
In heaven her glorious turrets ſhine,
Her walls of living ſtones are fram'd;
While angels guard her on each ſide,
Fit company for ſuch a bride.
She, deck'd in new attire from heaven,
Her wedding chamber now deſcends,
Prepar'd in marriage to be given
To Chriſt, on whom her joy depends.
Her walls wherewith ſhe is inclos'd,
And ſtreets, are of pure gold compos'd.
The gates, adorn'd with pearls moſt bright,
The way to hidden glory ſhew;
And thither, by the bleſſed might
Of faith in Jeſus' merits, go
All theſe who are on earth diſtreſs'd,
Becauſe they have Chriſt's name profeſs'd.
Theſe ſtones the workmen dreſs and beat,
Before they throughly poliſh'd are;
Then each is in his proper ſeat
Eſtabliſh'd by the builder's care,
In this fair frame to ſtand for ever,
So join'd that them no force can ſever.

To God, who ſits in higheſt ſeat,
Glory and power given be;
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal dignity;
Whoſe boundleſs pow'r we ſtill adore,
And ſing their praiſe for evermore.

The following Poems were not publiſhed in the Octavo Edition.

SONNET.

LET Fortune triumph now, and Io ſing;
Sith I muſt fall beneath this load of care;
Let her what moſt I prize of ev'ry thing
Now wicked trophies in her temple rear.
She who high palmy empires doth not ſpare,
And tramples in the duſt the proudeſt king;
Let her vaunt how my bliſs ſhe did impair,
To what low ebb ſhe now my flow doth bring:
Let her count how (a new Ixion) me
She in her wheel did turn; how high or low
I never ſtood, but more to tortur'd be.
Weep ſoul, weep plaintful ſoul, thy ſorrows know;
Weep, of thy tears till a black river ſwell,
Which may Cocytus be to this thy hell.

SONNET

SONNET.

O NIGHT, clear night, O dark and gloomy day!
O woeful waking! O ſoul-pleaſing ſleep!
O ſweet conceits which in my brains did creep!
Yet ſour conceits which went ſo ſoon away.
A ſleep I had more than poor words can ſay;
For, clos'd in arms, methought I did thee keep,
A ſorry wretch plung'd in misfortunes deep.
Am I not wak'd, when light doth lyes bewray?
O that that night had ever ſtill been black!
O that that day had never yet begun!
And you, mine eyes, would ye no time ſaw ſun!
To have your ſun in ſuch a zodiac:
Lo, what is good of life is but a dream,
When ſorrow is a never ebbing ſtream.

SONNET.

SO grievous is my pain, ſo painful life,
That oft I find me in the arms of death;
But, breath half gone, that tyrant called Death,
Who others kills, reſtoreth me to life:
For while I think how woe ſhall end with life,
And that I quiet peace ſhall 'joy by death,
That thought ev'n doth o'erpow'r the pains of death,
And call me home again to loathed life:
Thus doth mine evil tranſcend both life and death,
While no death is ſo bad as is my life,

Nor no life ſuch which doth not end by death,
And Protean changes turn my death and life:
O happy thoſe who in their birth find death,
Sith but to languiſh heaven affordeth life.

SONNET.

I CURSE the night, yet do from day me hide,
The Pandionian birds I tire with moans;
The echoes even are wearied with my groans,
Since abſence did me from my bliſs divide.
Each dream, each toy, my reaſon doth affright;
And when remembrance reads the curious ſcroll
Of paſt contentments cauſed by her ſight,
Then bitter anguiſh doth invade my ſoul,
While thus I live eclipſed of her light.
O me! what better am I than the mole?
Or thoſe whoſe zenith is the only pole,
Whoſe hemiſphere is hid with ſo long night?
Save that in earth he reſts, they hope for ſun;
I pine, and find mine endleſs night begun.

MADRIGAL.

POOR turtle, thou bemoans
The loſs of thy dear love,
And I for mine ſend forth theſe ſmoaking groans.
Unhappy widow'd dove!
While all about do ſing,
I at the root, thou on the branch above,
Even weary with our moans the gaudy ſpring;

Yet

Yet theſe our plaints we do not ſpend in vain,
Sith ſighing zephyrs anſwer us again.

SONNET.

AS, in a duſky and tempeſtuous night,
A ſtar is wont to ſpread her locks of gold,
And while her pleaſant rays abroad are roll'd,
Some ſpiteful cloud doth rob us of her ſight:
Fair ſoul, in this black age ſo ſhin'd thou bright,
And made all eyes with wonder thee behold;
Till ugly death, depriving us of light,
In his grim miſty arms thee did enfold.
Who more ſhall vaunt true beauty here to ſee?
What hope doth more in any heart remain,
That ſuch perfections ſhall his reaſon rein,
If beauty, with thee born, too died with thee?
World, plain no more of Love, nor count his harms;
With his pale trophies Death has hung his arms.

MADRIGAL.

I FEAR not henceforth death,
Sith after this departure yet I breathe.
Let rocks, and ſeas, and wind,
Their higheſt treaſons ſhew;
Let ſky and earth combin'd
Strive (if they can) to end my life and woe;
Sith grief cannot, me nothing can o'erthrow;
Or, if that aught can cauſe my fatal lot,
It will be when I hear I am forgot.

MADRI-

MADRIGAL.

TRITONS, which bounding dive
Through Neptune's liquid plain,
When as ye ſhall arrive
With tilting tides where ſilver Ora plays,
And to your king his wat'ry tribute pays,
Tell how I dying live,
And burn in midſt of all the coldeſt main.

FINIS.